

PERIODICAL ROOM
RECEIVED
MAY 26 1916
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

May 1916

Everybody's Magazine

TALBOT MUNDY

Begins an electric story of War-stirred India — spins brilliantly a fast-moving tale of Mystery and a Woman, of Oriental intrigue and the British Secret Service

INTO MEXICO AND — OUT!

BY LINCOLN STEFFENS

Who Has Spent the Last Five Months Traveling all over Mexico with Carranza

WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS

*Presents a Dynamic Personality—
"France's Big Stick"*

SHORT FICTION BY

*Mary Synon-Harold Titus
Grace Sartwell Mason*



THE HELPER

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1916 by Cream of Wheat Co.

INTO MEXICO AND - OUT!

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

FOR five months Mr. Steffens has been traveling in Mexico with Carranza. EVERYBODY'S readers know Steffens. He is an expert and seasoned reporter. His record in digging the truth out of complicated situations gives this article added authority and value. THE EDITOR.

THE oldest American in Vera Cruz, Mexico, was frightened and he was glad when we got the news that the American troops were to cross the Mexican border in pursuit of Villa.

"At last!" he breathed, his eyes alight. "How we have prayed for it, ached for it, petitioned, pulled—plotted for intervention. And now, at last, it has come. Thank God!"

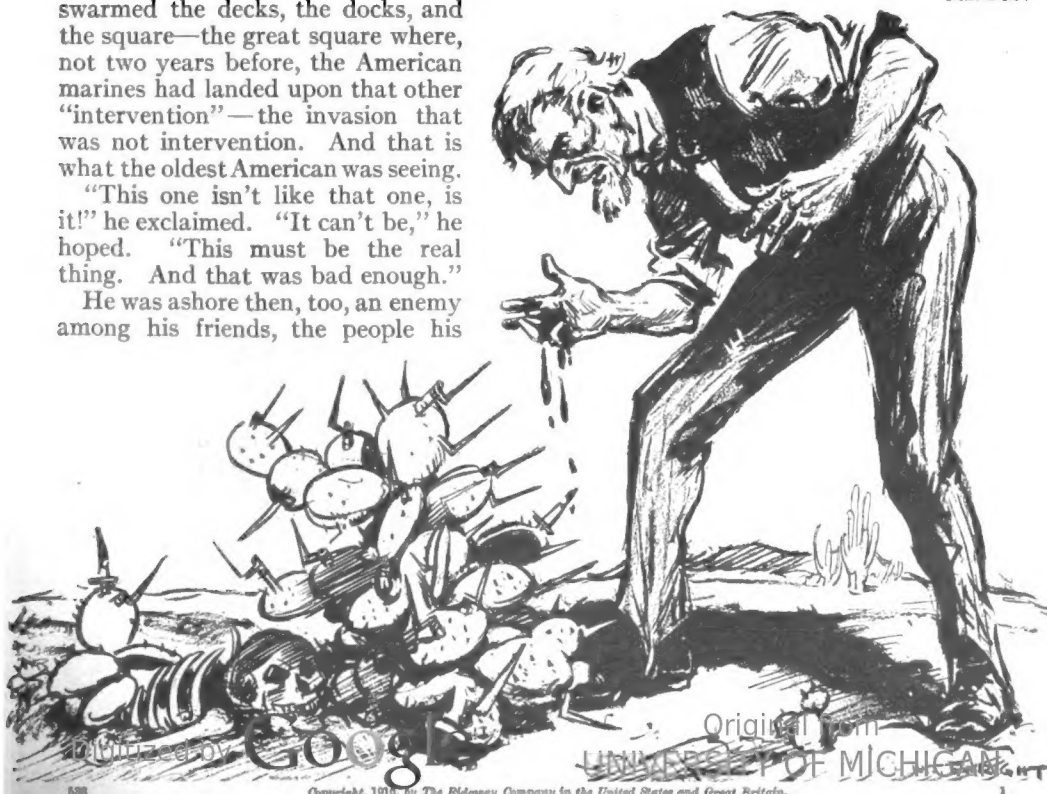
Then he looked all around us, and he paled.

We were standing on the after-deck of the Ward liner *Monterey*, which lay loading at her dock, about to sail for New York. I was "going home," my friend was seeing me off. It was March eleven, a hot, tropical day, and the solid old Spanish city swam, like an inspired black and white, in the saturating sunshine. The only colors that held their own were the silvered blue of the harbor waters in front and the gilded fringe of high palms behind the low-built town. Ordinarily, there would have been no sounds either, and no movement; Vera Cruz should have been asleep; but this was "sailing-day." The Mexicans swarmed the decks, the docks, and the square—the great square where, not two years before, the American marines had landed upon that other "intervention"—the invasion that was not intervention. And that is what the oldest American was seeing.

"This one isn't like that one, is it!" he exclaimed. "It can't be," he hoped. "This must be the real thing. And that was bad enough."

He was ashore then, too, an enemy among his friends, the people his

THERE IS
A GREAT
DANGER IN
MEXICO.





people were attacking, and he had told me often of the things he had seen and heard, hoped and feared, at "the occupation."

"They don't know this news yet?" he said, with a nod at the busy crowds.

"No," I reminded him, "it came by wireless to us Americans only."

He laughed nervously. "You're lucky to be out of it," he said, and, shaking my hand again, he went smiling down the gang-plank. A popular, familiar figure there, he greeted and was greeted by all sorts and conditions of Mexicans, who smiled back intimately at him. But he hurried, he seemed almost to duck out through that mass of friendly workers and masters.

He had cause to duck. He knew—all Americans resident in Mexico know—the hate, the watchful, waiting hate of the Mexican for the American.

"Hate you?" said a wild young Mexican officer to me one day on a troop-train. "The Mexican hate for you Gringos would put joy into the supreme passion of rape, fire into the flames of arson, virtue into robbery, and a crown of glory on death and defeat at war with you."

When I laughed in the face of his hate and remarked that it was too well-expressed to be deeper than his mind, he choked: "Both, both with our



PAINTED BY
HARVEY
DUNN

heads and our hearts, we hate you."
"Yes," said a thoughtful member of Carranza's cabinet circle, "there is hatred among us for you, and it is dangerous; as a prejudice it is very dangerous. But also it has reasons for being, and the reasons can be reasoned with—and in time removed. If there be time."

True. The enmity in Mexico against "the Colossus of the North," as they call the United States, is all sorts of hate held by all sorts of people there. It is

THEY DREW
OUR WATCH-
ING, WAIT-
ING ARMY
INTO MEXI-
CO AFTER A
"BANDIT."

reasonable and unreasonable; it is thought and felt; it is open-eyed and it is blind; it is suspicion and experience. It is racial, religious, economic, and it is historical. We did take away from Mexico Texas, New Mexico, California—the whole of our great Southwest; and their school histories tell their story of it; and their story is one of good American excuses to cover a bad slaveholder's conspiracy with traitorous Spanish and Mexican aristocrats.

True or false, they believe their story. And they see that the Americans in Mexico, typically, and the Americans along the border, and some other Americans—practically all the Americans the Mexican people know or know about—belonged to, thrived with, and liked the old Diaz régime, and are openly or secretly against the Mexican revolutionary movement. They think that the American ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, was in the plot to overthrow and kill Madero, the prophet of their revolt. They know that leading Americans, with other foreigners, were with and for Huerta, the military autocrat, and, failing him, are asking now for Villa, or any other "strong man," like Diaz, like a czar, like an American boss—any tyrant that will put down the Mexican people, make them go back to work for American and other masters. They may need, but they don't want, the American boss system in politics and the rushing American industrial organization which turns out a few rich and many poor. That's what they are fighting against. They have other ideals, and, better or worse, they prefer theirs. We, sure of the superior excellence of ours, we continue to thrust ours upon them—our ideals, our ideas, our virtues, and also (as they see) our vices, and our methods, and our corruption; and all for their good. This is the height of our offending: our philanthropy.

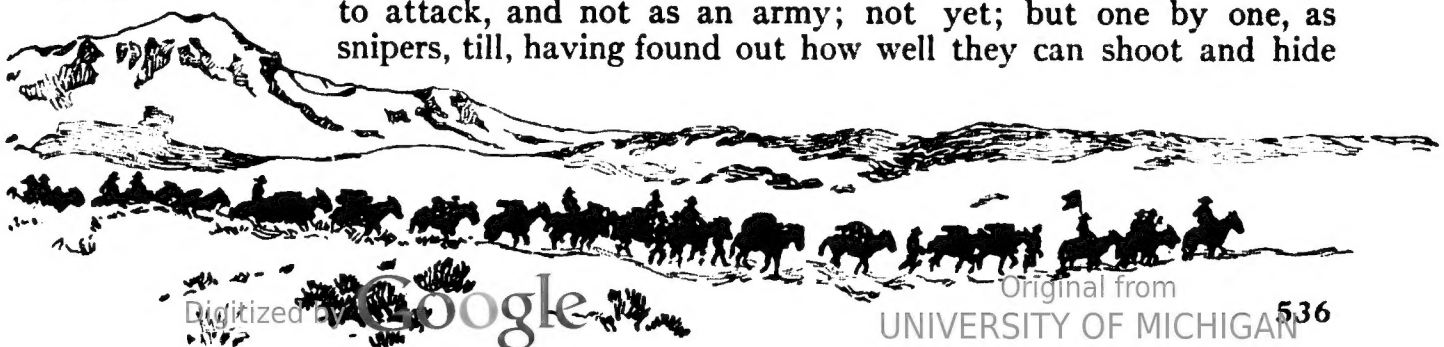
"If," said a Mexican statesman to me at Eagle Pass last fall, "if you Americans would look across the border there and say that Mexico is a rich country and beautiful, and that you covet it; that we Mexicans are a weak people and you are strong; and that, therefore, you are going to come over and take Mexico—we could understand that. We would fight, and we would probably die, but we wouldn't hate you so much."

WE DIDN'T know that day in Vera Cruz that Villa had given a good excuse for this second invasion of Mexico. The news that the bandit had raided into New Mexico, reached Southern Mexico later. And it was still later when it became known there that Carranza had consented to the invasion on an agreement with our Government under which either Mexican or American troops might cross the border to pursue a bandit. Had we known all this (and it should have been reported to our consuls all together), my friend wouldn't have been quite so glad nor quite so scared. But he would have been scared some and some glad, and he undoubtedly still has some hope and some fear. I'd like to spread his fear.

The careless correspondents with Pershing's careless troops describe what they see on Villa's trail: the burning alkali desert and the blazing, bareboned mountains; the abandoned villages and the staring old men and women and little children along the vacant way. I've been in that country, and that isn't what I see there.

I see the suspicious, hateful eyes of all the able-bodied Mexicans, men and women, watching from behind distant rocks and brush the passing of our soldiers, watching and waiting for the word to come from their chiefs to attack, and not as an army; not yet; but one by one, as snipers, till, having found out how well they can shoot and hide

MARCHING
OVER DYNA-
MITE.



and run—both the men and the women—and having gathered from all the climates of all their great, wild country, they can pour down upon our few thousands a deluge of people, mad to kill or die.

For the Mexicans are not afraid to die. During the last five months when I was in Mexico scores of them, of all classes and kinds, were stood up against a wall and shot. I never went to see "the sight," but I questioned acquaintances who did, and no witness said he ever saw a Mexican quail or even flinch before the rifles leveled at his breast; not one.

A war with Mexico is very likely to be a war of extermination. The people, the common people, all go to war there, the women and children along with the men. The women and children forage and do the camp work, but when their men drop, the women frequently pick up the rifles and continue the fire. So the Mexican people will be at our battles with them. We can get at them. And we'll defeat them. Every intelligent Mexican I ever spoke with about it, admitted that in the end we would be victorious.

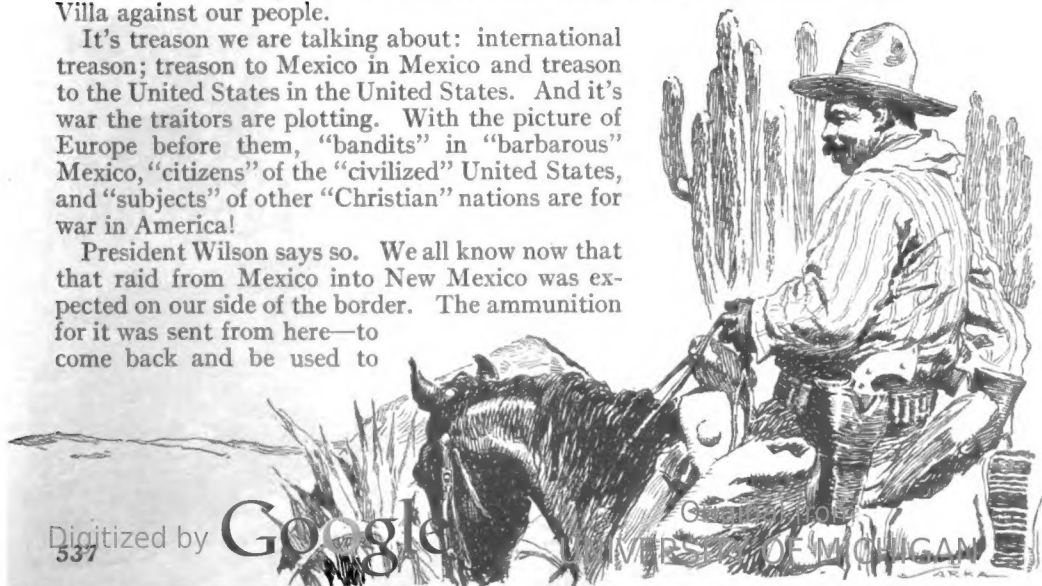
But also they say, and the Americans who know this people say, that before the end we shall have to slaughter the Mexican race as we did the Indians. If that is so, I say that our victory would be a disgrace to us and a disaster to the world, and that the men and the interests, American, Spanish, Mexican, British, German, and Roman, that are risking such a monumental crime—they can not have thought out what they are praying and plotting and lying and paying out good money for.

And yet that's what some people are doing. That's what my friend was hoping for in Vera Cruz. That's what a lot of foreigners I know are hoping and praying for in other parts of Mexico: intervention, and the wild hate and the mad war it will turn loose upon us. That was Huerta's idea when, in despair of our Government's recognition of his effort to set up another Diaz régime, he tempted President Wilson to land American troops in Vera Cruz. He thought the Mexican people would rise up as one man—no, as fifteen million men, women, and children—and kill, rape, or rob every American in Mexico, and then go on into a war upon the American people—for him.

And that's what Villa or—since Villa doesn't think much—that's what the men and the interests back of Villa thought when they planned that raid into New Mexico, and drew our watching, waiting army into old Mexico after—the bandit. They thought that that would be intervention, and that that would arouse and unite all classes, tribes, and parties of the Mexican people, from Carranza down, into one nation to fight with Villa against our people.

It's treason we are talking about: international treason; treason to Mexico in Mexico and treason to the United States in the United States. And it's war the traitors are plotting. With the picture of Europe before them, "bandits" in "barbarous" Mexico, "citizens" of the "civilized" United States, and "subjects" of other "Christian" nations are for war in America!

President Wilson says so. We all know now that that raid from Mexico into New Mexico was expected on our side of the border. The ammunition for it was sent from here—to come back and be used to



shoot our people. The border newspapers had it in first-page "spreads." American soldiers knew and spoke of it two days before it happened. And four days ahead of the event the State Department at Washington advised the War Department that it was planned to occur. Now President Wilson has the information of all the agents of the State Department; of the representatives in Mexico and along our border of all the departments, including the secret service, which is very strong and very active down there. He inquired into this matter, and he took time to get and to consider all the information available. And on March twenty-six, after two weeks of inquiry and thought, he said in a public statement that *"there were persons along the border actively engaged in creating friction between the Government of the United States and the de facto Government of Mexico for the purpose of bringing about intervention in the interest of certain owners of Mexican properties."*

The President of the United States would not make a charge of that nature without knowledge. He didn't give his evidence, but he must have it, with names and dates and, possibly, prices. I have it on good authority that he has, and that he is to be asked to give the names of "the sinister and unscrupulous influences afoot" to bring on a war by getting some careless soldier or mob to kick that dynamite of hate that lies all over Mexico where our soldiers are pursuing "a bandit." I hope President Wilson will not publish those names. If he did, the American people would demand that those men be shot or hanged, and when that was done, they'd be sated and satisfied. They might never care to know then what was the matter down there.

I know personally and well some of the Americans and others in Mexico and along the border who want to "bring about intervention." They are not "bad men;" not "sinister and unscrupulous." But we all know or knew of great and good men who are for intervention or almost





THE RAIL-ROADS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE MILITARY.

anything else that will stop the Mexican revolution. There is Cardinal Gibbons and many good Catholics, and Colonel Roosevelt and many politicians, Wall Street financiers and business men, and good women and—others. What is it that makes these men and women think and say and do treasonable things which might cause a bloody American war?

I went into Mexico, the beautiful, last fall from Eagle Pass. First Chief Carranza, with his cabinet, staff, and troop-trains, General Obregon and several other generals with theirs—the de facto government of Mexico, which our Government had just “recognized,” had come down to the border at Piedras Negras. The government on wheels was about to roll “all over Mexico”: a rare chance to see the country, the people and their leaders; so I asked leave to go along. There was grave wagging of heads.

I had met most of the chiefs just a year before in southern Mexico, when I went to Vera Cruz to interview them, and they had kept me dangling in the cafés for two months. I had represented myself as a writer able to understand and sympathize with the stated purposes of their revolution or with any other effort of any other human beings to solve the social problem which had balked us, so far, in the United States; which had balked all men everywhere, so far.

They had received me, finally, in Vera Cruz, and they talked to me, freely and fully, but hopelessly, with no faith, with doubt and suspicion: Carranza, Obregon, Cabrera, the Secretary of the Treasury, and many other chiefs, big and little, and their followers; citizens and soldiers; and so did their opponents, of course: Mexican, American, and other foreigners. That long but sunny visit gave me a pretty good sense of the personnel, ideals, and the conflicting forces of revolutionary Mexico. I got, for example, the dregs of their doubt of me.

I was an American, and therefore incapable of understanding the struggle of a people for land and liberty! Americans—they said—“Americans from the United States have a mind and a heart only for law and order and business.”

This doubt stood on the bridge at Eagle Pass, barring me from Piedras Negras. It yielded. I had made friends meanwhile in New York and Washington with the friends of the revolution, and they vouched for my “disinterested interest.” And they won at last. They had to work, but they got me at last an order for a berth in General Carranza’s train. So I went along. For weeks I traveled over northern Mexico, in that slow-moving train with the First Chief and his cabinet, his staff, and the veteran generals and young governors of the States we passed through.

War-wasted, uncultivated, treeless, big and sunny—it was like a trip over the face of the moon. But life was beginning. We stopped at every

city, town, village; at every considerable group of peons. Also, the First Chief stopped at and had photographed every ruin: factory, bridge, station, or railroad train. And they were many, those battle-fields. But we heard and we could see that the people, half-believing that peace had really come, were preparing to plant and work and—function.

At Saltillo I quit, and ran up to Mexico City to get the other side of the picture. I lived three months in that ancient, modern old Tory capital among my own countrymen and the other foreigners, but in touch also with the Mexican critics of the Carranzista régime, both reactionary and radical. Then I dropped down to Queretaro, the revolutionary capital, rejoined the First Chief, and made with him and his government another long, slow journey through rich, fat western Mexico: from the temperate climate of the plateau, up into the mining regions and down through the hot tropics to the west coast: Irapuato, Guanajuato, Guadalajara, Colima to Manzanillo on the Pacific Ocean, and back.

It took a month, for again we stopped at every collection of people, municipal or rural. And here also life was resuming. The planting, the building—all the activities were farther advanced than in the north. Mexico is going back to work, leisurely work, but with that sun and that soil and those mines—productive. No government can stop it. Will the Carranzista government help it? What about that government?

The Carranzistas only tolerated me. There were individual exceptions; I made some friends, but in general I was merely suffered in those trains all those three months of travel. So were the two to five or six other Americans who from time to time were there. Not that we were not properly treated as guests; Mexican hospitality is most punctilious. No, we Gringos shared the good though very simple fare of the First Chief and his cabinet. Most of the time I was at his own table. We were sometimes forgotten, but we were always welcome at the fiestas, receptions, dances and other functions in the towns we visited. We were not told, but in the close confinement of the presidential train we couldn't help knowing a good deal of what was going on. We saw our hosts at close range; we heard the problems and the policies of the government discussed, sometimes with an intimate sense of the differences among them. But—and this is my point, which I want to make without the slightest implication of reproach—I was not treated in a way calculated to prejudice my judgment in favor of the Carranzistas. And this is my judgment:

Señor Carranza and his inner circle of advisers are as sincere, as honest, as determined, and—as perplexed a group of radical reformers as I ever saw (or heard of or read about) in power.

Which is one reason for the opposition to him.

ONE day in Mexico City a big American concessionaire was damning Carranza. I remarked, however, that he didn't put dishonesty into the catalogue of his faults.

"Oh, no," he answered, "he's honest. We know that." And, with a laugh, he added: "We know it, because we tried him."

It developed, on the contrary, that Carranza's tested honesty is one of his faults. If he were dishonest, "we" could do business with him.

There is dishonesty in the Carranza party; lots of it. The stealing and grafting is most confusing. But it is petty, and my experience in American cities suggests that it is inevitable. When you break down, as this Mexican earthquake has done, the big, orderly system of regular, "honest"

graft, the anarchy of petty graft takes its place. The universal desire for easy money is freed, and all sorts and conditions of men go to stealing—directly, rawly—cash. It's a stage of democracy apparently. Our cities are just coming out of it; Mexico is having just now her Tweed days.

It's disgusting and discouraging, and the American and other foreign critics of the revolution who make much of it are sincere. Their personal property isn't safe; business is hampered; even transportation isn't safe. Shippers have to pay 5,000 pesos (bribe or tip) for a car, and they lose goods in transit by freight, express, and mail. It's bad, this petty graft, but it isn't dangerous. It simply can't go on.

The honest Carranzistas understand this. They are aware of the stealing; they speak of it plainly. "I know," said Mr. Carranza one day, when we spoke of it, but he added in his patient way: "We can't deal with it yet." And another participant in the conversation told of a case. Three thieving officials were caught red-handed in the State of Vera Cruz. One night they were put into jail, to be shot the next day. But the next day they were out, and their next appearance was in full uniform on the staff of a general, a Carranzista general!

Mr. Carranza couldn't touch them there, nor that general, either; not yet. The First Chief is only the first chief. He is not an autocrat, as his critics seem to think he is, or should be. His title, the phrase which is used always in official and formal documents to describe his position, is the "first chief, in charge of the executive power." Not the executive power. Mexico is in a tribal state, like Tammany Hall of old. There are some chiefs and generals whom Carranza has himself appointed. He can command them, and he does. Their power is his, too, and he has theirs and his. Boss Murphy can dictate to the ward leaders, he has "made." But Murphy couldn't dictate to Tim Sullivan. Tim was a self-made boss; he owned his own ward; and so he was an independent chief who was "with" Murphy. So it is in Mexico at present.

Carranza is not a dictator, and I think he doesn't want to be. He shares the reaction from Diaz, which is violent and well-nigh universal among the Mexicans. Only foreigners want another "strong man." The First Chief is building his power slowly but steadily, but he is

SEÑOR DON
VENUSTIA-
NO CARRAN-
ZA: GRAVE,
SLOW, SIN-
CERE, "OB-
STINATE."



trying to build it democratically. That is one of the purposes of his travels. He is going all over Mexico to meet his people, get their confidence, and by and by their votes. It's like an American political campaign. Only Carranza does not make many speeches, and those he does make are short, plain, not exciting. He is no demagogue.

When our train rolled into a station the people were there with their band. Every community in Mexico has a band. And the band played and the people applauded: they didn't cheer; they were only ready to cheer. But Mr. Carranza would walk out on his rear platform, look a long minute at the crowd until they became still. Then he stepped down among them, and stood there, silent again, silencing. It was almost dampening, his deliberate long silence. Some staff-officer would have to prompt them.

"Go up to him," he would say; "he's your Chief. Tell him what you want; what you expect of him."

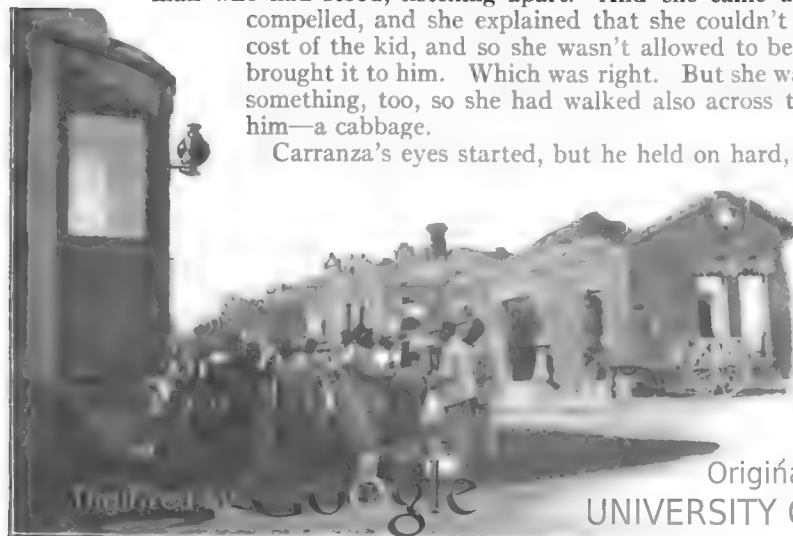
Usually it was a woman who would go up to him first—a woman who wanted to find a son or husband that had gone to war. The *jefe* would tell some officer to try to trace the man, and report to the woman. That would start the men, and one by one they expressed themselves and their needs. And their needs were simple, personal, usually. There were places where some local chief would state a general need. At one village a woman said that the community land had not been restored to the people. Carranza turned to the governor of that State, asked him why not, and having listened patiently to the long, technical explanation, told him gently to go ahead and do the thing, and "report to these people and me."

He never made any promises; not one. He never harangued at all. When the village or city put up a speaker, Carranza listened; no matter how long the oration or how strong or weak, he was patient. And once in a long while he would reply, briefly, plainly, without a gesture or an emotion. Usually he would sign to some cabinet officer or other to speak in his stead. And the effect? So far as I could make out, he left his people impressed; not inspired, but impressed with a quiet sense of his solidity, honesty, and loyalty. And he? He knows his people, and so he knows that only time will make them free; time and opportunities. That's why he is so slow himself and so patient.

He has feeling. Once a few people—not a dozen—stopped the train to make him a gift. It was a kid. They had walked miles across the desert to deliver the little animal, and they said that they bought it by taking contributions from all those that had come to fetch it to him. They had put in a few *centavos* each, raising thus, say, a quarter of a dollar. Carranza accepted the gift, thanked them, and then turned to an old, old woman who had stood, listening apart. And she came up, frightened but compelled, and she explained that she couldn't contribute to the cost of the kid, and so she wasn't allowed to be of the party that brought it to him. Which was right. But she wanted to give him something, too, so she had walked also across the desert, to give him—a cabbage.

Carranza's eyes started, but he held on hard, and when he was sure of himself he accepted the gift and thanked the woman with simple dignity.

THE PEOPLE
WERE THERE
—AT EVERY
STATION.



To a democrat it was discouraging to see how little that people asked; how much they wanted, and hoped and trusted; and how dependent they are upon the good faith, the understanding, and the loyalty to them of their First and Last Chief. They are giving all, all their power to Carranza, and he is going around collecting it. And he has to have it.

The First Chief and his inner circle need the power of the people to awe and check the power of the outer circle of second chiefs, and third, and fourth, and his enemies and Mexico's. He is the head now of an oligarchy; his power is military; it is made up of the powers contributed by the uncertain loyalties of generals and chiefs, some of whom (not all) are not revolutionists at all, but only able individuals out for individual success, not Mexico's. Without democratic power the Carranzista oligarchy can not deal now with that general who saved the three thieves of Vera Cruz. That general's army is his, as Villa's was, and he might lead it into the field against Carranza, as Villa did his, with foreign financial help.

SO MR. CARRANZA in his wisdom (and he is politically wise) avoids breaks with the sources of his oligarchic military power, while he goes about fondling his own democratic, political power. Everybody is with him now, or pretends to be. Military power brooks no free speech, no differences, and under the martial law of revolutionary Mexico public opinion seems unanimous. This is impossible. It can't last. Nature divides men into at least two parties, conservative and progressive, and I could see everywhere, north, south, east, and west, in the cities, in the country, in the clubs—yes, even on Mr. Carranza's train, this line of demarcation coming. But the oligarchy see it, too.

"No," said one of them, "it isn't here, not yet, but it is coming. We shall divide. But not yet. If it came now, before the army is disbanded and reorganized, it will follow military lines, and we'll have to fight it out with bullets. And we don't want another civil war in Mexico. So Mr. Carranza wants to put off the issue till some great civic meeting, like the constitutional convention. Then our split will be a political division and can be fought out politically, in the congress or at the polls."

This may explain something Washington has never seemed to understand: Why Carranza doesn't grapple harder with some of the representations of the State Department. It may explain to other critics why the First Chief doesn't tackle more vigorously other pressing, practical problems, like that of transportation: he can't; the railroads are still far from free of military control. And it certainly leads to my understanding of some of the reasons why this clear-headed statesman puts up with the shameless, ludicrous and most embarrassing incompetence and petty grafting of his crooked subordinates, high and low.

Mr. Carranza and his inner circle of advisers are planning ways and means of putting a stop or a check to the big grafts: the great mining and oil concessions, and the enormous land grafts.

And that's another reason why there is such a desperate opposition to him at home and abroad.

The Carranzistas have a theory. They think their theory is the theory of the Mexican revolution. Their theory is that the problem of civilized society is not poverty, but riches; that the solution of it is not to cure or nurse the poor, but to prevent the accumulations of enormous individual wealth; and so their policy is to find out and close up the holes through which most or some of the products of labor leak through the workers,

intellectual and physical, into the possession of—philanthropists. Thus it is economic, not political democracy and equality they are working for. In a word, they are trying to change the rules of the game, their game, our game, the game as it is played all over the civilized world.

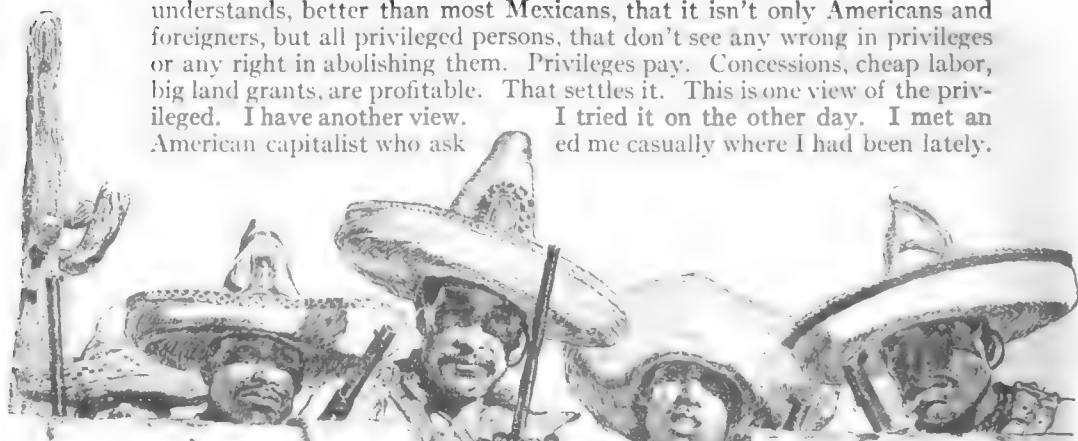
Which, being felt and not credited or understood, is another reason for the opposition to the reconstruction of the Mexican revolution.

One day in Guadalajara, Mr. Silliman, our representative then with the de facto government, arranged a meeting of American and other foreign business men there with Señor Luis Cabrera, Carranza's Secretary of the Treasury.

The purpose of the meeting was to give the business men a chance to state their grievances to an official with authority and power to explain and act. And they expressed themselves one by one, and it was very disappointing; natural, typical, but discouraging. As Mr. Cabrera pointed out to them, diplomatically and not clearly, each man spoke, not as a friend of Mexico, not as a social being, but as a craftsman: the banker of the difficulties of his bank, the exchange broker as a broker, the miner as a miner; and not of their big problems, but of the particular, petty problems of that week or month. The Government had erred. That he granted, and he explained that the reason they had erred was because they were not experienced statesmen and experts; their elder statesmen had served the privileged class and been driven by their consciences out of the country. The new government were citizens new to their jobs, and in need of broad criticism, technical advice, and expert assistance. But none of the gentlemen present had offered any suggestions that could be used. They all were under the delusion that the Government was trying to reestablish the old order of things; that the revolution was merely an accident and interruption, a sort of disaster or debauch, and that, since it was over, the thing to do was to get everything going again just as it was before.

And then he explained that that was not the idea of the revolutionary Government; that the Government wanted business to be resumed, but on a better basis, better for the people of Mexico. They wanted banks to be more useful, socially, than before, and not to make so much money for the bankers. And so with the other lines of business. How were the railroads, the mines, the shops, to be got to perform their true functions? A hard question. The Government didn't know just how to answer it; they needed help, but couldn't get it from the specialists, because the banker and the broker, the merchant and the miner, seemed to think that all that was necessary was to start business and its privileges up again.

Mr. Cabrera wasn't understood. He didn't expect to be understood. He understands, better than most Mexicans, that it isn't only Americans and foreigners, but all privileged persons, that don't see any wrong in privileges or any right in abolishing them. Privileges pay. Concessions, cheap labor, big land grants, are profitable. That settles it. This is one view of the privileged. I have another view. I tried it on the other day. I met an American capitalist who asked me casually where I had been lately.



"In Mexico!" he exclaimed, all interest. "Well, then, maybe you can tell me what the deuce they're up to down there. I've got seven or eight hundred thousand dollars in a hole down there, and I'd like to know what to expect."

When I had told him what they were trying to do and that if they succeeded he might lose his money, this wicked, privileged capitalist said:

"So that's their game, is it? Well, if there's a chance of their winning out on it, if there's one chance in a hundred of their putting that over, they can have mine."

"But," I objected, "it's precisely you and your crowd that are spoiling the one chance of success."

"I know," he answered, "but we didn't understand; I didn't and they don't."

It may be foolish, but I believe that this man is as typical as any other "American"; that the trouble with our captains of industry is, not their evil disposition but their "special interests" and their lack of understanding, and that that is the cause of the trouble on our border and—the matter with Mexico. And it's hard to understand.

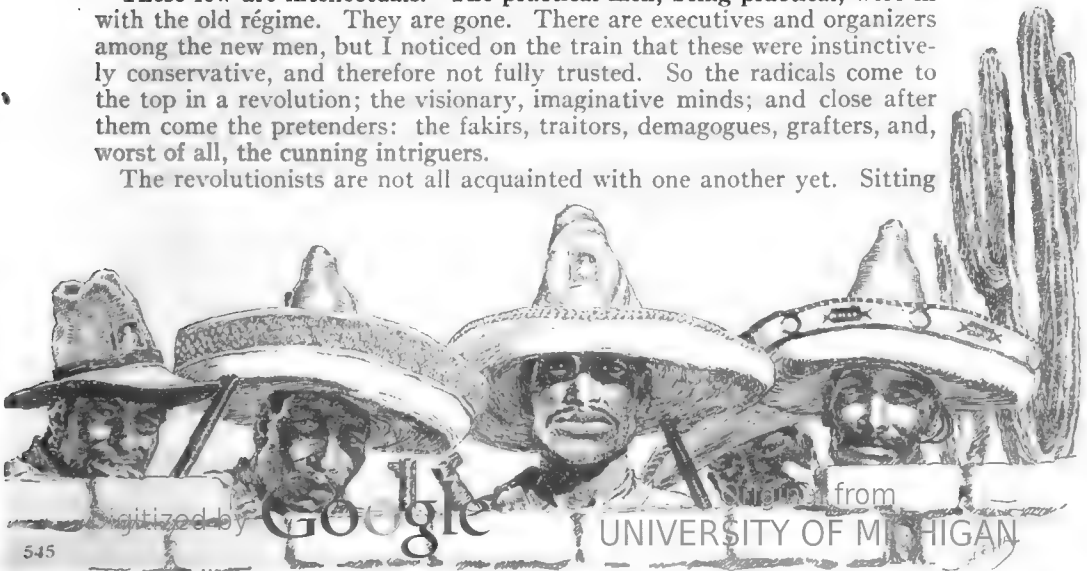
Carranza and his party are on the job of reconstructing a state of society that has been all shot to pieces by a long and a pretty thorough revolution. Governments, roads, bridges, factories, whole towns, and many, many buildings have been destroyed. Only some old false ideas, beliefs, and hopes are left; and they hinder. But the revolution, the military, the destructive process seems to be over; it is over, if the First Chief succeeds in his policy of staving off all critical acts and issues till they can be fought out, without arms.

But the effects of the revolution and the forces set free by it are felt still. Men, primitive demons like Villa, who were turned loose in the war, are at large; many of them. Villa is but one of the type. Then, too, Indians, peons, servants, and slaves, the descendants of a high-spirited race, conquered and long repressed by generations of force and kindness, were freed, armed, and told to "go to it." And they went to it, and they liked it, and they are reluctant to give up vice and leisure, adventure and power, to go back to work. Europe will have to deal with this problem when the nations turn to reconstruction after their war. Mexico has it now. She has a people, a whole people, who have tasted liberty, and enjoyed and abused it. For practically everybody was or became a revolutionist. And all want land or "something for nothing," and only a few—comparatively very few—know or remember or care about the ideals of the revolution.

These few are intellectuals. The practical men, being practical, were in with the old régime. They are gone. There are executives and organizers among the new men, but I noticed on the train that these were instinctively conservative, and therefore not fully trusted. So the radicals come to the top in a revolution; the visionary, imaginative minds; and close after them come the pretenders: the fakirs, traitors, demagogues, grafters, and, worst of all, the cunning intriguers.

The revolutionists are not all acquainted with one another yet. Sitting

SUSPICIOUS,
HATEFUL
EYES
WATCHING
THE PASS-
ING OF OUR
SOLDIERS.



there in that train, watching and listening as a spectator, not supposed to understand much Spanish, I could see that Carranza and his inner circle didn't always know their man. They'd give a tough, technical job to a good, insincere talker, who was not a "doer" at all. They'd recall and I'd see and talk with "failures" or "crooks," who never should have been appointed. And because while they failed or grafted they had "made friends" and influence, they couldn't be simply discharged. They had to be promoted.

The consequence was things that "had to be done" were often not done, or badly or criminally done.

Which is a reason not only for the opposition, but for the misunderstanding, of the de facto government by their "practical" critics.

AND the practical men themselves have a right to be understood. They are by birth, apparently, naturally concerned about keeping things going. Other men are born to change things and set the wrongs right, and these innovators have their part to play. It's an important part, and the world is slow to recognize it as such. But "we visionaries"—let me say "we"—must recognize that in Mexico, for example, it is a serious matter that the trains don't run regularly and numerous enough to carry milk for the babies and food for the people generally from the farmers to the cities; that the miners can't get their bullion out and the merchants can't get their goods in; that there is no money to trade with and no credit; that there is hunger and disease in a rich, healthy country. That's what the practical men see and say and are ready to fight about. And they have a right to their rage.

But the visionaries in the Carranzista government have a right also to be understood. They have everything to do, and all at once; everything. And at the same time they have everything to change a little, and all at once. In the United States, a few years ago, we tackled with our organized government the railroad problem, and we devoted a couple of years to settling it, and then didn't settle it. Then, here a year or two ago, we took up and worked long and hard at the problem of banks. Meanwhile other things, good and bad, went on well or ill. In Mexico that small group of new, sincere, honest, inexperienced, but "obstinate" statesmen have the railroad problem, and the banks, and the money problem; the trusts, the labor problem and the education problem, the land and the whole agrarian problem; and the tariff *vs.* free trade; and the army, which they have to use, reorganize, and disband simultaneously; and a government to set up, city, state, and federal—while they are drawing a constitution and creating courts and a judicial system; and all the while they are expected to chase bandits and keep order; answer the half-dozen representations our State Department makes every day; protect Mexican sovereignty from our and other foreign governments' vetoes of their acts; permit our marines to land at Vera Cruz and our soldiers to come hunting bandits in their territory, and yet—and yet, keep the proud, sensitive Mexican people from resenting our border and Wall Street conspiracies, resisting our invasions and attacking our troops.

THAT'S a bit of the practical job the revolutionary government of Mexico has on its hands. That's what it doesn't do well, and can't; not yet. And that's a just reason, as I have said, for the impatience of all men with it. But there's one more reason to consider.

With each one of these practical problems goes also a theoretical problem. With the problem of getting a currency, goes the problem of getting a money that is not, like ours, a bank privilege. With the problem of reopening the banks, presses the problem of opening banks that have no government privilege and no monopoly of credit. With the problem of restarting transportation runs the problem of making the railroads carry, not exploit, their traffic, and of keeping the railroad men running the trains and not the state. And so, while they want to reopen the mines and keep the oil-wells flowing and revive agriculture and industry, they want more of that wealth to stay in Mexico and to go, as much as possible, to the people, Mexican and others, who do the actual work. In a word, they want to accomplish the purposes of the revolution; to knock out "the" system, and develop, not a rich, cultured, leisure class, but a well-to-do, educated people with very general opportunities for some work and a good deal of play; and no fear and no superstition.

And this, this is the chief reason for the opposition, both in Mexico and in the United States and in England, Spain, France, Germany, and Rome; this is the real reason why there are persons all along our border and elsewhere praying and plotting and lying and paying for intervention and war; this—and the failure of those persons to understand and to believe that Carranza and his inner circle of revolutionists are really at work on the foundations of "the" social problem with a chance—one chance in a hundred—of solving a good part of it for the people he is pledged solemnly to serve and—all other peoples.

For, of course, if Mexico solves it, it will be solved.

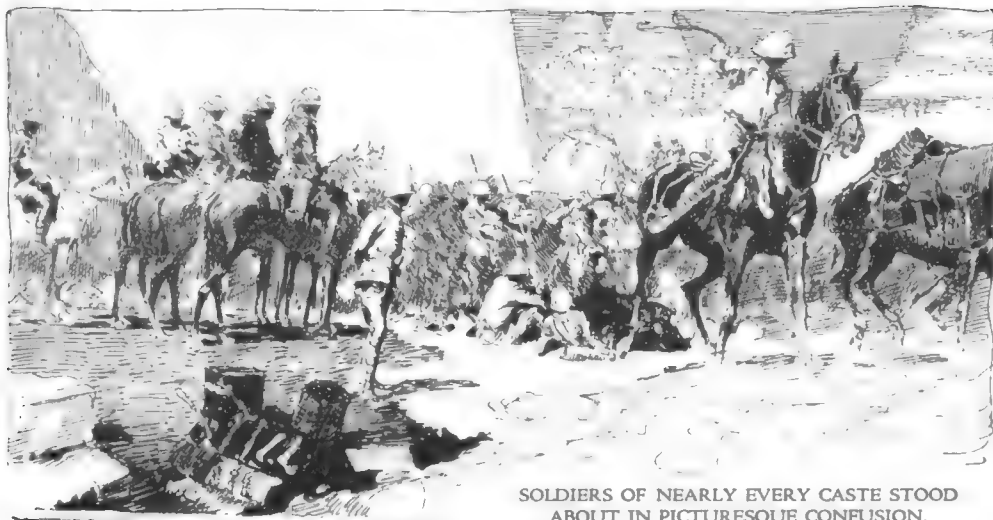
President Wilson has got us into Mexico a second time. He got us out the first time. He may get us out the second time. The third time may be—unlucky.

He has shown by his whole Mexican policy that he has understood what they were struggling for down there and he has trusted us, the people, to understand why he has stood against intervention and its consequences.

Could he trust us to understand why he did not make war if our troops, sent there again and again to pursue bandits financed in the United States, should be attacked by the "ignorant Mexicans" who might—misunderstand our philanthropy?

There is a great hope and a great danger in Mexico.





SOLDIERS OF NEARLY EVERY CASTE STOOD
ABOUT IN PICTURESQUE CONFUSION.

KING, of the KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

Here is the first instalment of a serial that we are not afraid to call the greatest adventure story of the year. Mr. Mundy knows India, and he knows how to tell a story vividly.

SCENE: India: Lahore, Peshawur, and Delhi. TIME: The present.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS in the first instalment:

CAPTAIN KING, of the British Secret Service, on a mission to keep the Himalayan Tribes quiet during the War.

A GENERAL, who gives orders to King.

MAJOR HYDE, a disgruntled seeker for preferment.

YASMINI, a fascinating woman of mystery and power, also under the General's orders, more or less.

REWA GUNGA, a young Rajput prince, Yasmini's trusted man.

One or two would-be murderers; British and native troops—ready to entrain for the War; and an excited populace.

SUCKLED were we in a school un-kind

On suddenly snatched deduction,
And ever ahead of you (never behind!),
Over the border our tracks you'll find,
Wherever some idiot feels inclined

To scatter the seeds of ruction.

For eyes we be, of Empire, we!
Skinned and puckered and quick to see!
And nobody guesses how wise we be.
Unwilling to advertise we be.

But, hot on the trail of lies, we be
The pullers of roots of ruction!

Song of the Indian Secret Service.

THE men who govern India (more power to them and her!) are few. Those who stand in their way and pretend to help them with a flood of words are a host. And from the host goes up an endless cry that India is the home of thugs, and of three hundred million hungry ones.

The men who know (and Athelstan King might claim to know a little) answer that she is the original home of chivalry, and the modern mistress of more decent, gallant native gentlemen than ever graced any other page of history.

The charge has seen the light in print that India—well-spring of plague, and sudden death, and money-lenders—has sold her soul to twenty succeeding conquerors in turn.

Athelstan King, and a hundred like him whom India has picked from British stock and taught, can answer truly that she has won it back again from each by very purity of purpose.

So when the world-war broke, the world was destined to be surprised on India's account. The Red Sea, full of racing transports crowded with dark-skinned gentlemen whose one prayer was that the war might not be over before they should have struck a blow for Britain, was the Indian Army's answer to the Press. The rest of India paid its taxes, and contributed, and muzzled itself, and set to work to make supplies. For they understand in India, almost as nowhere else, the meaning of such old-fashioned words as gratitude and honor, and of such platitudes as "Give and it shall be given unto you."

More than one nation was deeply shocked by India's answer to "practices" that had extended over years. But there were men in India who learned to love India long ago with that love that casts out fear, who knew exactly what was going to happen and could therefore afford to wait for orders instead of running round in rings.

Athelstan King, for instance, nothing yet but a captain unattached, sat in meagerly furnished quarters with his heels on a table. He is not a doctor, yet he read a book on surgery; and when he went over to the club he carried the book under his arm and continued to read it there. He is considered a rotten conversationalist, and he did nothing at the club to improve his reputation.

"Man alive—get a move on!" gasped a wondering senior, accepting a cigar. Nobody knows where he gets those long, strong black cheroots, and nobody ever refuses one.

"Thanks—got a book to read," said King.

"You ass! Wake up and grab the best thing in sight, as a stepping-stone to something better! Wake up and worry!"

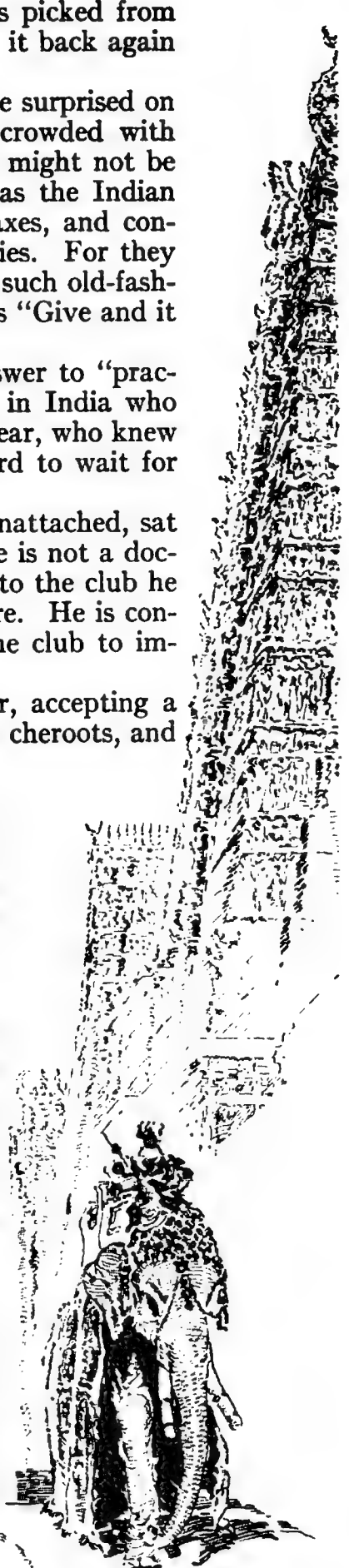
King grinned. You have to when you don't agree with a senior officer, for the Army is like a school in many more ways than one. "Help yourself, sir! I'll take the job that's left when the scramble's over. Something good's sure to be overlooked—it always is."

"White feather? Laziness? Dark horse?" the major wondered. Then he hurried away to write telegrams, because a belief thrives in the early days of any war that influence can make or break a man's chances, and entirely forgot King, who sat and smoked, and read about surgery. And before King had nearly finished one box of cheroots a general at Peshawur wiped a bald, red skull and sent him an urgent telegram.

"Come at once!" it said simply.

King was at Lahore, but miles don't matter when the dogs of war are loosed. The right man goes to the right place at the exact right time then, and the fool goes to the wall. In that one respect, at least, war is better than peace.

In the train on the way to Peshawur he did not talk any more volubly, and a fellow-traveler, studying him from the



ILLUSTRATIONS

BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

opposite corner of the stifling compartment, catalogued him as "quite an ordinary man." But *he* was of the Public Works Department, which is sorrowfully underpaid and wears emotions on its sleeve for policy's sake. It thinks all the rest of the world should do the same.

"Don't you think we're bound in honor to go to Belgium's aid?" he asked. "Can you see any way out of it?"

"Haven't looked for one," said King.

"But don't you think——"

"No," said King, "I hardly ever think. I'm in the Army, don't you know, and don't have to. What's the use of doing somebody else's work?"

"Rotter!" thought the P. W. D. man, almost aloud; but King was not troubled by any further forced conversation. Consequently he reached Peshawur comfortable, in spite of the heat. And his genial manner of saluting the full General who met him with a dog-cart at Peshawur station was something scandalous.

"Is he a lunatic, or a relative, or royalty?" the P. W. D. man wondered.

Full generals, particularly in the early days of war, do not drive to the station to meet captains very often; yet King climbed into the dog-cart unexcitedly, after keeping the General waiting while he checked a trunk.

The General cracked his whip without any other comment than a smile. A blooded mare tore sparks out of the macadam, and a dusty military road began to ribbon out between the wheels. Sentries in unexpected places announced themselves with a ring of shaken steel as their rifles came to the "present," which courtesies the General noticed with a raised whip.

On the dog-cart's high front seat, staring straight ahead of him between the horse's ears, King listened. The General did nearly all the talking.

"The North's the danger."

King grunted, with the lids half-lowered over full, dark eyes. He did not look especially handsome in that attitude. Some men swear he looks like a Roman, and others liken him to a gargoyle, all of them choosing to ignore the smile that can transform his whole face instantly.

"We're denuding India of troops—not keeping back more than a mere handful to hold the Tribes in check."

King nodded. There has never been peace along the Northwest border.

"Well—Delhi's chockful of spies, all listening to stories made in Germany for them to take back to the Hills with 'em. The Tribes'll know presently how many men we're sending oversea. There've been rumors about Khinjan by the hundred lately. They're cooking something. Can you imagine 'em keeping quiet now?"

"That depends, sir. Yes, I can imagine it."

THE General laughed. "That's why I sent for you. I need a man with imagination! There's a woman you've got to work with on this occasion who can imagine a shade or two too much. What's worse, she's ambitious. So I chose you to work with her."

King's lips stiffened under his mustache, and the corners of his eyes wrinkled into crow's-feet. Eyes are never coal-black, of course, but his looked it at that minute.

"You know we've sent men to Khinjan who are said to have entered the Caves. Not one of 'em has ever returned."

King frowned.

"She claims she can enter the Caves and come out again at pleasure. She has offered to do it, and I have agreed."

It would not have been polite to look incredulous, so King's expression changed to one of intense interest a little overdone, as the General did not fail to notice.

"If she hadn't given proof of devotion and ability, I'd have turned her down. But she has. Only the other day she uncovered a plot in Delhi—about a million dynamite bombs in a ruined temple in charge of a German agent, for use by mutineers supposed to be ready to rise against us. Fact! Can you guess who she is?"

"Not Yasmini?" King hazarded, and the General nodded and flicked his whip. The horse mistook it for a signal, and it was two minutes before the speed was reduced to mere recklessness.

The helmet-strap mark, printed indelibly on King's jaw and cheek by the Indian sun, tightened and grew whiter—as the General noted out of the corner of his eye.

"Know her?"

"Know of her, of course, sir. Everybody does. Never met her to my knowledge."

"Um-m-m! Whose fault was that? Somebody ought to have seen to that. Go to Delhi now and meet her. I'll send her a wire to say you're coming. She knows I've chosen you. She tried to insist on full discretion, but I overruled her. Between us two, she'll *have* discretion once she gets beyond Jamrud. The Hills are full of our spies, of course, but none of 'em dare try Khinjan Caves any more, and you'll be the only check we shall have on her."

King's tongue licked his lips, and his eyes wrinkled. The General's voice became the least shade more authoritative.

"When you see her, get a pass from her that'll take you into Khinjan Caves! Ask her for it! For the sake of appearances I'll gazette you seconded to the Khyber Rifles. For the sake of success, get a pass from her!"

"Very well, sir."

"You've a brother in the Khyber Rifles, haven't you? Was it you or your brother who visited Khinjan once, and sent in a report?"

"I did, sir."

He spoke without pride. Even the brigade of British-Indian cavalry that went to Khinjan on the strength of his report and leveled its defenses with the ground, had not been able to find the famous Caves. Yet the Caves themselves are a byword.

"There's talk of a *jihad*.* There's worse than that! When you went to Khinjan, what was your chief object?"

"To find out the source of the everlasting rumors about the so-called 'Heart of the Hills,' sir."

"Yes, yes. I remember. I read your report. You didn't find anything, did you? Well. The story is now that the Heart of the Hills has come to life. So the spies say."

King whistled softly.

"There's no guessing what it means," said the General. "Go and find out. Go and work with *her*. I shall have enough men here to attack instantly and smash any small force as soon as it begins to gather anywhere near the border. But Khinjan is another story. We can't prove anything, but the spies keep bringing in rumors of ten thousand men in Khinjan Caves, and of another large *lashkar*† not far away from Khinjan. There must be no *jihad*, King! India is all but defenseless! We can tackle spo-

*Holy War. †Army of tribesmen.



radic raids. We can even handle an ordinary raid in force. But this story about a 'Heart of the Hills' coming to life may presage unity of action such as the world has not seen. Go up there, and stop it if you can. At least, let me know the facts."

King grunted. To stop a Holy War single-handed would be rather like stopping the wind—possibly easy enough, if one knew the way. Yet he knew no general would throw away a man like himself on a useless venture. He began to look happy.

The General clucked to the mare, and the big beast sank an inch between the shafts. The *sais* behind set his feet against the drop-board and clung with both hands to the seat. One wheel ceased to touch the gravel as they whirled along a semicircular drive. Suddenly the mare drew up on her haunches under the porch of a pretentious residence. Sentries saluted. The *sais* swung down. In less than sixty seconds King was following the General through a wide entrance into a crowded hall. The instant the General's fat figure darkened the doorway twenty men of higher rank than King, native and English, rose from lined-up chairs and pressed forward.

"Sorry—have to keep you all waiting—busy!" He waved them aside with a little apologetic gesture. "Come in here, King."

King followed him through a door that slammed tight behind them on rubber jambs.

"Sit down!" The General unlocked a steel drawer and began to rummage among the papers in it. In a minute he unearthed a package, bound in rubber bands, with a faded photograph face upward on the top. "That's the woman! How d'you like the look of her?"

King took the package, and for a minute stared hard at the likeness of a woman whose fame has traveled up and down India, until her witchery has become a proverb. She was dressed as a dancing woman; yet very few dancing women are dressed as she was. King's service uses whom it may, and he had met and talked with many dancing women in the course of duty; but as he stared at Yasmini's likeness he did not think he had ever met one who so measured up to rumor.

The General watched his face with eyes that missed nothing. "Remember—I said, work *with* her!"

King looked up, and nodded.

"They say she's three parts Russian," said the General. "To my own knowledge she speaks Russian like a native, and about twenty other tongues as well, including English. She speaks English as well as you. She was the girl-widow of a rascally hill rajah. There's a story I've heard, to the effect that Russia arranged her marriage, in the days when India was Russia's objective—and that's how long ago?—seems like weeks, not years!

THE GENERAL CRACKED HIS WHIP, AND A BLOODED MARE TORE SPARKS OUT OF THE MACADAM.

I've heard she loved her rajah. And I've heard she didn't. There's another story that she poisoned him. I know she got away with his money—and that's proof enough of brains! Some say she's a she-devil. I think that's an exaggeration, but bear in mind she's dangerous!"

King grinned. A man who trusts Eastern women over readily does not rise far in the Secret Service. The General frowned.

"If you've got *nous* enough to keep on her soft side, and use her—not let her use you—you can keep the hills quiet and the Khyber safe! If you can contrive that—now—in this pinch—there's no limit for you! Commander-in-chief shall be your job before you're sixty!"

KING pocketed the photograph and papers. "I'm well enough content, sir, as things are," he said quietly.

"Well, remember she's ambitious, if you're not. I'm not preaching ambition, mind—I'm warning you! Ambition's bad! Study those papers on your way down to Delhi, and see that I get them back."

The General paced once across the room, and once back again, with hands behind him. Then he stopped in front of King. "No man in India has a stiffer task than you have now! It may encourage you to know that I realize that! She's the key to the puzzle, and she happens to be in Delhi. Go to Delhi, then. A *jihad* launched from the hills would mean anarchy in the plains. That would entail sending back from France an army that can't be spared. There must be no *jihad*, King!—there must—not—be—one! Keep that in your head!"

"What arrangements have been made with her, sir?"

"Practically none! She's watching the spies in Delhi, but they're likely to break for the hills any minute. Then they'll be arrested. When that happens, the fate of India may be in your hands and hers! Get out of my way now, until tiffin-time!"

In a way that some men never learn, King proceeded to efface himself entirely among the crowd in the hall, contriving to say nothing of any account to anybody, until the great gong boomed and the General led them all in to his long dining-table. Yet he did not look furtive or secretive. Nobody noticed him, and he noticed everybody.

The fare was plain, and the meal a perfunctory affair. The General and his guests were there for no other reason than to eat food, and only the man who happened to seat himself next to King—a major by the name of Hyde—spoke to him at all.

"Why aren't you with your regiment?" he asked.

"Because the General asked me to lunch, sir!"

"I suppose you've been pestering him for an appointment!"

King, with his mouth full of curry, did not answer, but his eyes smiled.

"It's astonishing to me," said the major, "that a captain should leave his company when war has begun! When I was captain I'd have been driven out of the service if I'd asked for leave of absence at such a time!"

King made no comment, but his expression denoted belief. "Are you bound for the front, sir?" he asked presently. But Hyde did not answer. They finished the meal in silence.

After lunch he was closeted with the General again for twenty minutes. Then one of the General's carriages took him to the station; and it did not appear to trouble him at all that the other occupant of the carriage was the self-same Major Hyde who had sat next him at lunch. In fact, he smiled so pleasantly that Hyde grew exasperated. Neither of them spoke. At



the station Hyde lost his temper openly, and King left him abusing an unhappy native servant.

"How dare you lose my luggage! Find it this instant, or I'll have you thrashed! You're a thief! I believe you've hidden it!"

The station was crammed to suffocation, by a crowd that roared and writhed, and smelt to high heaven. Flies buzzed everywhere. Fat native merchants vied with lean and timid ones in noisy effort to secure accommodation on a train already crowded to the limit. Twenty British officers hunted up and down for the places supposed to have been reserved for them, and sweating servants hurried after them with arms full of heterogeneous baggage, swearing at the crowd, which swore back ungrudgingly. But the General himself had telephoned for King's reservation, so he took his time.

There was din, and stink, and dust beneath a savage sun, shaken into reverberations by the scream of an engine's safety-valve. It was India in essence and awake!—India arising out of lethargy!—India as she is more often nowadays—and it made King happier than some other men can be in ballrooms.

Any one who watched him—and there was at least one man who did—must have noticed his strange ability, almost like that of water, to reach the point he aimed for, through, and not around the crowd. He neither shoved nor argued. Orders and blows would have been equally useless, for, had it tried, the crowd could not have obeyed, and it was in no mind to try. Without the least apparent effort he arrived—and there is no other word that quite describes it—he arrived, through the densest part of the sweating throngs of humans, at the door of the luggage office.

There, though a *bunnia's* sharp elbow nagged his ribs, and the *bunnia's* servant dropped a heavy package on his foot, he smiled so genially that he melted the wrath of the frantic luggage clerk. But not at once. Even the sun needs seconds to melt ice.

"Am I God?" the *babu* wailed. "Can I do all *thee* things in all *thee* world at once if not sooner?"

King's smile began to get its work in. The man ceased gesticulating to wipe sweat from his stubbly jowl with the end of a Punjabi headdress. He actually smiled back. Who was he, that he should suspect new outrage, or guess he was about to be used in a game he did not understand? He would have stopped all work to beg for extra pay at the merest suggestion of such a thing; but as it was, he raised both fists and lapsed into his own tongue to apostrophize the ruffian who dared jostle King. A Northerner, who did not seem to understand Punjabi, almost cost King his balance as he thrust broad shoulders between him and the *bunnia*.

The *bunnia* chattered like an outraged ape; but King, the person most entitled to be angry, actually apologized! That being a miracle, the *babu* forthwith wrought another one, and within a minute King's one trunk was checked through to Delhi.

"Delhi is right, sahib?" he asked, to make doubly sure; for in India, where the milk of human kindness is not hawked in the market-place, men will pay over-measure for a smile.

"Yes. Delhi is right. Thank you, *babuji*."

He made more room for the Hillman, beaming amusement at the man's impatience; but the Hillman had no luggage, and turned away, making an unexpected effort to hide his face with a turban end. He who had forced his way to the front with so much violence and haste, now burst back again toward the train, like a football forward tearing through the thick of his

opponents. He scattered a swath a yard wide, for he had shoulders like a bull. King saw him leap into a third-class carriage. He saw, too, that he was not wanted in the carriage. There was a storm of protest from tight-packed native passengers, but the fellow had his way.

The swath through the crowd closed up like water in a ship's wake, but it opened again for King. He smiled so humorously that the angry jostled ones smiled too, and were appeased, forgetting haste and bruises and indignity merely because understanding looked at them through merry eyes. All crowds are that way, but an Indian crowd more so than all.

Taking his time, and falling foul of nobody, King marked down a native constable—hot and unhappy, leaning with his back against the train. He touched him on the shoulder and he jumped.

"Nay, sahib! I am only constabeel—I know nothing—I can do nothing! The teerrain goes when it goes, and then perhaps we will beat these people from the platform and make room again! But there is no authority—no law any more—they are all gone mad!"

King wrote on a pad, tore off a sheet, folded it, and gave it to him. "That is for the Superintendent of Police at the office. Carriage number 1181, eleven doors from here—the one with the shut door, and a big Hillman inside sitting three places from the door, facing the engine. Get the Hillman! No, there is only one Hillman in the carriage. No, the others are not his friends; they will not help him. He will fight, but he has no friends in that carriage."

The "constabeel" obeyed, not very cheerfully. King stood to watch him, with a foot on the step of a first-class coach. Another constable passed him, elbowing a snail's progress between the train and the crowd. He seized the man's arm. "Go and help that man!" he ordered. "Hurry!"

Then he climbed into the carriage and leaned from the window. He grinned as he saw both constables pounce on a third-class carriage door, and with the yell of good huntsmen who have viewed, seize the protesting Northerner by the leg and begin to drag him forth. There was a fight that lasted three minutes, in the course of which a long knife flashed. But there were plenty to take the knife away, and the Hillman stood handcuffed and sullen at last, while one of his captors bound a cut forearm. Then they dragged him away; but not before he had seen King at the window, and had lippled a silent threat.

"I believe you, my son!" King chuckled, half aloud. "I surely believe you! I'll watch! *Ham dekta hai!*"

"Why was that man arrested?" asked an acid voice behind him; and without troubling to turn his head he knew that Major Hyde was to be his carriage mate again. To be vindictive on duty or off it is foolishness; but to let opportunity slip by one is a crime. He looked pleased, not disappointed, as he faced about—like a man on a desert island who has found a tool.

"Why was that man arrested?" the major asked again.

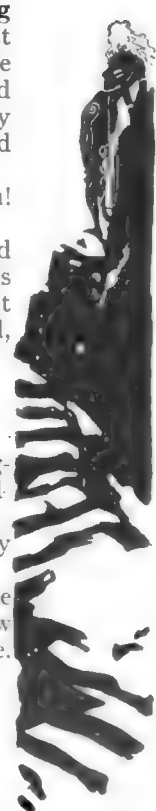
"I ordered it," said King.

"So I imagined. I asked you why."

King stared at him, and then turned to watch the prisoner being dragged away; he was fighting again, striking at his captors' heads with handcuffed wrists. "Does he *look* innocent?" asked King.

"Is that your answer?" asked the major. Baulked ambition is an ugly horse to ride. He had tried for a command but had been shelved.

"I have sufficient authority," said King, unruffled. He spoke as if he were thinking of something entirely different. His eyes were as if they saw the major from a very long way off, rather approving of him on the whole.





"Show me your authority, please!"

King dived into an inner pocket, and produced a card that had about ten words written on its face, above a general's signature. Hyde read it and passed it back.

"So you're one of those, are you!" he said, in a tone of voice that would start a fight in some parts of the world, and in some services. But King nodded cheerfully, and that annoyed the major more than ever; he snorted, closed his mouth with a snap, and turned to rearrange the sheet and pillow on his berth.

Then the train pulled out amid a din of voices from the left-behind that nearly drowned the panting of the overloaded engine. There was a roar of joy from two coaches full of soldiers in the rear—a shriek from a woman who had missed the train—a babel of farewells tossed back and forth between the platform and the third-class carriages—and Peshawur fell away behind.

King settled down on his side of the compartment after a struggle with the thermantidote, which refused to work. There was heat enough below the roof to have roasted meat, so that the physical atmosphere became as turgid as the mental after a little while.

Hyde all but stripped himself, and drew on striped pajamas. King was content to lie in shirtsleeves on the other berth, with knees raised, so that Hyde could not overlook the General's papers. At his ease he studied them one by one, memorizing a string of names, with details as to their owners' antecedents and probable present whereabouts. There were several photographs in the packet, and he studied them very carefully indeed.

But much most carefully of all he examined Yasmini's portrait, returning to it again and again. He reached the conclusion in the end that when it was taken she had been cunningly disguised.

After many prickly hot, interminable, jolting hours, the train drew up at Rawal-Pindi station. Instantly King was on his feet with his tunic on, and he was out on the blazing-hot platform before the train's motion had quite ceased.

He began to walk up and down, not elbowing, but percolating through the crowd, missing nothing worth noticing in all the hot kaleidoscope, and seeming to find new amusement at every turn. It was not in the least astonishing that a well-dressed native should address him presently, for he looked genial enough to be asked to hold a baby. King himself did not seem surprised at all. Far from it, he looked pleased.

"Excuse me, sir," said the man, in glib babu English. "I am seeking Captain King sahib, for whom my brother is verëe anxious to be servant. Can you kindlee tell me, sir, where I could find Captain King sahib?"

"Certainly," King answered him. He looked glad to be of help. "Are you traveling on this train?" The question sounded like politeness welling from the lips of unsuspection.

"Yes, sir. I am traveling from this place, where I have spent a few days, to Bombay, where my business is."

"How did you know King sahib is on the train?" King asked him, smiling so genially that even the police could not have charged him with more than curiosity.

"By telegram, sir. My brother had the misfortune to miss Captain King sahib at Peshawur, and therefore sent a telegram to me, asking me to do what I can at an interview."

"I see," said King. "I see." And, judging by the sparkle in his eyes as he looked away, he could see a lot. But the native could not see his eyes at

that instant, although he tried to. He looked back at the train, giving the man a good chance to study his face in profile. "See that carriage?" he asked, pointing. "The fourth first-class carriage from this end? Well—there are only two of us in there: I'm Major Hyde, and the other is Captain King. I'll tell Captain King to look out for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said the native oilyly. "You are most kind! I am your humble servant, sir!"

King nodded good-by to him, his dark eyes in the shadow of the khaki helmet seeming scarcely interested any longer.

"Couldn't you find another berth?" Hyde asked him angrily, when he stepped back into the compartment. "What were you out there looking for?"

King smiled back at him blandly. "I think there are railway thieves on the train," he announced without any effort at relevance. He might not have heard the question.

"What makes you think so?"

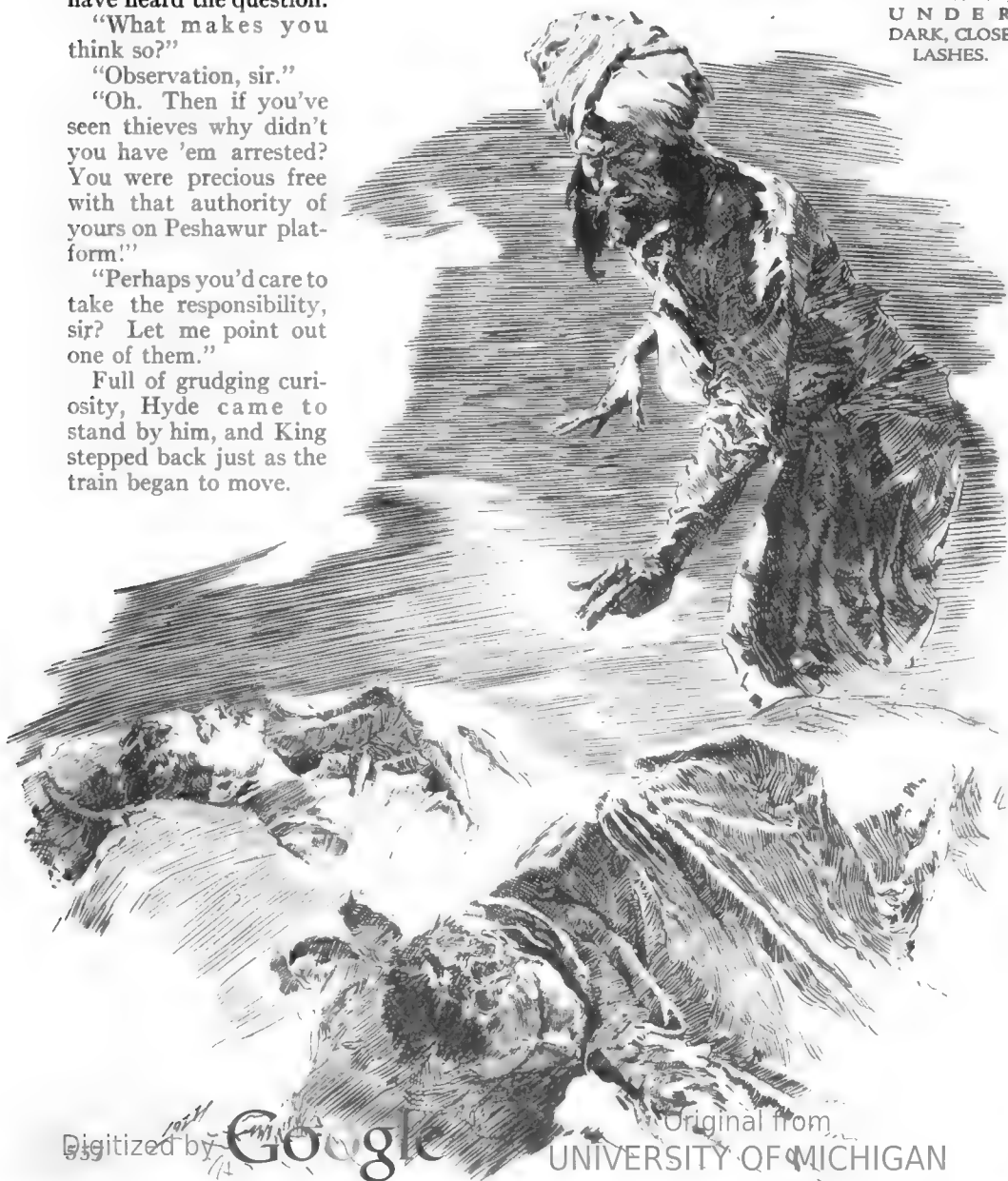
"Observation, sir."

"Oh. Then if you've seen thieves why didn't you have 'em arrested? You were precious free with that authority of yours on Peshawur platform!"

"Perhaps you'd care to take the responsibility, sir? Let me point out one of them."

Full of grudging curiosity, Hyde came to stand by him, and King stepped back just as the train began to move.

KING'S EYES
WERE ON
THE WATCH,
UNDER
DARK, CLOSE
LASHES.





"That man, sir—over there—no, beyond him—there!"

Hyde thrust head and shoulders through the window, and a well-dressed native with one foot on the running-board at the back end of the train took a long, steady stare at him before jumping in and slamming the door of a third-class carriage. "Which one?" demanded Hyde impatiently.

"I don't see him now, sir!"

Hyde snorted and returned to his seat in the silence of unspeakable scorn. But presently he opened a suit-case and drew out a repeating pistol, cocked it carefully, and stowed it beneath his pillow—not at all a contemptible move, because the Indian railway thief is the most resourceful specialist in the world. But King took no overt precautions of any kind.

After more interminable hours, night shut down on them, red-hot, black-dark, mesmerically subdivided into seconds by the thump of carriage-wheels, and lit at intervals by showers of sparks from the gasping engine. The din of Babel rode behind the first-class carriages, for all the natives in the packed third-class talked all together. (In India, when one has spent a fortune on a third-class ticket, one proceeds to enjoy the ride.) The train was a beast out of Revelation, wallowing in noise.

But after other hotter hours the talking ceased. Then King, strangely without kicking off his shoes, drew a sheet up over his shoulders. On the opposite berth Hyde covered his head to keep dust out of his hair, and presently King heard him begin to snore gently. Then, very carefully, he adjusted his own position so that his profile lay outlined in the dim light from the gas-lamp in the roof. He might almost have been waiting to be shaved.

The stuffiness increased to a degree that is sometimes preached in Christian churches as belonging to a sulphurous sphere beyond the grave. Yet he did not move a muscle. It was long after midnight when his vigil was rewarded by a slight sound at the door. From that instant his eyes were on the watch, under dark, close lashes; but his even breathing was that of the seventh stage of sleep, which knows no dreams.

A click of the door-latch heralded the appearance of a hand. With skill, of the sort that only special training can develop, a man in native dress insinuated himself into the carriage without making another sound of any kind. King's ears are part of the equipment for his exacting business, but he could not hear the door click shut again.

For about five minutes, while the train swayed headlong into Indian darkness, the man stood listening and watching. He stood so near that King recognized him for the one who had accosted him on Rawal-Pindi platform. And he could see the outline of the knife-hilt that the man's fingers clutched underneath his shirt.

"He'll either strike first so as to kill us both and do the looting afterward—and in that case I think it will be easier to break his neck than his arm—yes, decidedly his neck, it's long and thin—or—" His eyes feigned sleep so successfully that the native turned away at last. "Thought so!" He dared open his eyes a mite wider. "He's *pukka*—true to type! Rob first, and *then* kill! Rule number one with his sort, 'Run when you've stabbed!'"

As he watched, the thief drew the sheet back from Hyde's face with trained fingers that could have taken spectacles from the victim's nose without his knowledge. Then, as a fish glides in and out among the reeds without touching them, swift and soft and unseen, his fingers searched Hyde's body. They found nothing. So they dived under the pillow and brought out the pistol and a gold watch.

After that he began to search the clothes that hung on a hook beside

Hyde's berth. He brought forth papers and a pocketbook—then money. Money went into one bag, papers and pocketbook into another. And that was evidence enough, as well as risk enough. The knife would be due in a minute.

King moved in his sleep, rather noisily, and the movement knocked a book to the floor from the foot of his berth. The noise of that awoke Hyde, and King pretended to begin to wake, yawning and rolling on his back (that being much the safest position an unarmed man can take, and much the most awkward for his enemy).

"Thieves!" Hyde yelled at the top of his lungs, groping wildly for his pistol and not finding it.

King sat up and rubbed his eyes. The native drew the knife, and, believing himself in command of the situation, hesitated for one priceless second. He saw his error and darted for the door too late. With a movement unbelievably swift King was there ahead of him; and with another movement not so swift, but much more disconcerting, he threw his sheet as the retiarius used to throw a net in ancient Rome. It wrapped around the native's head and arms, and the two went together to the floor in a twisted strangle-hold.

In another half-minute the native was groaning, for King had his knife-wrist in two hands and was bending it backward, while he pressed the man's stomach with his knees. "Get his loot!" he panted between efforts.

The knife fell to the floor, and the thief made a gallant effort to recover it, but King was too strong for him. He seized the knife himself, slipped it in his own bosom, and resumed his hold before the native guessed what he was after. Then he kept a tight grip while Hyde knelt to grope for his missing property. The major found both the thief's bags, and held them up.

"I expect that's all," said King, loosening his grip very gradually. The native noticed, as Hyde did not, that King had begun to seem almost absent-minded; he lay quite still, looking up at him, trying to divine his next intention. Suddenly the brakes went on, but King's grip did not tighten. The train began to scream itself to a standstill at a wayside station, and King (the absent-minded) very nearly grinned.

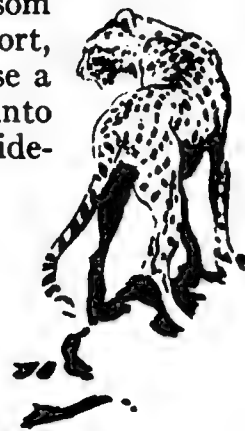
"If I weren't in such an infernal hurry to reach Bombay—" Hyde grumbled; and King nearly laughed aloud then, for the thief knew English, and was listening with all his ears—"may I be damned if I wouldn't get off at this station, and wait to see that scoundrel brought to justice!"

THE train jerked itself to a standstill, and a man with a lantern began to chant the station's name.

"Dammit," fumed Hyde, "I'm going to Bombay to act censor. I can't wait—they want me there."

The instant the train's motion altogether ceased the heat shut in on them as if the lid of Tophet had been slammed. The prickly heat burst out all over Hyde's skin, and King's too. "Almighty God!" gasped Hyde, beginning to fan himself.

There was plenty of excuse for relaxing hold still further, and King made full use of it. A second later he gave a very good pretense of pain in his finger-ends as the thief burst free. The native made a dive at his bosom for the knife, but he frustrated that. Then he made a prodigious effort, just too late, to clutch the man again, and did succeed in tearing loose a piece of shirt; but the fleeing robber must have wondered, as he bolted into the blacker shadows of the station building, why such an iron-fingered, wide-



awake sahib should have made such a truly feeble showing at the end.

"Dammit, couldn't you hold him? Were you afraid of him, or what?" demanded Hyde, beginning to dress himself. Instead of answering, King leaned out into the lamplit gloom, and in a minute he caught sight of a sergeant of native infantry passing down the train. He made a sign that brought the man to him on the run. "Did you see that runaway?" he asked.

"Ha, sahib. I saw one running. Shall I follow?"

"No. This piece of his shirt will identify him. Take it. Hide it! When a man with a torn shirt, into which that piece fits, makes for the telegraph-office after this train has gone on, see that he is allowed to send any telegrams he wants to! Only have copies of every one of them wired to Captain King, care of the station-master, Delhi. Have you understood?"

"Ha, sahib."

"Grab him, and lock him up tight afterward—but *not until he has sent his telegrams!*"

"Atcha, sahib."

"Make yourself scarce, then!"

Major Hyde was dressed, having performed that military evolution in something less than record time. "Who was that you were talking to?" he demanded. But King continued to look out of the door.

"Let me by!" growled Hyde; but as he said it, the station-master blew his whistle, and his minion waved a lantern back and forth. The engine shrieked forthwith of death and torment; the heat relaxed, loosened, let go, lifted at last; and a train-load of hot passengers sighed thanks to an unresponsive sky as the train gained speed and wind crept in through the thermantidotes.

Only through the broken thermantidote in King's compartment no wet air came. Hyde knelt on King's berth and wrestled with it, like a caged animal, but with no result except that the sweat poured out all over him and he was more uncomfortable than before.

"What are you looking at?" he demanded at last, sitting on King's berth. His head swam. He had to wait a few seconds before he could step across to his own side.

"Only a knife," said King. He was standing under the dim gas-lamp that helped make the darkness more unbearable.

"Not that robber's knife? Did he drop it?"

"It's my knife," said King.

"Strange time to stand staring at it, if it's yours! Didn't you ever see it before?"

KING stowed the knife away in his bosom, and the major crossed to his own side. "I'm thinking I'll know it again, at all events!" King answered, sitting down. "Good night, sir."

"Good night."

Within ten minutes Hyde was asleep, snoring prodigiously. Then King pulled out the knife again, and studied it for half an hour. The blade was of bronze, with an edge hammered to the keenness of a razor. The hilt was of nearly pure gold, in the form of a woman dancing. The whole thing was so exquisitely wrought that age had only softened the lines, without in the least impairing them. It looked like one of those Grecian toys with which Roman women of Nero's day stabbed their lovers. But that was not why he began to whistle very softly to himself.

Presently he drew out the General's package of papers, with the photograph on the top. He stood up, to hold both knife and papers close to the light in the roof. It needed no great stretch of imagination to suggest a likeness between the woman of the photograph and the other of the golden knife-hilt. And nobody looking at him then would have dared suggest he lacked imagination. If the knife had not been so ancient they might have been portraits of the same woman, in the same disguise, taken at the same time.

"She knew I had been chosen to work with her. The General sent her word that I am coming," he muttered to himself. "Man number one had a try for me, but I had him pinched too soon. There must have been a spy watching at Peshawur who wired to Rawal-Pindi for this man to jump the train and go on with the job. She must have had him planted at Rawal-Pindi in case of accidents. She seems thorough. Why should she give the man a knife with her own portrait on it? Is she queen of a secret society? Well, we shall see!"

He sat down on his berth again and sighed, not discontentedly. Then he lit one of his great black cigars, and blew rings for five or six minutes. Then he lay back with his head on the pillow, and before five minutes more had gone he was asleep, with the cold cigar still clutched between his fingers.

He looked as interesting in his sleep as when awake. His mobile face in repose looked almost Roman, for the sun had tanned his skin and his nose was aquiline. In museums, where sculptured heads of Roman generals and emperors stand around the wall on pedestals, it would not be difficult to pick several that bore more than a faint resemblance to him. He had breadth and depth of forehead, and a jowl that lent itself to smiles as well as sternness, and a throat that expressed manly determination in every molded line.

He slept like a boy until dawn; and he and Hyde had scarcely exchanged another dozen words when the train screamed next day into Delhi Station. Then he saluted Hyde stiffly, and was gone.

CHAPTER II

The only things which can not be explained are facts. Take 'em and use 'em. If there's a riddle, that is proof there is a key to it. Nor is it a riddle when you've got the key.

Life is as simple as all that.—Cocker.

DELHI boasts a round half-dozen railway-stations, all of them designed with regard to war; so that to King there was nothing unexpected in the fact that the train had brought him to an unexpected station. He plunged into its crowd much as a man in the mood might plunge into a whirlpool, laughing as he plunged, for it was the most intoxicating splurge of color, din, and smell that even India, the many-peopled—even Delhi, mother of dynasties—ever had evolved.

The station echoed, reverberated, hummed. A roar went up of human voices, babbling in twenty tongues; and above that rose in differing degrees the ear-splitting shriek of locomotives, the blare of bugles, the neigh of led horses, the bray of mules, the jingle of gun-chains, the cadence of drilled feet. At one minute the whole building shook to the thunder of a grinning regiment; an instant later it clattered to the wrought-steel hammer of a thousand hoofs as led troop-horses danced into formation to invade the waiting trucks. Loaded trucks banged into one another and



AT HIS LEISURE KING MOVED
TOWARD THE TELEGRAPH OF-
FICE. THE NATIVE WHO WAS
FOLLOWING HIM DREW CLOSER,
BUT THAT DID NOT TROUBLE
KING.



563

by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

thunderclapped their way into the sidings. And soldiers of nearly every Indian military caste stood about everywhere in what was picturesque confusion to the uninitiated, yet like the letters of an index to a man who knew. And King knew. Down the back of each platform Tommy Atkins stood in long, straight lines, talking, or munching great sandwiches, or smoking.

The heat smelt and felt of another world. The din was from the same sphere. Yet everywhere was hope, and geniality, and by-your-leave, as if weddings were in the wind and not the overture to death.

Threading his way in and out among the motley swarm, with a great black cheroot between his teeth and sweat running into his eyes from his helmet-band, Athelstan King strode at ease, at home, intent, amused, awake, and almost awfully happy. He was not in the least less happy because perfectly aware that a native was following him at a distance, although he did wonder how the native had contrived to pass within the lines.

The General at Peshawur had compressed about a ton of miscellaneous information into fifteen hurried minutes, but mostly he had given him leave and orders to inform himself; so the fun was under way of winning exact knowledge in spite of officers, not one of whom would not have grown instantly suspicious at the first asked question. At the end of fifteen minutes there was not a glib staff-officer there who could have deceived him as to the numbers and destination of the force entraining.

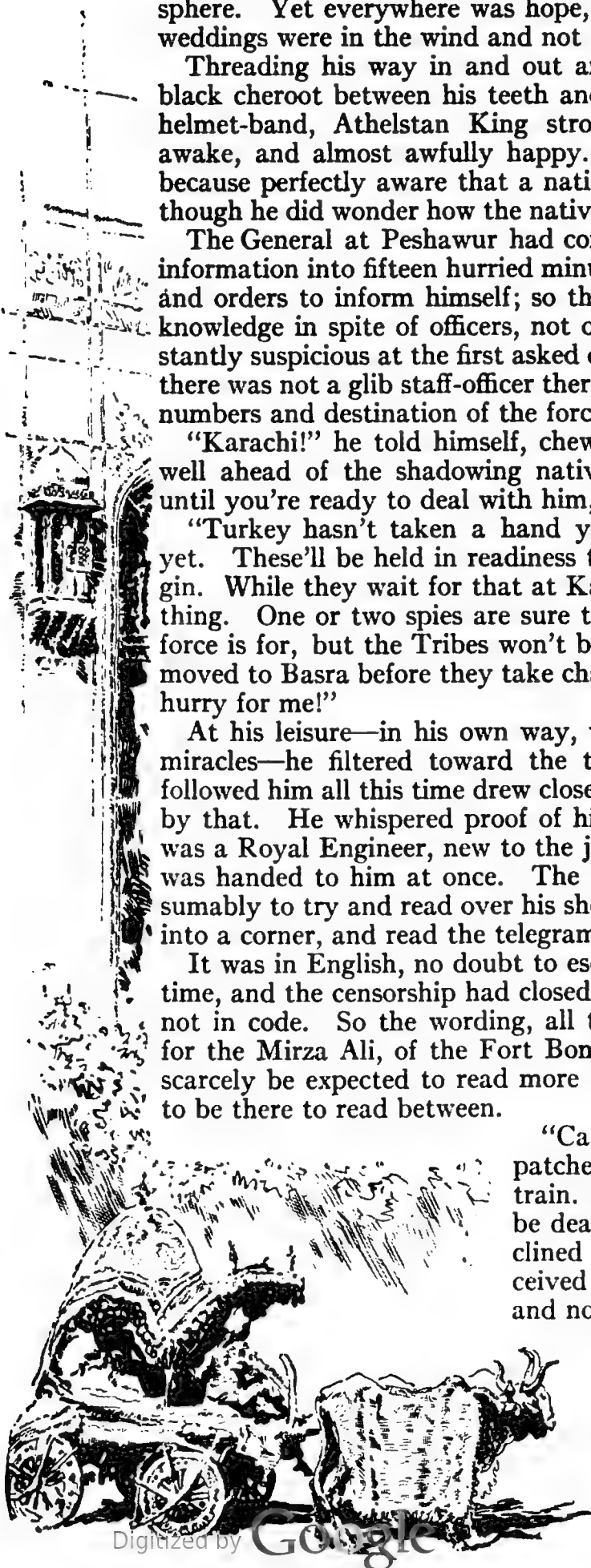
"Karachi!" he told himself, chewing the butt of his cigar, and keeping well ahead of the shadowing native. Always keep a "shadow" moving until you're ready to deal with him, is one of Cocker's very soundest rules.

"Turkey hasn't taken a hand yet—the General said so. No Holy War yet. These'll be held in readiness to cross to Basra, in case the Turks begin. While they wait for that at Karachi the Tribes won't dare begin anything. One or two spies are sure to break North and tell them what this force is for, but the Tribes won't believe. They'll wait until the force *has* moved to Basra before they take chances. Good. That means no especial hurry for me!"

At his leisure—in his own way, which was devious and like a string of miracles—he filtered toward the telegraph-office. The native who had followed him all this time drew closer, but he did not let himself be troubled by that. He whispered proof of his identity to the telegraph-clerk, who was a Royal Engineer, new to the job that morning, and a sealed telegram was handed to him at once. The "shadow" came very close indeed, presumably to try and read over his shoulder from behind; but he sidestepped into a corner, and read the telegram with his back to the wall.

It was in English, no doubt to escape suspicion; and because it was war-time, and the censorship had closed on India like a throttling string, it was not in code. So the wording, all things considered, had to be ingenious, for the Mirza Ali, of the Fort Bombay, to whom it was addressed, could scarcely be expected to read more than between the lines. The lines had to be there to read between.

"Cattle intended for slaughter," it ran, "despatched Bombay on Fourteen down. Meet train. Will be inspected en route, but should be dealt with carefully on arrival. Cattle inclined to stampede owing to bad scare received to north of Delhi. Take all precautions, and notify Abdul." It was signed "Suliman."



"Good!" he chuckled. "Let's hope we get Abdul too. I wonder who he is!"

Still uninterested in the man who shadowed him, he walked back to the office window and wrote two telegrams: one to Bombay, ordering the arrest of Mirza Ali of the Fort, with an urgent admonition to discover who his man Abdul might be, and to seize him as soon as found; the other to the station in the North, insisting on close confinement for Suliman. "Don't let him out on bail, or on any terms at all," he wired.

That being all the urgent business, he turned leisurely to face his shadow, and the native met his eyes with the engaging, frankness of an old friend, coming forward with outstretched hand. They did not shake hands, for King knew better than to fall into the first trap offered him. But the man made a signal with his fingers that is known to not more than a dozen men in all the world, and that changed the situation altogether.

"Walk with me," said King, and the man fell into stride beside him.

He was a Rangar—which is to say a Rajput who, or whose ancestors, had turned Muhammadan. Like many Rajputs, he was not a big man, but he looked fit and wiry; his head scarcely came above the level of King's chin, although his turban distracted attention from the fact. The turban was of silk, and unusually large. The whitest of well-kept teeth, gleaming regularly under a little black, waxed mustache, betrayed no trace of betel-nut or other nastiness; and neither his fine features nor his eyes suggested vice, of the sort that often undermines the character of Rajput youth. On second thoughts, and at the next opportunity to see them, King was not so sure that the eyes were brown, and he changed his opinion about their color a dozen times within the hour. Once he would even have sworn they were green.

The man was well-to-do, for his turban was of costly silk, and he was clad in expensive Jodpur riding-breeches and spurred black riding-boots, all perfectly immaculate. The breeches, baggy above and tight below, suggested the clean lines of catlike agility and strength. The upper part of his costume was semi-European. He was a regular Rangar dandy, of the type that can be seen playing polo almost any day at Mount Abu—that gets into mischief with a grace due to practise and heredity, but that does not manage its estates well as a rule, nor pay its debts in a hurry.

"My name is Rewa Gunga," he said in a low voice, looking up sideways at King a shade too guilelessly. Between Cape Comorin and the Northern Ice guile is normal, and its absence makes the wise suspicious.

"I am Captain King."

"I have a message for you."

"From whom?"

"From her!" said the Rangar; and without exactly knowing why, or being pleased with himself, King felt excited.

They were walking toward the station exit. King had a trunk check in his hand, but returned it to his pocket, not proposing just yet to let the Rangar overhear instructions regarding the trunk's destination; he was too good-looking and too overbrimming with personal charm to be trusted thus early in the game. Besides, there was that captured knife, which hinted at lies and treachery. Secret signs as well as loot have been stolen before now.

"I'd like to walk through the streets and see the crowd."

He smiled as he said that, knowing well that the average young Rajput of good birth would rather fight a tiger with cold steel than walk a mile.



"Why walk, King sahib? Are we animals? There is a carriage waiting—*her* carriage—and a coachman whose ears were born dead. We might be overheard in the street. Are you and I children, tossing stones into a pool to watch the rings widen?"

"Lead on, then," answered King.

Outside the station was a luxuriously modern victoria, with C springs and rubber tires, with horses yoked to the shaft that would have done credit to a viceroy. The Rangar motioned King to get in first, and the moment they were both seated the Rajput coachman set the horses to going like the wind.

Rewa Gunga opened a jeweled cigarette case. "Will you have one?" he asked, with the air of royalty entertaining a blood-equal.

King accepted a cigarette for politeness' sake, and took occasion to admire the man's slender wrist, which was doubtless hard and strong as woven steel, but was not much more than half the thickness of his own.

The Rajputs as a race are proud of their wrists and hands. Their swords are made with a hilt so small that none save a Rajput of the blood could possibly use one; yet there is no race in all warring India, nor any in the world, that bears a finer record for hard fighting and sheer derring-do.

One of the questions that occurred to King that minute was why this well-bred youngster, whose age he guessed at twenty-two or so, had not turned his attention to the Army.

"My height!"

The man had read his thoughts! "Not quite tall enough. Besides—you are a soldier, are you not? And do *you* fight?" He nodded toward a dozen water-buffaloes that slouched along the street with wet goat-skin *mussuks* slung on their blue flanks. "They can fight," he said, smiling. "So can any fool!" Then, after a minute of rather strained silence: "My message is from *her*."

"From Yasmini?"

"Who else?"

King accepted the rebuke, with a little inclination of the head. He spoke as little as possible, because he was puzzled. He had become conscious of



YASMINI—A WOMAN WHOSE FAME HAS TRAVELED UP AND DOWN INDIA UNTIL HER WITCHERY HAS BECOME A PROVERB.

a puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes—of a subtle wonderment that might be intentional flattery (for Art and the East are one). Whenever the East is doubtful and recognizes its doubt, it is as dangerous as a hillside in the rains; and it only added to his problem if the Rangar found in him something inexplicable. The West can only get the better of the East when the East is too cocksure.

"She has jolly well gone North!" said the Rangar suddenly, and King shut his teeth with a snap. He sat bolt upright, and the Rangar allowed himself to look amused.

"When?" he demanded. "Why?"

"She was too jolly well excited to wait, sahib! She is of the North, you know. She loves the North, and the men of the Hills; and she knows them because she loves them. There came a *tar** from Peshawur, from a General, to say King sahib comes to Delhi; but already she has completed all arrangements here. She was in a great stew, I can assure you. Finally she said: 'Why should I wait?' Nobody could answer her."

He spoke English well enough. Few educated foreign gentlemen could have spoken it better, although there was the tendency to use slang that well-bred natives insist on picking up from British officers; and as he went on, here and there the native idiom crept through, translated. King said nothing, but listened and watched, puzzled more than he would have cared to admit by the look in the Rangar's eyes. It was not suspicion, nor respect. Yet there was a suggestion of both.

"At last she said: 'It is well; I will not wait! I know of this sahib. He is a man whose feet stand under him, and he will not tread my growing flowers into garbage! He will be clever enough to pick up the end of the thread that I shall leave behind, and follow it and me! He is a true hound, with a nose that reads the wind, or the General sahib never would have sent him! So she left me behind, sahib, to—to present to you the end of the thread of which she spoke.'"

King tossed away the stump of the cigarette and rolled his tongue round the butt of a fresh cheroot. The word "hound" is not necessarily a compliment in any of a thousand Eastern tongues, and gains little by translation. It might have been a slip; but the East takes advantage of its own slips as well as of other people's unless watched.

The carriage swayed at high speed round three sharp corners in succession before the Rangar spoke again. "She has often heard of you," he said then. That was not unlikely, but not necessarily true either. If it were true, it did not help to account for the puzzled look in the Rangar's eyes, which increased rather than diminished.

"I've heard of *her*," said King.

"Of course! Who has not? She has desired to meet you, sahib, ever since she was told you are the best man in your service."

King grunted, thinking of the knife beneath his shirt.

"She is very glad that you and she are on the same errand." He leaned forward for the sake of emphasis, and laid a finger on King's hand. It was a delicate, dainty finger, with an almond nail. "She is very glad. She is far more glad than you imagine, or than you would believe. King sahib, she is all bucked up about it! Listen—her web is wide! Her agents are here, there, everywhere, and she is obeyed as few kings have ever been! Those agents shall all be held answerable for your life, sahib, for she has said so! They are one and all your body-guard, from now forward!"

*Telegram.

King inclined his head politely; but the weight of the knife inside his shirt did not encourage credulity. True, it might not be Yasmini's knife; and the Rangar's emphatic assurance might not be an unintentional admission that the man who had tried to use it was Yasmini's man. But when a man has formed the habit of deduction, he deduces as he goes along, and is prone to believe what his instinct tells him.

Again it was as if the Rangar read a part of his thoughts, if not all of them. It is not difficult to counter that trick, but to do it a man must be on his guard, or the East will know what he has thought and what he is going to think, as many have discovered when it was too late.

"Her men are able to protect anybody's life from any God's number of assassins, whatever may lead you to think the contrary. From now forward your life is in her men's keeping!"

"Very good of her, I'm sure," King murmured. He was thinking of the General's express order to apply for a "passport" that would take him into Khinjan Caves, mentally cursing the necessity for asking any kind of favor, and wondering whether to ask this man for it, or wait until he should meet Yasmini. He had about made up his mind that to wait would be quite within a strict interpretation of his orders, as well as infinitely more agreeable to himself, when the Rangar answered his thoughts again, as if he had spoken them aloud.

"SHE left this with me, saying I am to give it to you! I am to say that wherever you wear it, between here and Afghanistan, your life shall be safe and you may come and go!"

King stared. The Rangar drew a bracelet from an inner pocket and held it out. It was a wonderful, barbaric thing of pure gold, big enough for a grown man's wrist, and old enough to have been hammered out in the very womb of time. It looked almost like ancient Greek; and it fastened with a hinge and clasp that looked as if they did not belong to it, and might have been made by a not very skilful modern jeweler.

"Won't you wear it?" asked Rewa Gunga, watching him. "It will prove a true talisman! What was the name of the Johnny who had a lamp to rub? Aladdin? It will be better than what he had! He could only command a lot of bogies. This will give you authority over flesh and blood! Take it, sahib!"

So King put it on, letting it slip up his sleeve out of sight—with a sensation as the snap closed of putting handcuffs on himself. But the Rangar looked relieved.

"That is your passport, sahib! Show it to a Hillman whenever you suppose yourself in danger! The Raj might go to pieces, but while Yasmini lives——"

"Her friends will boast about her, I suppose!"

King finished the sentence for him, because it is not considered good form for natives to hint at possible dissolution of the Anglo-Indian Government. Everybody knows that the British will not govern India forever, but the British—who know it best of all, and work to that end most fervently—are the only ones encouraged to talk about it.

For a few minutes after that Rewa Gunga held his peace, while the carriage swayed at breakneck speed through the swarming streets. They had to drive slower in the Chandni Chowk, for the ancient Street of the Silver-smiths that is now the mart of Delhi was ablaze with crude colors, and was thronged with more people than ever since '57. There were a thousand signs worth studying by a man who could read them.

King, watching and saying nothing, reached the conclusion that Delhi was in hand—excited undoubtedly, more than a bit bewildered, watchful, but in hand. Without exactly knowing how he did it, he grew aware of a certain confidence that underlay the surface fuss. After that, the sea of changing patterns and raised voices ceased to have any particular interest for him, and he lay back against the cushions to pay stricter attention to his own immediate affairs.

He did not believe for a second the lame explanation Yasmini had left behind. She must have some good reason for wishing to be first up the Khyber, and he was very sorry indeed she had slipped away. It might be only jealousy—yet why should she be jealous? It might be fear—yet why should she be afraid?

It was the next remark of the Rangar that set him entirely on his guard, and thenceforward whoever could have read his thoughts would have been more than human. Perhaps it is the most dominant characteristic of the British race that it will not defend itself until it must. He had known of that thought-reading trick ever since his *ayah* taught him to lisp Hindustanee; just as surely he knew that its impudent, repeated use was intended to sap his belief in himself. There is not much to choose between the native impudence that dares intrude on a man's thoughts and the insolence that understands it, and is rather too proud to care.

"I'll bet you a hundred dibs," said the Rangar, "that she jolly well didn't fancy your being on the scene ahead of her! I'll bet you she decided to be there first and get control of the situation! Take me? You'd lose if you did! She's slippery, and quick, and, like all women, she's jealous!"

The Rangar's eyes were on his, but King was not to be caught again. It is quite easy to think behind a fence, so to speak, if one gives attention to it.

"She will be busy presently fooling those Afridis," he continued, waving his cigarette. "She has fooled them always, to the limit of their bally bent. They all believe she is their best friend in the world—oh dear, yes, you bet they do! And so she is—so she is—but not in the way they think! They believe she plots with them against the Raj! Poor silly devils! Yet Yasmini loves them! They want war, blood, loot! It is all they think about! They are seldom satisfied unless their wrists and elbows are bally well red with other peoples' gore! And while they are picturing the loot, and the slaughter of unbelievers (as if *they* believed anything but foolishness themselves!), Yasmini plays her own game, for amusement, and power—a good game, a deep game! You have seen already how India has to ask her aid in the Hills! She loves power, power, power—not for its name, for names are nothing, but to use it. She loves the feel of it! Fighting is not power! Bloodletting is foolishness. If there is any blood spilled, it is none of her doing—unless——"

"Unless what?" asked King.

"Oh, sometimes there were fools who interfered. You can not blame her for that."

"You seem to be a champion of hers! How long have you known her?"

The Rangar eyed him sharply. "A long time. She and I played together when we were children. I know her whole history, and that is something nobody else in the world knows but herself. You see, I am favored. It is because she knows me very well that she chose me to travel North with you, when you start to find her in the Hills."

King cleared his throat, and the Rangar nodded, looking into his eyes with the engaging confidence of a child who never has been refused



anything, in or out of reason. King made no effort to look pleased, so the Rangar drew on his resources.

"I have a letter from her," he stated blandly.

From a pocket in the carriage cushions he brought out a silver tube, richly carved in the Kashmiri style, and closed at either end with a tightly fitting silver cap. King accepted it, and drew the cap from one end. A roll of scented paper fell on his lap; he unrolled it to find a letter written to himself in Urdu, in a beautiful flowing hand.

Urdu is perhaps the politest of written tongues, and lends itself most readily to indirectness; but since he did not expect to read a catalogue of exact facts he was not disappointed.

Translated, the letter ran:

To Athelstan King sahib, by the hand of Rewa Gunga. Greeting. The bearer is my well-trusted servant, whom I have chosen to be the sahib's guide until Heaven shall be propitious and we meet. He is instructed in all that he need know concerning what is now in hand, and he will tell by word of mouth such things as ought not to be written. By all means let Rewa Gunga travel with you, for he is of royal blood, of the House of Ketchwaha, and will not fail you. His honor and mine are one. Praying that the many gods of India may heap honors on your honor's head, providing each his proper attribute toward entire ability to succeed in all things, but especially in the present undertaking, I am your Excellency's humble servant, Yasmini.

He had barely finished reading it when the coachman took a last corner at a gallop, and drew the horses up on their haunches at a door in a high, white wall. Rewa Gunga sprang out of the carriage before the horses were quite at a standstill.

"Here we are!" he said; and King, gathering up the letter and the silver tube, noticed that the street curved here so that no other door and no window overlooked this one.

He followed the Rangar; and he was no sooner into the shadow of the door than the coachman lashed the horses and the carriage swung out of view.

"This way," said the Rangar over his shoulder. "Come!"

The next instalment of "King, of the Khyber Rifles" will appear in the June number.

FROM THE BRIDGE

BY OTTO
SMERKA



NO MORTAL art can draw the awful frieze
The City carves into the sunset's glow,
Upreaching like God's fingers in a row,
Unearthly, brooding nameless mysteries.
Nor have the masters, wreathing harmonies,
E'er struck a note sounding such wild appeal
Of Life triumphant through bleak agonies,
As this vast orchestra of stone and steel.

And Man, who reared that magic terrace there,
Crawls insect-like through its resounding aisles;
Blind to the large vision—unaware—
Meanly intent on petty aims and guiles.
Yet will he wake and, robed in the new light
Of conscious power, scale the promised height!

EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE

ARISTIDE BRIAND · PREMIER OF FRANCE



ENGRAVED
ON WOOD
BY HOWARD
McCORMICK.

FRANCE'S BIG STICK

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS

Manager of the Paris Bureau of the
United Press of America.

THE Kaiser's arms had just reached that culminating point of success where the Austro-German-Bulgarian thrust across doomed Serbia was well under way. Peace-talk was in the air. Mysteriously inspired congressmen, senators, and minor diplomats in Washington were whispering strange rumors of doves and olive-branches and things into the hungry ears of correspondents cornered in Capitol corridors, and neutral skies generally were flecked with straws surreptitiously tossed up to see which way the wind sighed.

Really—according to certain circles in America, Greece, Holland, Spain, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Wall Street—the war was over. Emperor William II. had the peace terms already in typewriting, and nothing

remained to be attended to save the signatures of the groggy but perfectly willing Allies, and the shouting.

Then something happened.

A little man wearing a black tie, Gladstone collar, and a quiet manner, and looking something like the pictures of Britain's Lloyd George, climbed to the rostrum in the French Chamber of Deputies and proceeded to shoot peace-talk into fragments. What he said and the way he said it convinced those who heard him that the war was never going to stop. His words swept the house like a machine gun.

"Peace?" he said in effect. "Yes, we want peace. We want it so badly that we are going to fight forty years more, if necessary, to get it!"

Having torn off this round of ammunition—his remarks were accompanied by a motion like turning a crank, his favorite gesture—the gentleman called for a vote on what he had said. He got it: 515 to 1, the biggest majority ever given a Premier in the Bourbon Palace by the Seine.

The little man was M. Aristide Briand, new Prime Minister of France, scrapper, war-horse, and Big Stick of the Third Republic.

Swapping horses, especially war-horses, in the middle of a stream is risky business, they say; yet the French, who know this old saw as well as anybody, have done that very thing: they have changed governments in the midst of war. Still, every rule proves itself by the exception, and France seems to have found the exception.

"That Briand must be some man to have Parliament and people back of him like that!" said an American newly arrived in France. "Who is he?"

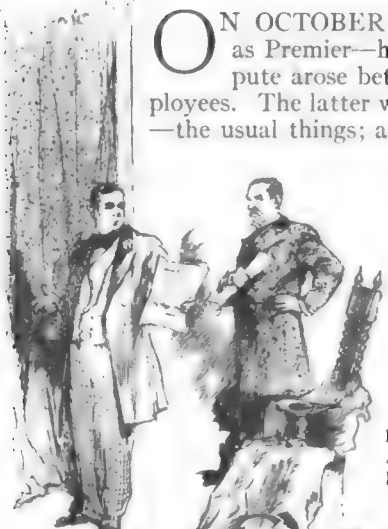
An English political writer who knows the Continental capitals as he knows his own London, answered the question. "He is the biggest man in Europe," he said.

Yet the average man outside France knows little more of M. Briand than this American knew, although the fate of France may well be said to rest in his hand. The Constitution renders the President of the Republic well-nigh, if not wholly, helpless. The Prime Minister is real Chief Executive in France. Upon his strength or his weakness the salvation or the damnation of the country depends.

Thereby hangs a story concerning M. Briand, one of the most dramatic that Europe, the producer of dramatic stories, has yet lived. It sets forth how the Premier very conceivably saved France from a fate far worse than that of Belgium. It is told here for the first time, for so long as France and Germany were at peace diplomatic usage prevented all mention of it.

ON OCTOBER 5, 1910, while M. Briand was serving his second term as Premier—he is now Premier for the fifth time—an ordinary dispute arose between the Northern Railway of France and their employees. The latter wanted more pay, shorter hours, and a minimum wage—the usual things; and they possibly deserved all they asked for, though this story does not hinge upon the justice or injustice of their demands. The Chamber was not in session, so a delegation of railway men appealed directly to the Prime Minister on the ground that the railway officials would not listen to them.

M. Briand was sympathetic. He promised to interest himself personally in the matter, and indeed promised to act as intermediary. If the delegation would make out its case, he would present it to the



BRIAND WAS ONCE
A PUPIL OF ONE OF
FRANCE'S GREAT-
EST ACTORS.

proper officials and insist upon its consideration, for on no account, he told them, could the Government "accept, or even think of, the suspension of railway transportation," the question being "one of vital importance to the country. Such an eventuality would put the Government face to face with an imperative duty which it would have to fulfil without flinching."

Just what were his reasons for declaring railway transportation at that time "of vital importance to the country," M. Briand did not state, but we are free to guess—though the process, in the light of all that has happened since August, 1914, can scarcely be called guessing.

That Germany had her military plans ready for a sudden and overwhelming attack on France, the French *État-Major* was well aware; that she was merely awaiting a favorable moment to put these plans into operation was also generally accepted among those in a position to know. A railway strike, tying up the only means of mobilization against such an attack, would have put France completely at the mercy

of her enemies; she would have been as helpless as a bound baby in a den of hungry lions. The Kaiser's army, ready and waiting, could have swept the country as they later swept Luxemburg; it could have occupied Paris and the rest of France without burning much more than a handful of powder.

Six days after the railway delegation called on M. Briand, while he sat at his desk working out a plan for peace between the employees and the Northern Railway, came the strike—like a thunderclap out of the blue. Nobody anticipated such a thing, least of all the Premier, who was daily expecting the railway men's brief, for which he had already smoothed the way by conversations with the railway officials.

Surprise followed surprise. From Labor headquarters a general strike on all the railways of France was ordered. On the Northern Railway, the Eastern—comprising all that network of railways serving the Franco-German frontier—the Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean, the Orleans line, the Western or State Railway, wheels began to slow down, while on some of these lines the stoppage was total. Communication with England, Belgium, and Luxembourg was completely cut off.

In addition to the railway men, there was a tendency for dockers, street-car men, builders, drug-clerks, navvies, masons, and others to follow suit. The trouble spread to Algeria; ocean travel was threatened; telegraph and telephone wires were cut simultaneously at many places; railway locomotives were sent wild, crashing into other locomotives, blocking traffic with their wrecks. Bridges, it was feared, might be dynamited, and these, as well as other strategic points, were closely guarded by troops. The situation was dark.

For M. Briand arose a crisis such as one sees on the stage more often than in real life. The national life was in danger, and for a specific reason; yet he dared not give that reason. Labor—in France, as in America, one



BRIAND CAME OF
THE KIND OF PEOPLE
WHO GAVE LINCOLN
TO THE WORLD.

of the mightiest of political forces—was responsible in a direct way for this danger, and unless the country were to be left exposed to the greatest catastrophe in its history, Labor must be the object of severe measures. On the other hand, anything which may be construed as oppressing the working man is the never-failing signal for a political storm which only those protected by mighty good excuses can hope to weather. And M. Briand could not give his real excuse. He could not make public what the French *État-Major* knew to be true; to do so would amount practically to a *casus belli* with Germany.

M. Briand, therefore, had to choose between two alternatives: either he had to allow the strike to go on, and let his country run the risks such a strike entailed, while he made himself popular with Labor, or he had to offer himself as a sacrifice, a living shield between his nation and the blow already poised above her.

To his undying credit, he never hesitated. Throwing away his political future, as it seemed then, he sprang a surprise:

He issued a mobilization order, calling the striking railway men to the colors for twenty-one days. The strikers thus became soldiers, and disobedience meant trial for insubordination or desertion.

The strike collapsed. Faithful to the tricolor, the strikers responded to the call, were ordered to man the railways and set the wheels in motion. It was all over in one day; a single bold stroke had done the job.

But M. Briand's fight had only begun. He had probably saved the country, but he had yet to save himself; he had to answer before the Chamber of Deputies for his act.

"I disliked to have to do what I did," he told a personal friend, "but I have no regrets. I would do the whole thing all over again."

When the Chamber convened, the Socialists (seventy-five strong at that time), Laborites, and the Opposition generally began an uproar the instant the Premier appeared in his customary place in the middle of the lowest rung of the steeply inclined hemicycle. They tried to prove him a turncoat; they charged him with opposing the "right to strike;" they hurled his political record at his head and called him a renegade. They turned loose a bedlam beside which ten thousand wild Indians doing a tom-tom dance in a bear-pit would have sounded like a deaf-mute Bible-class at recitation.

The noise grew in volume when he took his place on the elevated speaker's stand in the center of the half-circle. Minute after minute the hullabaloo was kept up, M. Briand standing there, his arms folded, looking, in his long, black frock coat, white flaring collar, and black tie, like the hero of a Civil War romance, calm enough right then to drive a nail with a dueling pistol at fifty paces.

Men denounced him as a rascal, scoundrel, and worse, while the venerable presiding officer, M. Brissen, did his best to call some of the most persistent insulters to order. He might as well

IN 1910
THERE WAS
A GENERAL
STRIKE ON
ALL THE
RAILWAYS
OF FRANCE,
AND M. BRI-
AND FACED
A GRAVE
NATIONAL
CRISIS.



have tried to stop a midwinter storm in the North Atlantic; furthermore, the Premier did not care a rap. He probably took a secret delight in the fight thus beginning. Turning, he made a gesture signifying to M. Brissen:

"Let 'em alone: I don't mind."

During one of those sudden lulls which come in all storms, both human and atmospheric, M. Briand saw his chance. In his deep, well-trained voice—they say he was once a pupil of one of France's greatest actors—he shot into that opening a couple of sentences which caught the fancy of the house:

"Will you permit me, gentlemen, to waive reply to the personal insults heaped upon me? The country has first call—and is waiting!"

Thus began the debate. Four full days it lasted, each session until far into the night. Day by day the hurricane grew until it burst forth from the Chamber and caught the entire nation in its swirl. It got so much on the country's nerves that it became clear the tension could not last.

Still master of himself, but growing impatient, M. Briand resolved to put an end to an impossible situation. The real reason for his action he could not give, but he could tell the Deputies flatly that the thing was done because it had to be done; that it had been done successfully, and that order still reigned in the land. Shooting out his strong under-jaw in a now-do-what-you-will manner, he said:

"I am now going to tell you something which will make you jump out of your seats: If the Government had not found *in* the law that which permitted it to remain master of its frontiers, master of its railways—that is to say, the instrument paramount for the defense of the land—well, then, had it been necessary to resort to *illegal* measures, this would have been done!"

It was strong medicine, and the Premier was right: he made the Deputies jump.

"Dictator!" came the thunder of a big, bass voice echoing among the cornices of the hall.

"Dictator!" cried other voices, and the typhonic first day faded to nothing under the clamor which now broke on the House like a series of explosions. The Chamber literally seemed to writhe and boil and flow and seethe and shriek, hurling invectives and praise, waving hands and brandishing fists.

"Resign! Resign!" groups of men chorused into the air.

"No! No! He was right!" trumpeted others.

"Down with the dictator!"

"Danton and Gambetta said the same thing!"

"Imprudent! That's all. Imprudent!"

Jerky, frenzied sentences; epithets, denunciation, approbation; threats, oaths, gargles, snorts, yelps, gasps, and just plain hell-and-damnation, all mingled in one great continuous boom. The eldest Chamberites had never seen anything like it, as they themselves afterward admitted.

Through it all M. Briand stood above them, on the rostrum, dignified, motionless, silent. Perfectly calm, he waited for the phenomenon to subside. Strangest of all paradoxes, perhaps, he proved himself an unexcitable Frenchman. How long he stood there, no one can say exactly—over an hour, some claim—waiting in patience; then, seeing he was not to be permitted to make himself heard, he calmly turned a quarter of the way round and finished his speech for the benefit of the official stenographers only.





Printed by Herald-Leslie

MINUTE AFTER MINUTE THE
HULLABALOO WAS KEPT UP, M.
BRIAND STANDING THERE, HIS
ARMS FOLDED, CALM ENOUGH
TO DRIVE A NAIL WITH A DUEL-
ING PISTOL AT FIFTY PACES.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN 576



IN A LULL HE SAID: "WILL YOU
PERMIT ME, GENTLEMEN, TO
WAIVE REPLY TO THE PERSONAL
INSULTS HEAPED UPON ME?
THE COUNTRY HAS FIRST CALL
—AND IS WAITING!"

The papers next morning would publish, so the country might read what the Chamber had refused to hear.

When he had finished, the Premier, with paralyzing coolness, returned to his seat. His steps, as he came down from the high rostrum, were as well-timed and as rhythmical as if to music, and his way through the turbulent lawmakers was as slow and as dignified as at any ordinary session. His head high, his eyes flashing with the inborn fires of the fighter; with disdain for the outstretched, approving hands as well as with contempt for the fists shaken under his nose, he came to his seat and sat down. Half the house seemed ready to leap upon him, but he never turned a hair.

They did not reach a vote that day, of course. There appeared to be but one sane man in the multitude, and that man was M. Briand. Had a vote come, however, it is almost certain the Government would have fallen; that M. Briand would have gone down and out. When, however, the question of confidence was called for the following afternoon, the Deputies put 388 ayes and 94 noes into the urn. Briand had won. The Deputies had read what the stenographers only had heard the day before, and had somehow caught just a glimpse of the great danger the Premier had thrust away from France; they had read his masterful peroration:

"I come to you, gentlemen, with my task accomplished, the law in no wise infringed upon. And, happiest of all things, I can say to you: 'Look at my hands; there is not a drop of blood upon them.'"

He had broken the house just as he had broken the strike—by a single, strong stroke, straight from the shoulder.

Such is the man in whose hands the destinies of France have been placed. His courage is of the kind which puts self to one side and stands resolutely for the Greater Good.

BORN at Nantes in 1863, of hardy Breton stock, the Premier of France is a self-made man. His parents were of the type which gave Abraham Lincoln to the world, strong, determined, and richer in character than in gold. Although there is no record of his having studied borrowed books by the flicker of flaming pine-knots, his education is largely due to his own insistent desire to know.

In the greenness of early manhood Briand was something of a hothead. He liked strong meat. Bold measures appealed to him. An out-and-out Socialist, he never hesitated to lift his voice in favor of the "general strike" as a means of "social revolution." The music of his speech, his natural eloquence, together with his absolute genius for presenting difficult problems in a simple light, quickly won him recognition in the Socialist party, and he soon became its General Secretary. Feeling cramped, and longing for wider fields, he took up journalism as so many other famous French statesmen had done before him; and through the press he talked to the tens of thousands, where, until then, he had talked to the scattering few. He dictated his articles, for, strangely enough, the pen is unto this day the Premier's bugaboo.

La Lanterne, a daily newspaper opposing capital tooth and nail, had the distinction of printing Briand's first efforts; and these, according to the London *Spectator*, read "like pure incitement to violence." This is not surprising. In the Briand of to-day there are two men: the poet-dreamer and the practical business man. At this early period only the poet-dreamer was fully developed—ardent and impulsive, lacking in poise. He saw many dead and menacing members hanging from the body politic, and, in the

enthusiasm of his youth, he recognized no reason why these should not be amputated without waiting for anesthetics. He was yet lacking in the workaday experience which was to develop the practical side of him and make him one of the best-balanced statesmen of Europe.

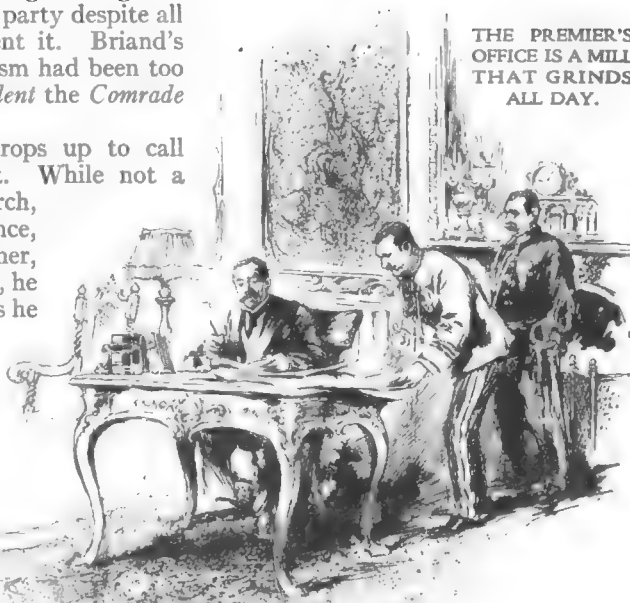
Young Briand did not confine his written utterances to the columns of *La Lanterne*, for, like all determined reformers, young and old, he wished his voice to carry as far as possible. Accordingly, *La Petite République*, *Humanité*, and other publications welcomed his words. *Humanité*, edited by the late Jean Jaurés, leader of the Socialists in the Chamber, held his collaboration in high esteem, this paper being the party's official organ and the mouthpiece of Labor.

In 1902 Briand was elected to the Chamber of Deputies for the first time by the coal-miners of Saint-Étienne. He rose rapidly. By 1905 he was so highly thought of that his fellow legislators made him reporter, or chairman, of the committee which was to pass on the bill for the separation of Church and State, the most important measure introduced in the legislative body since the beginning of the Third Republic. His report on this bill is historic, a masterpiece of clear writing, and when the Separation law was finally drafted, it was this report which gave it its form. While the bill was opposed by almost everybody, both in and out of the Church, Briand's report had the support of the nation. Thus, when Sarrien, in 1906, was asked to form a new Cabinet, he invited Briand to accept the portfolio of Minister of Education and Public Worship.

All this time experience in practical government was teaching Briand many things. He became more and more moderate. The business man in him was rapidly overhauling the poet-dreamer until, in 1909, the two were pretty evenly matched. In almost any other man there would have been a clash, and one would have put the other forever to sleep; but in Briand they came at once to a perfect understanding, each holding the other in perfect respect, each admitting that the other had a well-defined duty to perform. The poet-dreamer working hand in hand with the practical business man, Briand became the perfectly poised man, and so when the Clémenceau Cabinet fell he became Prime Minister of France for the first time.

When Briand became President of the Cabinet there was a big row in the Socialist party. In a national gathering held at Paris he was read out of the party despite all Jean Jaurés could do to prevent it. Briand's offense against orthodox Socialism had been too great, and as *Monsieur le Président* the *Comrade* Briand had to go.

Now and then some one crops up to call Briand an atheist. He is not. While not a member of any established church, he believes in a Divine Providence, "call it God, the Heavenly Father, or what you will." The truth is, he is independent in religion just as he is in politics. He is not even anticlerical in the true sense of that term. He simply believes in the absolute freedom of the individual to search out the great Truth for



THE PREMIER'S OFFICE IS A MILL THAT GRINDS ALL DAY.

himself and to accept whatever belief he may find of comfort to his soul. He opposes strongly all attempts to hamper the free exercise of this right.

Political enemies used to call Briand an "arrivist." During that historic four-day debate following the railway strike his adversaries never tired of flinging at him the charge that once upon a time he had been a Socialist, a militant side by side with the great Jean Jaurés; a writer on the staff of *Humanité*, the Socialist organ and mouthpiece of Labor and Syndicalism. They taunted him with intimations that he had betrayed his brothers. What truth is there in all this?

The answer to these questions is as simple as it is near at hand: The vote of 515 to 1 given him the day he returned to power; the all-but-unanimous call for Briand at this critical period of the war, is an irrefutable response negative. Members of the same family sometimes say things about each other and call each other names, but when danger threatens them from without they instinctively rally around that member whom they consider strongest and in whom they have most confidence. Men are not in the habit of rallying around a turncoat. The arrivist, too, is a peace product; he gets to high places while other men, more capable, are busy thinking and doing something else. War bowls him over. Whereas in ordinary times *he gets there before anybody sees him*, in times of trouble *he has to be seen before he can get there*. In war as in baseball—when a hit is needed to win the game, the tried man, the player with the most consistent batting average, does not have to *go* in—he is *put* in.

So it was with Briand. He was *put* in, and the Labor vote and the Socialist vote did it along with the Republican vote, the Radical vote, the Clerical vote, and all the rest. Perhaps one of the reasons why Labor and Socialism back Briand now is that they can see what was hidden from their eyes back in 1910; they have the lesson of Belgium and of Luxembourg before them, and that sudden, rapid, almost irresistible march of spiked helmets southward on Paris in 1914. Suppose the great strike of 1910 had succeeded, they ask themselves; suppose Germany had decided that the moment had come to win for herself the long-cherished place in the sun . . . ?

Briand calls himself a republican. He is a republican, but he is certainly something of a Socialist still; practical, but a little of the Idealist and Dreamer, too. Those who know him best say that the concealed pet dream of his life continues to be the marriage of Capital and Labor and the wonderfully happy ever-after which such a match portends. Premier Briand is like President Wilson in that he has his ideals, yet is sufficiently realist to comprehend that Preparedness is a modern necessity and will continue to be so until Thug-Nations are sent to some sort of International Rock Pile.

ONE eye on the clock is not the French Premier's mode of working. I was once given an appointment to meet him at 9 A. M. at his office in the Foreign Affairs building. Arriving ahead of time, I discovered he was there before me. His receptions had long since commenced, I was told, and indeed the gold-and-red and (may the censors forgive me) somewhat Viennese *Salon des Ambassadeurs* held several distinguished-looking gentlemen awaiting their turn, while functionaries went to and fro amid much hushed conversation.

Returning at seven-thirty o'clock that evening, I found the mill still grinding—individuals and groups were still sifting out of the scarlet-and-gold hopper through the busy works known as the Prime Minister's office. He had lunched at his desk, a secretary informed me, and when I left,

around eight o'clock that evening, he seemed in the best of spirits, his mind on anything but dinner.

The routine of the Premier's office has been compared to a mill. That is what it is, and Briand is the whole works. All day long he receives the members of his Cabinet, ministers and ambassadors; senators and deputies; delegations and groups and individuals. From morning until night ideas are pouring into his brain, and those it does not grind up immediately he takes home with him as a reserve stock to grind on while he paces the floor or pretends to read. Alone in his apartment—he is a bachelor—he puts everything through a winnowing process; he sorts the kernel from the chaff, selects and classifies while he stalks aimlessly from room to room quite as though bored to extinction. He is really thinking his hardest then.

PERSONALLY Briand is so quiet in his ways that he appears almost "reserved." He hates sensationalism, is extremely simple in his tastes, and unto this day has steadfastly refused to accept any sort of decoration despite the dozen or more his five-times Premiership otherwise would have brought him. He sleeps seven hours a day, but "would prefer eight." His breakfast is composed of rolls, butter, and coffee; his lunch is correspondingly light. At 5 P. M. he takes tea, unless business interferes, but dinner he skips entirely, working far into the evening and retiring supperless to bed.

"People eat entirely too much," he says, "especially after they pass middle age. And they sleep too little."

A good story pleases the Premier and he frequently indulges in anecdotes himself. Among friends he does not scorn slang. Like Americans, he believes the unconventional phrase often conceals a punch of greater force than the academic one. His speech is always simple, to the point; he never beats the devil around the bush; and no debate in the Chamber ever gets too tangled for him to unravel in a few lucid words.

To the charge that he had changed his views, Briand once replied candidly: "Yes, I have changed: only the minds of fools stand still."

In that reply one gets the key to the Prime Minister's whole life. He has always been big enough to listen and learn. He realizes that there is a lot of information in the world and that he has not obtained a corner on the market. So it naturally happened that though in his youth he was a dreamer of dreams, he came, little by little, upon the Great Secret: that while dreams are beautiful, the uncouth exists; that the poet has a belly; that love has hate; that among the lilies the rusty moccasin basks, venom and all. He came to know that the world and his neighbor must continue to live side by side; that society must accept present conditions for what they are, while at the same time trying to give the Future a chance.

In short, Briand is a radical in thought, a conservative in practise, planning To-morrows that are different, but building To-days along lines that, while not too freakish for practical purposes, still always have a little of the upward or To-morrow trend. He tempers his dreams with reality, and spends his Nows striving to give a rising slant to things so that when Later On arrives they will just naturally find themselves on a higher plane.

Coming in June—**MARY ROBERTS RINEHART**, in the first chapter of a breath-taking mystery serial. If you want a brand-new thrill begin "**SIGHT UNSEEN.**"



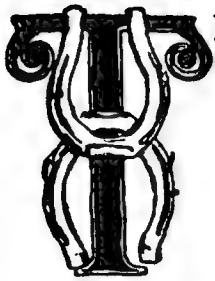
A BLUE-EYED GIRL WAS EMBROID-
ERING A TARTAN CALICO COUP
IN A NEST OF JAUNDICE PEACHES.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LISTMANN'S JESS AND THE GENTLE HAND

by Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SARKA



HE saloon is gone from Arizona; in the stead of a material institution only memory remains, companion to that of the gambling places, and the buildings in which unstabilizing beverages were once sold have been given over to more respectable traffickings or still stand empty, with hollow window-eyes, as though gaping helplessly into their questionable future. But so long as the fiction of Arizona Territorial days endures, grinding presses will keep that memory green, for the best stories are of congregated people, and in that period of Arizona's development when men and women lived photo-play plots, the saloon alone drained those vast spaces of their human sprinkling.

Had it not been for the saloon Listmann's Jess would never have existed; she would have been Miss Listmann or Jessie—anything else. Had it not been for the saloon the Gentle Hand would not have dropped from his pony, and with chaps flapping, spurs ringing, walked slowly to the door of the establishment up there where treeless Lonesome Valley rises to meet the pine-dotted slopes of the Black Hills and looked through the doorway to see a blue-eyed girl with a heavy plait of black hair over one shoulder, knees crossed under the pink-and-white checkered apron, one foot swinging slowly to the silent music of her thoughts while she embroidered an arsenical cantaloup in a nest of jaundiced peaches.

As his boot heel caught the threshold with a thump, the girl looked up quickly, but unstartled. The man's hat came off slowly, as though he were uncertain just how to deport himself; the forelegs of the girl's chair came down with a bump, and dropping her fancy-work on the end of the rough, stubby bar, she passed behind, fronted about, and leaned her slight weight on wide-spread hands, the posture immemorial of expectant dispensers. It dispelled the man's uncertainty in a measure, for though he still carried his wilted Stetson in a big, browned hand, he walked into the room, across the creaking floor, and halted, looking absorbedly into the impassive, disinterested eyes just across the crude fixture.

"Why," he said, for all the world as though she had spoken to rebuke him for his lagging, "I'll have a little whisky."

She turned to the shelf and set out a black flask, then reached under the bar and brought up a beer bottle, now half filled with a colorless liquid. They drank, slowly, solemnly, the man from the contents of the black bottle, the girl of the other, while he held his gaze on her eyes; theirs was directed through the doorway, out across sunlit Lonesome. The man threw a dollar on the bar and the girl returned him a half. She had bought, uninvited, for herself—privilege traditional in such places.

"Have another?" the man asked, wagging a lean thumb to indicate the coin. The girl merely nodded and poured again.

"That looks a lot like water," he remarked, a twinkle deep in his eyes.

With elbow propped on the bar she lifted her glass, twirled it in her slim fingers, and eyed the stuff critically; then met his gaze squarely, with something akin to hostility. "Your eyesight's fine," she replied, and stared again at the far dots, which were grazing cattle.

For a breath the twinkle in his eyes died and a flush showed in the only place possible—about his forehead, kept pale by his heavy hat. Then it came back—the twinkle—and with a twitching of the long upper lip which affected one lean cheek until, with a side of his face, the man was almost smiling. He put on his hat and said: "I'm headed for Tryne's. I thought, bein' a s'loon, you'd know if they was lookin' for help; that's why I stopped in, ma'am."

The girl stepped around the bar as he spoke. "I heard some of the boys say he needed a hand," she volunteered.

"Some says it's a rough outfit," he ventured casually.

"Can't say—never been around it"—with indifference.

"Other side of th' valley, ain't it?"

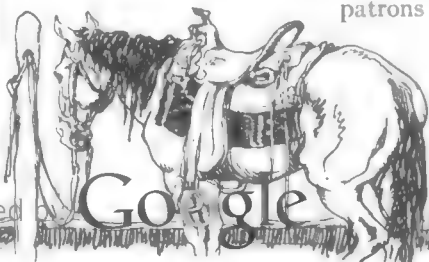
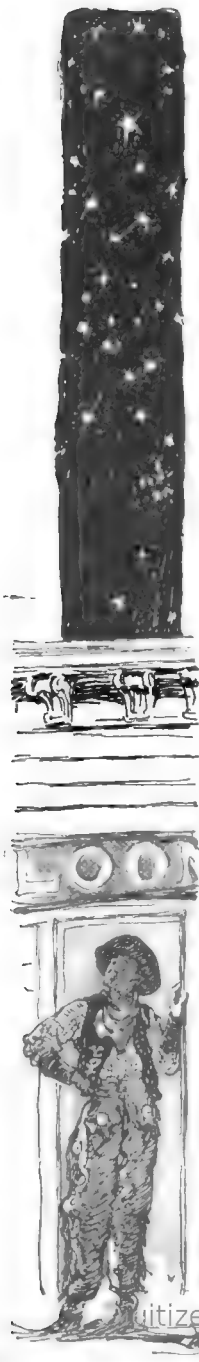
"Keep right in them wagon-tracks"—as she gained the door—"to the big wash. Then straight across to that nub stickin' up yonder. You can't miss it. It's right on the Agua Fria."

She dropped the arm with which she had pointed and looked at him to make sure he understood. She seemed to sense, then, that his gaze had not followed her indicating finger, that it had remained on her admirable profile; that this stranger cared more about watching her than he did about learning his way; and the businesslike obligingness of her manner left off. She turned, walked back to the bar, picked up her sewing, took her chair, and, brushing a black strand of hair from her forehead, drew the thread slowly to its limit.

The sound of the pony's progress had died a good five minutes before she looked up again; then she saw the rider dwarfing against the lavender floor of the valley, with a hot wind whipping the dust from his shambling bay's feet; she watched that dwindling process a long moment, then wrinkled her nose, stuck the tip of her tongue between her very red lips, and swung the one foot more vigorously a half-dozen times. Which proved that in spite of her part in the scene just past, Listmann's Jess was feminine.

Little opportunity she had had to develop the traits of her sex. Old Listmann came into the country with the girl on his back when the troopers at Whipple Barracks still talked of contrary Indians, when those three pet furies of civilization—the railroad, the wire fence, and the nickel—were first finding their way throughout the Territory. He built this place on the Jerome Road, where he could put up the freight outfits overnight, feed the teams, and intoxicate the drivers. In such an atmosphere the girl grew up: a man to provide and protect, men to tease and toss, later to covet her; an unbroken series of formative impressions projected by males—and yet she never warmed to them, not even to her father.

She grew into a self-centered, unresponsive young woman, tending the plot of green behind the house, watching her bees, embroidering impossible articles intended to be decorative, and giving as much heed to the rough advances of her father's patrons as she did to the gentle west



"THEY'RE INTRUST-
IN' THINGS, AIN'T
ORIGINAL STUFF?"

wind. She was accepted, finally, as an oddity and let go at that—except for the longing glances; for she was truly beautiful.

When his Jess was old enough to run the place, Listmann would sometimes leave her alone and be gone for days; where, no one knew, though many, including the sheriff of Yavapai, guessed. He was reputed to be wealthy—from what sources, also, remaining in the field of speculation. When the United Verde put in its railroad, the freighting stopped, and, his paying traffic gone, Listmann went into sheep in a cow country and partook in a sharp argument over a water-hole and was buried a few days later.

The shooting caused a stir which spread away up into Big Chino and down the Agua Fria. Not because one more man had been shot to death, but because Listmann's Jess was now alone and, by opening the saloon a fortnight after her father was found dead, had evinced her intention of remaining in the country; and the identity of the man who would get her was a matter of conjecture as open as it was common.

A number of men tried to get her. A mining engineer, for one, who traveled out that way especially to see her and became acutely enamored, and whispered something across the bar that caused the girl first to slap him and then to reach for a bottle with a vigor which counseled retreat. Then Harry Foss, champion bronco-buster of the Territory, who would have camped at the Listmann place had she not driven him off at night and who, after strutting and blowing for days in futile attempt to make the desired impression, took to sniveling and swore that he was drinking his life away and would quit forever if she would only become Mrs. Foss.

"And why should I make you quit?" she asked, those stone-blue eyes fast on him and the narrow brows gathered. "I sell it, don't I? I make my livin' at it, don't I? Why should I hurt my own business? Are you going to have anything more, or have you got to go now?"

And last of all had come Tim Tryne, the valley turbulent. Tim tried to get her in his way—an impromptu catch-as-catch-can courtship. The girl eluded him for ten minutes of desperate conflict in the saloon, for they were alone. Then he tore a sleeve from her dress when she made the door by a narrow squeak, and was at her heels as she raced toward the house. The man would have got her surely, for she never could have bolted the door against him even though she might have beaten him in the dash, but a beehive got in his way. Listmann's Jess put it in his way most violently, snatching it up and, half turning as she ran, throwing it full against his middle. He ducked and swerved and swung a quick hand at the first rush of bees, and then made on for the house again, seeking refuge rather than conquest; but as he flung his body against the door the bolt slipped home, and in the scant interval when he hammered the boards and cursed, the infuriated insects settled upon him.

Horrid punishment, that, and had it been inflicted by a man, the chances of his prolonged life would have been meager indeed, for Tim Tryne was the killing kind. But inasmuch as he had been beaten and tortured at the hands of Listmann's Jess and swore that he would get her yet, men interpreted his intentions in various ways. It might be that her unusual repulse of his suit had endowed her in his eyes with still more desirable qualities; and, again, the event's reaction might have been quite different.

The Chinee Kid first mentioned the affair to the girl. He and Hot Cake Harry and Harry's oldest boy had dropped into the Listmann place on their way home from the upper end of the valley, and lined up before the bar and talked range with Jess. Hot Cake was asking after some of his yearlings when Chinee broke in:

"Mebby she's lookin' out fer Tryne's stock an' ain't got no eyes fer yourn!" The girl stopped and waited while he finished the suggestion, then completed her answer to Hot Cake's last question with cold, even sobriety.

"They say old Tim come off'n here, all swoll' up last time," the Kid insisted.

"So I heard," Listmann's Jess responded. "Did you want water with your whisky, boy?"—to Hot Cake's son. And the Chinee Kid's laugh did not ring true.

That was her way. She would discuss any affair of business; when they began on the weather she grew weary; and when the flow of words drifted from atmospheric conditions, as it invariably does, to personalities, the girl spoke no further except in subtle rebuke. Once after the Tryne incident a friendly rider essayed to warn the girl. While he spoke she took the whisky from him and placed it on the shelf behind her; when he finished his drink he proclaimed willingness to buy again, but she only said:

"Hadn't you better be driftin'? Seems like that stuff gets your head powerful *pronto*."

"Why, that was my first—" He got just that far before realizing her meaning, and then rode away, pondering deeply. Listmann's Jess did not want even protection!

THE stranger rode away from Listmann's place with that peculiar, one-sided smile on his lean, leathery cheek and the twinkle still in his eyes.

The expression remained constant until he had crossed the big wash and swung out across the trackless valley toward Tryne's. After he had left the great wrinkle a hundred yards behind he permitted the smile to spread to the other cheek, from where it matured into a soft chuckle. "'That looks a lot like water,' I says, an' she looks at me steady-like an' says back, 'Your eyesight's fine!'" His chuckle rippled into a laugh, and he slapped the shacking pony's withers with the rein ends.

It was late afternoon, with the valley's lilac gone to a splendid rose as the sun swam down through cloud wraiths, when the rider halted his stolid horse before the Tryne ranch, slipped to the ground without grace, and ambled on his bowed legs through the gate. Tim was coming up from the corral, and to him the newcomer said:

"You're the boss, I take it."

Tryne inspected him with hypercritical eye. "An' what if I am?" he countered.

"I heerd you was lookin' fer a hand."

"You did?"—still letting his little eyes ferret out the other.

"Yeah—an' I'm lookin' fer a feller who's lookin' fer a hand."

"If I did put y'u on, could y'u count any place but meals?"

"You can easy discover that, friend, by givin' me a trial."

"Well, I ain't noticed I'm a friend o' yourn, but I need a hand. Ever work with horses? Know a rope from a clothes-line? Ride anythin' but a feather bed?"

The warped smile had come back to the stranger's face after a flitting absence as he looked down into the ugly countenance of his interrogator; but no twinkle was in the eyes, and as the last questions were flung at him he moistened his lips with his tongue. Tryne, little, almost weazened, hatchet-faced, his prominent front teeth forming a sharp angle under the habitually curled lip, epitomized the irritable terrier; and he instinctively disliked this slow-spoken stranger



who smiled at him and refused to show fluster, but carefully, frankly sized him up, from his little, lashless, bloodshot eyes, to the bulge of his jumper made by the gun nestling against his side.

"I don't promise to come up to your specifications," the man laughed, "but I got these yere old clothes to wear out an' I ought to be at it, an' if you don't like the way I start we can easy come to an understandin'."

Tryne moved toward the house a dozen steps before giving sign that he was not bent on dropping the conversation there; then halted and half turned as he said: "Well, le' me see what y'u c'n do to-morrow. An' who was it y'u said y'u was?"

The other grinned again, and with true good-nature, as though he had catalogued this man for himself and found him merely amusing. "Why, las' time I said who I was, I said I was Sim'son, or some such dam' thing."

Thusly the stranger engaged himself to give service to Tim Tryne, who hectored those about him like a discontented wife, and in whose heart recklessness and cowardice mingled to make of him a most dangerous type. His riders, with one exception, came and went, the itinerants of the country, for steady men would not submit to him. The exception was a silent, hard-drinking Mexican, Eduardo Bergas, whose relationship with Tryne was a matter to foster suspicion because they had become inseparable suddenly, and after Tim had lived many years professing hate for all that pertained to men who originated below the border.

"I reckon," the newcomer told the bunch of stiff-eared broncos that crowded the far side of the corral as he approached next morning, "that they's likely to be more arguments 'tween me 'n' this outfit than they'll be 'tween me 'n' you hosses. Easy—you black horse! I ain't goin' to pull your head off if you come along—I said—if you'll—only—come—along!"

Watching from the doorway of his house, Tryne knew that he had never witnessed such dexterous roping. One moment his new hand had been walking slowly toward the wary colts, the loop of his rope dangling and dragging; the next his hemp was hard about the neck of a three-year-old; and so devoid of obvious effort had been the action that no other beast seemed to sense the difficulty into which his brother had been snared. The man nursed the animal out of the bunch, snubbed him to a post, and picked up his halter. Then, talking gently, making little kissing sounds, laughing occasionally, he worked his way down the rope to the straining, floundering pony, and in a trice had the straps behind his ears with the stress of the beast's resistance on it rather than on the choking strand about his throat. He was quick and confident and gentle; where another might have worked half a day to get a hand on that pony's nose, this stranger had him haltered in fifteen minutes and left him standing there, learning what restraint meant, while he again lifted that arm so casually and sent the silent, writhing loop down over the ears of a gray mare.

Tryne entered the corral and walked toward the trembling black. "You —— devil!" he snarled, and kicked the pony sharply in the nose. The slim-legged animal grunted in fright as he strained with scrooched haunches and slowly twisting head against the contrivance which held him. The man stood glaring at the horse an instant and then wheeled about—not of his own volition. The stranger's hand had fastened on his shoulder, the long arm had jerked, and Tim Tryne found himself looking up into that lean face and heard his new hand say slowly:

TRYNE HAD NEVER SEEN SUCH
DEXTEROUS ROPING.







"I wouldn't do that again, Mister Tryne—I wouldn't. It's no way to handle horses—that-a-way. Be gentle with 'em; it pays. That's th' only reason."

But under those easy words was a harsher meaning, a warning. Tryne's shoulder jerked to shake off the grip of the long fingers, and his right hand whipped up toward his breast as though to pull that bulge from under his jumper; but the hand on his shoulder just shut down tighter, and for an unnamed reason the rancher stood quiet, peering into that poignant gaze which came so straight at him.

They stood so just a breath, and the stranger stooped to recover his rope and said: "Be gentle—always; it pays."

And that, of course, is how he came to be called the Gentle Hand. The story of how, unarmed, he had crossed Tim Tryne in his own corral and gotten away with it went into Prescott, and from Prescott it spread in many directions—even back to Listmann's, where Listmann's Jess appeared not to hear it when the narration was given before her bar.

And that brings us back to the girl—squatting this time in her garden and crooning to the flowers. No, it was no error; I wrote "crooning." She talked to them and hummed a little snatch of improvised song as though they were borrowed babies—borrowed, because Listmann's Jess was not just maternal in those days. A half-acre of green was about her, and she crouched beside the rose hedge which bisected it, wielding a short-handled hoe in the earth she had freshly irrigated; and as she clawed out an occasional blade of grass and leveled the loam, she confided under her breath to the heavy-headed flowers.

The soil of her garden was so soft that she did not know the Gentle Hand stood behind her, looking down with his crooked smile, until he said: "You'd ought to cut 'em back in th' spring."

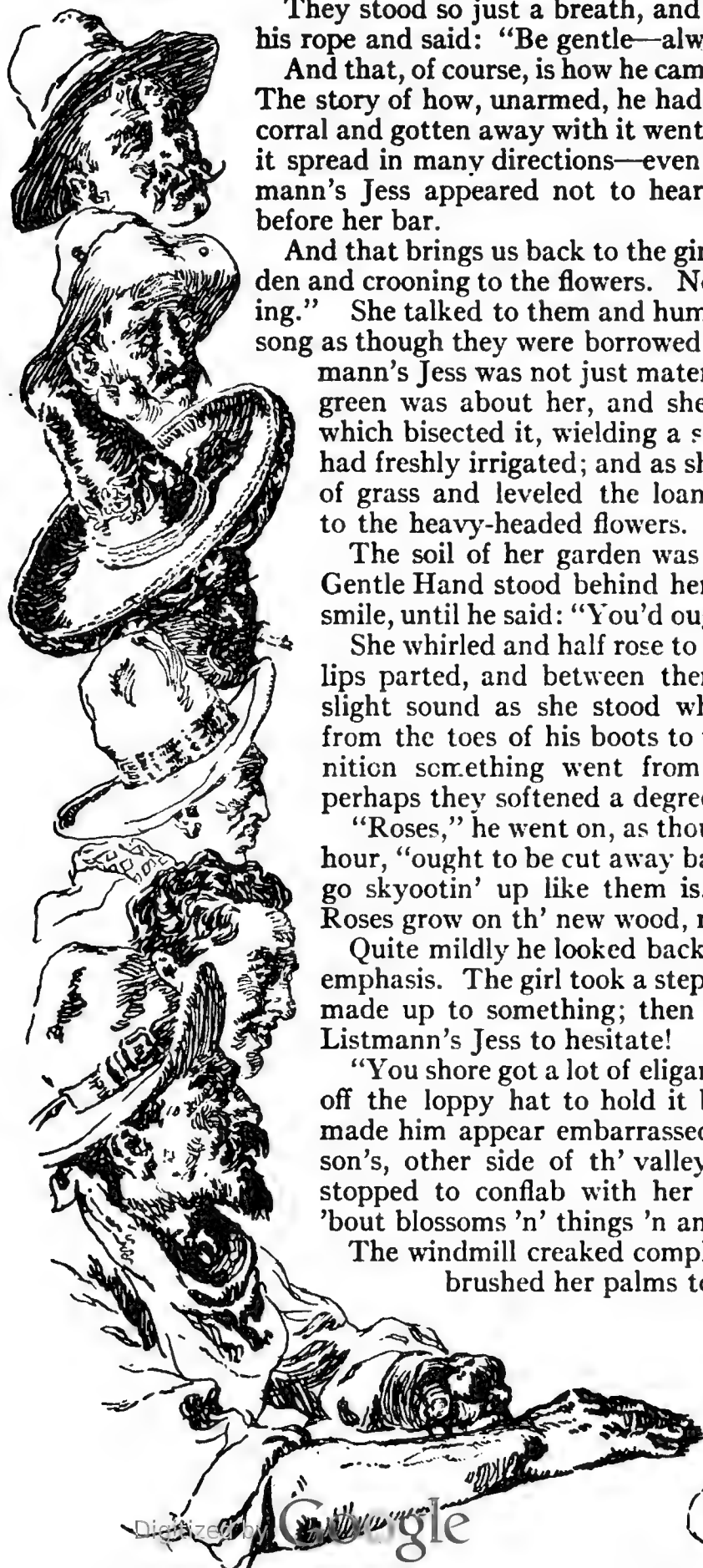
She whirled and half rose to face him, offense in her hard eyes, lips parted, and between them the breath slipped out with a slight sound as she stood wholly erect and let her gaze travel from the toes of his boots to the high tip of his hat; on recognition something went from the hostile quality of her eyes; perhaps they softened a degree, too.

"Roses," he went on, as though they had been talking for an hour, "ought to be cut away back in th' spring; then they won't go skyootin' up like them is. They make more posies, too. Roses grow on th' new wood, ma'am."

Quite mildly he looked back at her and nodded his head for emphasis. The girl took a step forward as though her mind were made up to something; then hesitated. Few had ever known Listmann's Jess to hesitate!

"You shore got a lot of eligant blossoms," he sighed, and took off the lippy hat to hold it before him in both hands, which made him appear embarrassed. "'Most as nice as Mis' Albertson's, other side of th' valley"—with a jerk of his head. "I stopped to conflag with her th' other day. She knows more 'bout blossoms 'n' things 'n any woman I know."

The windmill creaked complainingly, and the girl before him brushed her palms together slowly to rid them of the



moist earth. "Was you wishing some refreshment?" she asked, with her old, impersonal pointedness.

"Why, I was wishin' to talk to you, ma'am," the Gentle Hand said with his half smile, "but if drinkin' acrost your bar's a per-requisite—why——"

She walked past him toward the saloon. He turned and watched her go, the smile spreading over his whole countenance and the high little twinkle dancing in his honest eyes. After she had entered the saloon door he followed, swinging his hat in one hand as though he might be gently elated.

That was the only time he had seen Listmann's Jess since he had begged direction of her that summer morning. Weeks had been numbered in the interval, the colts were broken and shipped, and the Gentle Hand was riding after the Tryne cattle; indeed, this visit was on the first day after he had left off work with the horses. And the peculiar fact which ensued was that his pony again stopped before Listmann's place the third morning, although he had seen not so much as one wandering cow that far up on the initial ride. Again and again the Gentle Hand came; once it was evening, and by the light of a candle stuck in a miner's candlestick he looked long at the girl across the bar and wondered if in truth her eyes had ceased to be so defiant, if she had become a little tardy in driving the talk from herself. When he turned away for the ride to Tryne's he stood filling the doorway a long moment, staring up into the sweeping, star-studded dome of night, and finally broke the silence by saying: "They're intrustin' things, ain't they—stars? I wonder if it's only because we don't know no more 'bout 'em."

The soft sound of a hand slapping his horse's neck in assurance of friendliness, the creak of stirrup leather, the jingle of bit rings, the click of steel on stone told of his going. The girl blew out the candle, walked and stood in the open. For a time she held her gaze on the blur which half floated out into that huge void; then she looked up at the hard, white stars and said aloud to the night: "P'r'aps—p'r'aps it is."

It was high noon another time, and his face was flushed with the reflected sun rays which the valley flung up under his hat brim as he dropped from his horse at the saloon and watched the girl come from the house.

"Miss Listmann, this shore's powerful vig'rous whisky," he said with puckered brows. "Have I got to buy it to come yere and talk to you?"

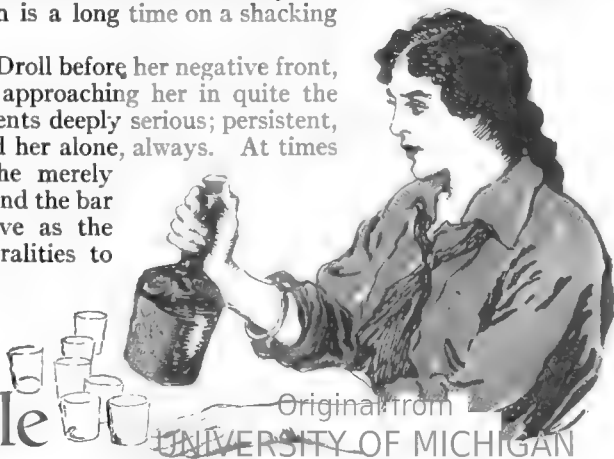
"They's no law to make you come here," she said, looking past him.

He thumped his glass down so sharply that the stuff in it slopped over the bar. He leaned hard against the fixture, gripping the edge with his hands, thrusting his face so close to hers that the girl started back, surprised by his strange intensity. "But somethin' a sight stronger'n your whisky or any law's makin' me come yere," he said very soberly; "makin' me keep on even workin' at Tryne's just so's I can get yere handy. Some day—some day you're goin' to understand!"

And the stain which whipped to her cheeks did not totally ebb until he was out of sight—which is a long time on a shacking pony, in Lonesome Valley.

So he pursued his courtship. Droll before her negative front, trying it here, then there, never approaching her in quite the same manner twice, at rare moments deeply serious; persistent, yet ever gentle. He did not find her alone, always. At times others were there, and then he merely watched the girl as she stood behind the bar and talked or remained impassive as the conversation drifted from generalities to

LISTMANN'S
JESS EVINCED
HER INTEN-
TION OF RE-
MAINING IN
THE COUN-
TRY.





things which touched individuals. Merely watched; yes, but in his watching was a quality which the others could see. They called attention to it by rough elbowings or furtive, ungentle kicks; then laughed among themselves first and twitted the Gentle Hand of it afterward. But he refused to be drawn out or angered.

Even when Tim Tryne, with the memory of the disaster which the girl had brought upon him festering in his foul mind, made his one unpardonable observation, the Gentle Hand did not stop his smile. The light went from his eyes for an instant and he put down his knife—they were at table. He said very simply, "I reckon that'll be about all;" and though his tone was even, his manner outwardly amiable, a something was behind his bearing which caused the others to fall to their suppers with a vigor meant to cover common confusion.

Summer had gone and October was on, that rich, mellow, wonderfully silent October of Yavapai. They stood beside her kitchen door, the Gentle Hand holding a comb of honey.

"If I have to buy somethin' to get to see you, I s'pose I'll have to eat a terrible lot of honey," he mourned. "It's hard lines, powerful; my capacity for honey ain't what it ought to be under these yere conditions."

He was looking into her eyes at close range, for she looked back, now, even when he talked about her, and so intensely did he feel below the easy whimsy of his words that his fingers broke the light wood which framed the comb and plunged into the wax-protected sirup.

"That shore's a shame," he muttered, holding up a sticky thumb. And a bee, sailing home from some errand, circled about his head, then about the up-held thumb, and finally lighted on the thick nail and settled itself for a feast.

"Aw, you hungry little cuss!" he muttered and, stooping carefully, put the comb on the window-sill, eyes held on the bee. "Look at him lick it up! Gee! Ain't he havin' a banquet? See how his tongue licks in 'stead of out, like a cat's does? Ain't they funny? You pore little rascal! Workin' to beat Old Man Starvation, an' us measly humanseat off'n you till we're sick. Aw, you purty beggar!"

He leaned nearer the girl, and unconsciously she drew closer to him until their heads were almost touching. He lifted his other hand cautiously and with a hard, stiff forefinger stroked the striped back of the feeding insect. With the first touch the bee squatted low and vibrated its wings frantically.

"He'll sting!" the girl warned in a whisper.

"Naw, he won't—would you, partner?" the man breathed, ever so lightly.

Again he touched the soft, slick back, and again. The wings ceased their trembling. Instead of crouching as though to be away from the contact, the bee humped himself, stretching his filament legs, pressing ecstatically against the horny finger, which trembled a trifle as the Gentle Hand strove to suppress his chuckling, and all the time the tiny tongue worked in the golden globule of honey desperately, as though famine waited on one side and physical danger menaced from the other. When the man lifted his finger in awkward crook and kept its tip poised above the bee, the little fellow raised his back still higher and swayed from side to side on his hind legs as though enticing a return! The laughter broke from them, and so close were they that the expelled breath struck the bee, and with a frightened buzz he was gone.

"Sho'—he was havin' such a fine time!" cried the Gentle Hand as he straightened and watched the flight. Then he looked down into the girl's face and for the first time found it glowing, her eager eyes seeking his!

"I never knew!" she said. "I thought they'd always sting."

"Shore they'll sting—when you rob 'em or when you're rough. But if you're— Why, Miss Jess, they're just like everythin'. Be gentle with horses an' they're twice as easy to handle; go easy with men an' you never have no trouble. Understan' what your shrubs are tryin' to do an' th' blossoms'll pay you back—" He broke off suddenly and stared hard at her, wiping the sticky thumb aimlessly on the flap of his chap. "Why, you pore girl; you ain't never had nothin' but hard knocks, hard livin'. You don't know this ain't no place for you—with them eyes—an' lips— Won't you let me show you? Won't you come—" Under the intensity of the moment and with the letting down of the bars of restraint his eyes grew wide and boyish and tender, and into them sprang a quick mist as he opened his hands pleadingly. "Won't you come? You know I love you—you know—"

She had drawn off a step and her face had lost the look of quick interest. Pain was in her eyes, perhaps, but driven back by the hardness and hint of scorn which had returned to them—returned when she saw the film spread over his, and heard the last words choke in his throat. "It sounds fine," she said evenly. "But this ain't no soft-handed country. To get along, a man's got to be a man, an' a woman's got to let men alone. So I guess that's enough between us."

He looked through just one long breath to be sure that she meant it. Then he went, and when his pony stirred dust for the lazy breeze to trail slowly away, Listmann's Jess walked into the house with eyes straight before her and mouth set in grim conviction. She had come near to trusting a man, and of an unfamiliar type. Bad enough to believe in the breed of men she knew, let alone playing with a stranger!

AFTER he quit Tryne's the Gentle Hand sat around Whisky Row for a week, drinking only enough to keep his welcome fresh. On the last day of this interval Tryne and Bergas came to town, and the following morning the Gentle Hand heard Tim throw an ugly boast into the face of a nasty taunt. But for that he might have gone on sitting and staring and mourning secretly for an indefinite period. As it was, he pulled his wheezing pony to a stop before the Listmann place in the sunset quiet, and flung off twenty minutes after Tryne and the Mexican had disappeared within. It had been a hard ride, a hard game: following unnoticed, and yet holding down his handicap of tardiness.

From inside, men's voices, irritable, unnatural. The Gentle Hand slunk along swiftly, detouring to keep himself unseen from the doorway. With a hand against the log wall he bent slowly forward and peered within. Listmann's Jess sat in a chair. Her hands were behind her. Her feet, fast in the grip of a twisted gun-belt, were strapped to one of the legs. Tim Tryne and his Mexican companion were shaking dice at the bar and quarreling over their game. The Gentle Hand felt his vitals chill as he realized the stake!

While a leisurely ten could have been counted, the man outside eyed the backs of the others, Bergas leaning elbows on the bar, shoulders hunched close to his ears; Tryne standing unsupported and swaying as he shook the dice-box with extravagant movements. Then he looked back to the girl. She met his gaze

"'YOU'D
OUGHT TO
CUT 'EM
BACK IN THE
SPRING."



without a flicker and held it fast. Her eyes were dark and wide; her nostrils flared, her lips pressed tightly together, and beneath the shirt of red flannel her breast rose and fell with telling frequency.

The Gentle Hand inventoried. He was habitually weaponless, and in the quick flight from town he had not reckoned on a situation which could not be made safe for Jess by his mere presence. Tryne's jumper was open and under his armpit waited an automatic. The gun-belt that bound the girl's ankles was the Mexican's, and his blue Colt lay on the bar.

"Eduardo, th' luck's with me!" and Tryne scraped the cubes up with an oath of triumph, shoved the box toward the other, and turned to leer at the girl.

THE Gentle Hand moved away, making no sound in the soft earth. He stopped beside his breathing horse with a muttered word, unbuckled the rope-strap, and with the coils in his hand stepped cautiously back toward the building. He stopped half-way and built his loop slowly, drawing the rope quickly through the *hondou*; that done, trailing the noose from his right hand, he edged toward the doorway, inches at a time. At the threshold he halted, and as his gaze swung to focus on the gamblers his eyes met again that stoical look of their prize, and his thin lips moved as he said a soundless something to her.

The dice spun again, dancing blithely on the bar. The two men leaned low together, the Mexican with a grunt, Tryne with hand upraised after the finger had snapped for luck. That hand held rigid an instant while the last bit of dotted ivory found stability, then dropped with a crack on the Mexican's shoulder. "B' —, you lose!" he cried. "And I—I—"

He had half turned toward the girl, a quick flush on his cheeks, tongue licking his lips, a green glitter of triumphant lust in his eyes; and when the floor by the doorway creaked sharply as a foot was set upon it, a gentle swishing sounded in the room and something lithe and alive and viciously snaring settled about his shoulders and he found himself pinioned and plastered tight against the startled body of Eduardo Bergas!

Came a grunt from the Gentle Hand as he leaned his weight on the rope which held the two captive, and a sharp hiss of exultation as he saw that Tryne's arms were fast just above the elbows, while Bergas struggled to free wrists from the binding hard twist. He planted his boot-heel against the door-sill and swung his gangling body on the hemp with a dull cry, and the other two, unsteadied by the liquor in them, deprived of arms which might sway and help hold them upright, broke with sharp curses the dumb interval which had followed the angry rip of the rope as it tightened, and staggered in blind impotence as they braced to their unplanned resistance.

Bergas thrust a foot forward to find better purchase, and Tryne, scrambling to turn and eye their captor, stumbled over it. They reeled, strove to balance again, failed, swung, staggered, and, pitching sideways in an ungainly arc, crashed against the far wall. The Mexican lost his feet, and his head, bared in the early struggle, met the timbers with a queer, creepy crunching. His legs wilted, his torso, which had resisted so stiffly, went limp, and, slumping slowly to the floor, he half dragged Tryne with him.

But the cattleman did not go down. He braced against the wall and heaved and struggled with the rope and forced a jot of slack, half turned, and jerked an arm free. "You!" was all he said. His voice was choked with searing rage and the free hand clawed quickly at the bulge in his jumper.

The Gentle Hand, crouched low, went down his lariat hand over hand, swiftly, holding it tight while the other fought against the strand about him.

"YOU PORE LITTLE
RASCAL! WORKIN' TO
BEAT OLD MAN
STARVATION, AN' US
MEASLY HUMANS EAT
OFF'N YOU TILL WE'RE
SICK."





"I reckoned to drag you to death at th' end of forty feet o' rope," he said quite calmly, "but now"—as he let go the rope and wound his long arms about the smaller man—"we'll have it out—this-a-way!"

He leaned against the other, and Tryne, struggling for a foothold, tripped over the limp Mexican. They went down together, the Gentle Hand on top, and rolled at the feet of Listmann's Jess. The girl did not try to move; just sat with head strained forward watching them, the hard blue eyes aflame, lips parted now, breast pumping. Tryne grunted as he squirmed; the Gentle Hand's breath whistled as he strove to hold the other's right arm pinned. A stubborn straining, a slip, a scramble, and one of Tryne's spurred heels flung high, the leg hooking as it drove, and the rowel came down on the tall man's back, gritting as it struck through to the ribs.

The Gentle Hand made no sound, but the girl gave a long, quivering moan.

FOR an instant Tim Tryne was master, snarling as he fought to retrieve that which he had lost—and more. He was out from under, jerking his body from side to side as he backed away on his knees, trying to elude the hands which fought exquisite pain to grapple with him. He was the smaller, but the quicker too; the wound which he had given his adversary was a fearful handicap. He stumbled to his feet and into a corner and cried aloud as the dull automatic came out, pointed high; but the cry was more of rage than of triumph, for a stoutly driven hip caught him in the stomach and a set of fingers hard as wire wrapped about his gun-hand, holding it up.

They crashed against the bar and ripped it from its moorings, slamming it against the shelf and sending the bottles down in jingling fragments to be pulverized, as they stormed over them in their wrestling. The Gentle Hand sought Tryne's throat; Tryne's teeth met in his wrist. He shook loose the grip and hugged the other close to his body. Tryne kicked his shins, and the numbing pain traveled the long limbs. They waltzed in their mad efforts, twirling and staggering twice about the room, driving against the walls with a force that shook loose hunks of chinking. Always the gun-hand remained high, the muzzle of the weapon pointed upward.

The ring of their spurs was constant, mingling with the scraping and stamping of their feet; now and then one grunted aloud. When, for a second, they both even shut off breath in the straining, the place was uncannily quiet.

And of a sudden Tryne broke loose, wriggling like a trout, throwing himself away from the Gentle Hand with a cry, jerking with the final fiber of his strength to free the pistol. The other rushed, closed again, and they fell through the door, rolling over and over in the dust as the cattleman lost his grip on the gun and the Gentle Hand fought to make his hold secure.

They rose to their feet and fell again, breath beaten from them by the jar, and one of Tryne's knees doubled with a snap, and its hard cap, padded only by worn overalls, caught the other squarely on the temple. While the valley and the sky mingled Tryne was up, and in that golden second when he might have stamped the prostrate form into complete unconsciousness he, the unarmed, hesitated. Doubt, then, gave the Gentle Hand respite, and as he floundered up, the gun in his right hand seeking its mark, Tim Tryne, inspired by memory, fled into the building from whence they had battled.

The other, alone in the fading sunset, drew a wrist across his eyes to clear them of the valley dust and of that inner mist which fogged their vision. Then he moved slowly, ominously, toward the open door, automatic cocked,

safety off, finger on the trigger. He heard Tryne moving within; then suddenly, as he advanced, the sound ceased, and when the Gentle Hand again saw Listmann's Jess in her chair he read horror in her face.

"Stay back!" she cried. "He's got the other gun!"

Tryne snarled, and the Gentle Hand stood still as he recalled the Mexican's revolver which had lain on the bar; for the other man was inside hidden, armed, and the only way in which he could bring him into range was by exposing himself to fire in the doorway!

"You she-coyote!" he heard Tryne mutter. "You'll pay—*me!*"

He might have said more, but Bergas moved. Uttering a slow moan, he rolled to his back and reached an unsteady hand to his head. Tryne spoke to him; then settled to silence. Too many things were happening! After a moment the Mexican moved again, groped for the wall, and sat up. Blood trickled into one eye from a break in the scalp.

"Eduardo, get up!" It was the Gentle Hand's voice, brittle, imperative, and the dazed man looked to see the frown of a pistol muzzle. "Get up!" the man outside went on. "On your legs, or I'll shoot you as you set there!"

Tryne cursed sharply, and the Gentle Hand backed a cautious step.

"Get up!" he said for the third time, and the man he commanded, looking from one to another of the three who could watch him, obeyed mechanically, jaw loose in bewilderment. "Walk out yere, *pronto!*"

Bergas hesitated again, looking to Tryne helplessly for support, but Tryne could offer nothing better than a blasphemous muttering, so he moved toward the door, swaying a trifle, but not halting his shambling walk.

"Outdoors, *hombre*; clear out!" the Gentle Hand added, and looked past the man to Listmann's Jess, who strained forward against her bonds, face pinched and blue, breath irregular almost to the point of sobs.

Bergas reeled as he set foot on soft earth and stood unsupported in the dead silence, for after his movement on the creaky floor no sound rose from the place. He went forward. "Stay where you are!"—and Bergas stopped.

Then the Gentle Hand stepped to him quickly, shoved the gun against his ribs, and motioned with his finger against his own lips for silence.

"Stay there, you fool!" he cried, jamming the pistol harder against the man's body and again sealing his lips with a forefinger. "Stop—damn you—I'll—shoot. I'll——" He lifted the gun quickly, fired into the air, and pressed the smoking mouth once more against the man's vest as he cried: "Damn you—Eduardo—leggo!" His face contorted with the earnestness of the pretense. "Ugh!"—heavily, as though straining in hand-to-hand combat, and swinging alert eyes from the frightened Mexican's face to the blank doorway. "Leggo— Ugh!"—in a thick voice, stamping the ground with his boots. "Eduardo—leggo——"

From within a sharp creak of the floor and a quick step. The weapon left off its threatening pressure on the Mexican as the Gentle Hand backed away. Tim Tryne, drawn by the ruse, appeared in the doorway, gun-hand low. He fired, of course, but the bullet tore up pebbles at the Gentle Hand's feet—and after the automatic had crashed twice. When Tryne had shot he dropped his Colt and sat down on the threshold, hands across his stomach. The tall man stood looking at him until he pitched forward on his face.

Bergas waited with hands bound as the Gentle Hand, muttering low to the girl, cut the straps which held her. She got to her feet unsteadily, and looked into his face as though focusing her gaze were a difficult process.

"Gentle Hand," she said a bit uncertainly, "don't go away—ever——" And Listmann's Jess was crying in his arms.

Mr. Seymour Rice, of the Grand Opera House, Kansas City, says that the styles in women's dress are responsible for the decline of musical comedy. Mr. Rice's theory is that exposure is no longer a treat to anybody.

It brings to mind what somebody once said of Eddie Foy, as he was walking down Broadway. "Eddie," said this wag, "hasn't any street clothes." By the s. t., there is no longer any such thing for women.

The Conning Tower

Unshackled Thoughts on Chivalry, Romance, Adventure, Etc
Yesterday afternoon, while I was walking on Worth Street,
A gust of wind blew my hat off.

I swore, petulantly, but somewhat noisily.
A young woman had been near, walking behind me;
She must have heard me, I thought.

And I was ashamed
And embarrassedly sorry.
So I said to her: "If you heard me, I beg your pardon."
But she gave me a frightened look
And ran across the street,
Seeking a policeman.

So I thought, Why waste five hours trying to versify the incident?
Vers libre would serve her right.

and I've been versifying every single day.

FORD JOKE.

"Oh, dear—oh, dear. The squirrel on the Oscar Secundus has died."

"What did he die of?"

"Starvation. After cracking all the nuts he found there was nothing inside. Oh—oh, dear!"

If we were the printer who set up the report of the Interborough directors' meetings and had to ride in the subway, we would know what a crowd is like.

"He was a hy-

Island."

A KINGSLEY IN HIS CASTLE.

[From the Oneonta (N. Y.) Star.]

I do not care for any surprise parties or any one coming to my home without invitation.

W. J. KINGSLEY.

Well, the President seems to have stated, in no u. t., his attitude on preparedness.

And what will Mr. Hearst's opponents do now, poor things?

DELUGE

Copper is going up,
The iron industries soar.
Remington rivals Krupp,
Wall Street rings to the roar
Of the turbid river of trade
Wherein all pessimists drown!
Hurrah for the money we've made!—
Europe is going down

Copper is going up,
Zinc is climbing and lead!
Crown with dollars the cup—
A toast, a toast to the dead!
Beef on the hoof is soaring,
So what care we for renown?
While Wall Street whoops to the roaring
Humanity's going down

Constantly we are in receipt of ideas, so we don't mind giving away our own conceptions. Here is one for the New Haven: Why not have an investigation into yesterday's wreck, fixing the blame, probing the causes, etc.? The guilty engineer could be reprimanded, or even imprisoned, and then there would never be any more wrecks on the road.

Here is an idea for the Interborough: Why not, on holidays, run so many fewer cars than on other days that the passenger forgets, while he is in the subway, that it is a holiday? Then, when he emerges, his exhilaration is even greater than usual.

WHAT A NIGHDEA!

Sir: I'll tell you what one might do. When one has an idea, or one thinks one has, and one finds afterward that one hasn't, or not so much of an one as one had thought, or hoped, one might call it a nighdea, mightn't one?

ORSON

We h. no b. for President Wilson; but Mr. Owen Wister's versified "arraignment" of the President is about as convincing as a comic valentine.

Our thriving city is full of athaletic young men and women who sing "America, rI love you!"

F·P·A·

JUDGING Franklin P. Adams by the daily "Colyum" he keeps, one may assume that his life is an open loose-leafed book. His readers know that he esteems baseball, real literature, tennis, some plays, pretty women, and some kinds of poetry, other than the poetry he writes so well himself. He disesteems parsnips, politics, and free verse. One deduces that at some time in his life he knew Chicago and Bert Leston Taylor and that he learned a college yell at Ann Arbor. Any reactions that don't fit into paragraphs or verse are chronicled as by-products in "The Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," which is a regular feature of his column.

of The New York Tribune

Photograph by Paul Thompson.



MR. ADAMS SCORES MORE POINTS WITH A FOUNTAIN PEN THAN WITH A TENNIS RACKET. BUT HE DRESSES THE LATTER SPORT BETTER—HENCE THIS PICTURE.

THE DIARY OF OUR OWN SAMUEL PEPYS.

February 17—Up betimes, and vowed to get out early, to have a walk, but the reading of the public prints doth take so great a time the morning is gone before I have read them all. To the dentist's, and thence to a confectioner's, where I did have a beaker of milk for luncheon. All afternoon at my desk, getting a deal of work done, too. In the evening to the Winter Garden, and I found the play dull, but far cleaner than any other harlequinade ever I saw there. Home and to-bed.

18—To the office, where all day and until late at night. Nought of great interest is toward, but I did have a fine day of quiet, none calling upon me to disturb me with inconsequential chatter about themselves. I wish greatly for the spring, when I may again trounce G. Parsons and S. Spaeth at lawn-tennis. Read this day Rupert Brooke's "Letters from America," and was amazed, after all I had heard and read of the book, to find it the veriest twaddlestuff, not worth the value of a bagfull of ashes; save the last part, which is not about America at all. A fair bard I deem poor Brooke to have been, but little else in the writing line.

Our revised notion of a seasoned New Yorker is one who emerges from the Grand Central-subway station and isn't astonished to find that he isn't on the other side of the street.

It takes all kinds of persons to comprise the 101,208,315 who dwell within the confines of this broad land, including those who are trying to prove that Brandeis is a crook.

And not excluding those who are attempting to demonstrate that former Senator Lorimer is an honorable gentleman.

F. P. A.

As a rule, volumes marked 'Proceedings' are usually shunned."

In a majority of cases like this, we generally comment from

"We still have poverty with us," said Mr. Samuel Patterson of North Carolina, in the hearings on the Federal child labor bill, "and, as long as that is so, it is necessary for children of six and nine to go to work in different localities in the country." We still have death, too, and as long as that is so the schemes for preventing or curing tuberculosis might as well, Mr. Patterson might argue, be abandoned.

Distance we still have, too, so why should there be railroad trains?

A couple of boys at Harvard believe that the current ragtime songs are too slangy, and have a notion that they should be deleted of their vulgarisms. Nonsense! The trouble with the old poets is that they weren't Irving-Berlin enough. Wordsworth might have been rich if "Lucy" had gone like this:

She's a pippin, she's a bearcat, the girl I love,
And she lives—where? where?—
By the springs of Dove.
She's a blue v-i-o-l-e-t.
By a mossy s-t-o-n-e—
She's my Lucy, she's my Lucy,
She's my L-u-c-y Gray!

In Twenty Two Hundred and Something there is likely to be celebrated the Irving Berlin Tercentenary. One can envisage the school teachers of that day listening to the children recite:

"I love to stop right
Next to an upright
Or a high-toned baby grand."

Suggestion for comic opera libretto: A war between the Pacifists and the Militarists. And, to make the libretto unobvious, have the Militarists win.

Mr. Adams has published three volumes of verse from his several thousand columns.

He paraphrases Horace into the slang of the day, so that a baseball fan may read him without stuttering, and he has irvingberlined some other classics. Adams was the pioneer "colyumist" of New York when he began writing in the *Evening Mail* a dozen years ago, under the title, "Always in Good Humor." Two years ago he moved his "Colyum" on gold dollars into the *New York Tribune*, and named it "The Conning Tower." Here he chronicles without malice the foibles of what he calls "the w. k. human race." He "bosses a bunch of contribs" and preaches a bit with a smile. F. P. A. has become a habit with many people.



"HOW'LL I
EVER GET
THAT
BLOOMING
BIRD
THERE?"

RED POPPIES

by Mary Synor

Illustrations by Charles S. Chapman

IF I'D thought of Vicky Mallers at all that year, I'd have expected her to be with the nurses in Flanders. Any woman who'd been daring enough to swing herself out of the little Sussex County set, where the Mallers had been ruling while the fathers of the Georges had slumbered in Hanover, and who'd plunged into window-breaking, hunger-striking suffragism, comes of the stuff that makes camp-followers. I'd heard of her in Australia, starting a stokers' dramatic club in Sydney. After that she'd been managing a tea-farm in Ceylon. It would have been natural to suppose that in a time when thousands of women were besieging the Surgical Corps for billets, Vicky Mallers would have been somewhere close to fire; and yet, somehow, when I chanced on her out in Edmonton, I wasn't even surprised that she was still seven thousand miles away from the place of war. Vicky Mallers might always be counted on to do the unexpected.

She was standing on the ladder in the little tea-shop where Clary, who'd known her in London and who'd come across her while he'd been recruiting in the West, had told me I'd find her. She didn't come down, but waved me greeting with the gay cretonne curtain she had just detached from its pole. "I'll be gone this time to-morrow," she said.

A big, green, red-polled parrot, swinging in a gilded cage at the window, fluttered his feathers in the brilliant sunshine of the Canadian September. "And shall Trelawney die?" he shrieked. Vicky threw the curtain over his cage, then descended the ladder: "How'll I ever get that blooming bird there?" she asked me.

"Where?"

"Home."

"Then you're going back?"

"To be sure."

"Alone?"

She turned away from me, looking out over the valley of the Saskatchewan, all ablaze with glory of russet and gold. I walked over to the window, watching down upon a street of strange quiet. Up near the Macdonald Hotel a scarlet-coated officer of the N. W. M. P. rode past. Down at Jasper Avenue two cowboys dismounted near a recruiting-office. A big touring-car, driven by a man in khaki, sped by. But that was all. Edmonton, once the gayest town of the gay young West, had sent her men to the war the year before. Vicky Mallers, who must have watched them go, was staring

out over the valley of their passing with eyes that saw beyond the prairies and bush and seas between their post and their goal.

"Alone?" I repeated to her.

"No," she said.

She turned her direct gaze on me appraisingly. Vicky Mallers is tall and angularly erect. She isn't pretty, but I've seen her make pretty women look commonplace by her mere presence. For she has that fine look of race that comes out of generations of men and women who've lived for something beyond their own existence. Her hair may be absurd in its coiffing for all its gloss, but her black eyes blaze with fire of the spirit. Her mouth's too big for beauty, but when she talks no one thinks of anything but the exquisite intonation of her words. She's queer, this Victoria Mallers, as the world judges women, but her idiosyncrasies are of the sort that make the world a better place for living.

All of her old charm of daring flared up to light my liking for her as she stood in the center of the dismantled room, her high color heightened by the sunshine flooding through the bare windows of the little tea-shop. Remembering her from those times in London when she'd led the starving children of the dock laborers on strike up through the lanes of Mayfair, I saw that she had lived in the meantime through some experience that had both subdued her flamboyancy of method and exalted her innate womanhood. With that uncanny power of divination she's always had, she probed my impression.

"Not quite the same old sixpence, eh?" she half laughed.

"What's the answer?"

"Did they teach you in your Catechism that there are three sorts of baptism—water and blood and desire?"

"Yes."

"There's a fourth." She dragged a couple of chairs to the only table left in the room. "And the fourth is the baptism of tears," she went on, as she took her place across from me and clapped her hands to summon her Japanese servant and order tea. When he had served us, she went back to her theme. "It's the font in which the women of the world earn eternity," she said. She toyed with her teaspoon absently. Then "Did you ever know Fergus Vane?" she asked.

K NOW him? Who in the West hadn't known him, Vane of Tatchikon, son of the Earl of Anglin, brother of the Viscount Penhallow—Vane, who'd come to the West penniless, who'd drifted from camp to camp, who'd worked with the railway builders and gambled with the prospectors, who'd put his stake into wheat-lands, and made himself king of rolling miles of grain country? Who hadn't known Vane, debonair and daring, who'd taken tea horseback on the terrace at the Macdonald on the day the town was entertaining a royal duke? Vane, who'd run the rapids at Clethy? Vane, who'd staged the last big show of cattle country riding? Vane, who'd engineered the great parliamentary deal that put the Peace River country on the map? Vane, who'd been the apostle of western Canada, big, boyish, splendid Fergus Vane?

"Then you may understand," said Vicky Mallers. She shoved aside her teacup, lighted a cigarette, drew on it a moment, then flung it away. "I'm going back to England," she said, "for the very reason I left England—Fergus Vane."

"But I thought——"



"Do you mind listening a bit? I can't talk about this to any one at home when I'll have come there, and I've not wanted to talk of it here.

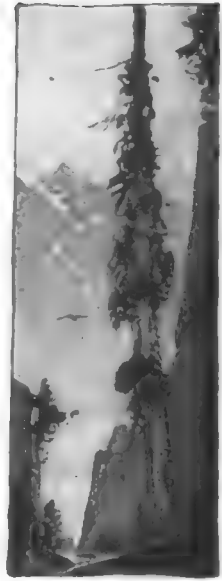
"I fancy," said Vicky Mallers slowly, "that any number of people have thought I cared for Fergus. I'd known him always, you see. We have the place in Sussex next to Penhallow. Fergus used to come there four or five times a year after he'd grown up. We were always great friends. We understood in each other the ambitions the others of our families never had. I wanted to see all the world. So did Fergus. I wanted freedom. So did he. I wanted to make my life, not have it made for me. Fergus wanted that, too. Perhaps we, each of us, fanned flame in the other's soul. In that last year he was in England, Fergus stayed at Penhallow most of the time—to be with me, I think. You see, I was the only human being he knew who urged him to do what his heart desired. He was wretchedly unhappy. The Vanes weren't rich, you know. His father had all he could do to keep up the place and look after Eustace—that's his brother, Penhallow. It wasn't that Fergus wanted money for luxuries, for the way of life Penhallow enjoyed. He wanted it, had to have it, for opportunity. A younger son in England hasn't much chance at anything unless he's rich. Fergus tried all sorts of things. He failed at all of them for lack of money. He knew his power, just as I knew it. He began to realize how England cramped him in a vise of tradition and convention. He wanted to break away. His father didn't want him to leave: Eustace wasn't much of a rod to lean on. But it was right for Fergus to go. I made him see that the West was his only chance. And so one day he came out here."

"Was that when you went down to the East End?"

"At about that time. It was dull at home with Fergus gone. I hadn't thought it would make so much difference, but when I had to go, day after day, over the fields we'd tramped together and through the woods we both loved, I couldn't endure the loneliness. I thought that working for other people in London would fill the gap. It didn't. Haven't you found that the only satisfying work in the world is the work you do for the ones you love personally? Humanitarianism's a fine thing, I fancy, for the women who're big enough to really love hundreds of dirty little children. I didn't love 'em, and I knew that whatever I did for 'em was just marking time."

She crumbled a biscuit thoughtfully, half-closing her eyes as if to keep their gaze introspective. "While Fergus had been home," she went on, "I'd tried to make him and myself believe sometimes that England was 'the England of our dreams,' but, with him away, I couldn't be convinced that it was true. I began to see, partly through Fergus's letters, that the spirit of England had gone out from her to the Colonies. Everything at home was unrest, and injustice, and fear, and hopelessness. It was as if a great fog hung over our land. Under it we struggled in vain toward the sunshine of life. Well, it got too much for me one day. I bolted. I wanted to come to Canada then, but I was afraid Fergus'd think I was pursuing him. I went to Australia instead. I told myself it was freedom I wanted. After I had the freedom, I found out that I'd wanted Fergus."

She shot at me a glance of whimsical humor. "You agree with me that



I'm old enough to know what I'm doing," she smiled, "and so you'll have to agree that I knew exactly what I intended when I sold out the tea-farm in Ceylon and came to Vancouver. For nearly a year I drifted around western Canada. I started a sailors' club in Victoria, and I went big-game hunting in the Babine Lake country. I went up the Mackenzie, and I crossed the White Horse Pass after the guides had called it impossible. Oh, I had a wonderful time!" Her voice thrilled to the memory of her adventures. "Then I struck Edmonton with the beginning of the boom."

Vicky Mallers rose from the table, striding over to the bare window to stand beside it, her hand upraised against its frame, as she looked out on the picture below. "It's a big town now," she said, "and I'm rather glad I've done my bit toward the building of it. But I hope I'll remember it as the town of shacks and tents that I rode into one April morning. The river was just breaking from the ice. The green of the valley flashed against the brown and white of the hills. Off to the east lay the fields fallow for the sowing. I remember that I rode along the summit of that hill over there—" she pointed to the edge of the westward slope that shut in the cup of the great coulees of the Saskatchewan—"and it seemed to me that I was gazing over the whole great empire of the West. I suppose Fergus Vane had made me ready for it. I know that the sight of it that day made me ready to understand the new Fergus Vane I met that afternoon."

She seated herself in the window-seat and I went to her. The parrot's cage swung its cretonned drapery as I passed it, and the imprisoned bird croaked ominously for an instant, then relapsed into quiet. Vicky Mallers leaned to one side to look down into the almost deserted street. "There's St. Audyn," she said. "Remember him? He used to write for the *Farther East*, the theosophist paper that Wilkinson started in Westminster. He came out here that year. He enlisted with the first contingent, and was wounded near Ypres. He's been back on sick leave, but he's returning to France next week. He worked for Fergus out here."

There came between us a little silence in which I knew that Vicky Mallers was wondering how much of the rest of the story she would tell me. Then she crossed the Rubicon. "I suppose that, according to the standards of my world, I've been a fool to care for one man only. It has its compensations, though. I've been finding them." She crossed one leg over the other, swinging it rhythmically as she continued her musing. "Did you know Edmonton of those days?" she asked me. "Crude to the sight, and flame to the soul? What a clearing-house it was for the world's adventurers! What dreams and hopes those rude log houses sheltered! What titanic plans were born there and sprang full-armed, to lead a nation! It was the place for Fergus Vane, wasn't it?"

"When I watched him riding that afternoon up the road that's Jasper Avenue toward the log hotel up on the cliff where the castle of the Macdonald stands now, I knew he'd come in to his own. Wasn't he made of the joy of life? Wasn't his spirit fashioned from stardust? When he talked with me that night as we walked under the gleaming April stars while the Northern Lights towered over the line of

"FOR NEARLY A YEAR I DRIFTED AROUND WESTERN CANADA."





the hills, I knew that he'd found his place in the world. Did you ever hear him talk in Ottawa about the West? He had a prophet's vision for all his youth. His was the voice of the new land summoning the children of the old!"

She paused, as if abashed by her own eloquence, then laughed self-consciously. "I've never been able to talk to any one out here about Fergus," she explained. "They all took him for granted as part of the country. But I'd seen how he'd grown from the boy who'd groped toward freedom and fought for the chance at light to the man who held the torch for those who struggled in the darkness. I'd loved him when he'd been the groping boy. I—I worshiped him when I found him the conquering man.

"I hadn't intended to stay here. I'd thought to linger through the summer and return to London in the autumn. You see, I never expected Fergus to love me. I told myself that all I asked from life was one golden summer of dreams and its memories. Life gave me that." Vicky Mallers' eyes shone in tears. "I shall always have," she said, "for my very own, those days when Fergus and I rode over the plains."

"I should have gone home when summer ended and the wild geese went honking to the southward. But I couldn't go. The spell of the West was on me. Fergus asked me to stay, too. He said that the place needed me. I think that, in a way, he needed me. And so I lingered. You know I can't be idle? Well, I started the tea-shop in a log shack where this building stands. We had the best time fixing it up. There were a score of men and women I'd known in London out here that winter, all top hole, every one



of them. England sends her best overseas. We had ripping times then. Everything was booming. Every one was making money. Every one was busy and happy. I had so much to do that winter that I forgot to be sad in thinking how Fergus's need of me was friendship and not love.

"Fergus was busy that year. He was at Tatchikon making plans for the great harvest. He'd risked everything to buy those farms that were to yield the wonderful crops that helped make Northern wheat famous. He was devising all sorts of scientific experiments. He wasn't in Edmonton often, but whenever he came he used to come to the shack. Beside the fire he used to tell me his dreams. I would spur him on when he was discouraged, and rejoice with him when he was buoyant.

"You knew the big side of Fergus Vane, didn't you—the part of him that swept down the world like a great wind from the mountains, wild and daring, and almost ruthless? I know the boy's heart of him, too—that yearning soul of him that went on seeking something greater than the kingdom of material success. I knew that he wouldn't be satisfied with the triumphs he was earning. I knew that when he had come to the summit out here, he would look for something beyond, not gain, but experience.

"That year the harvest was a golden rain. Fergus had won more than wealth by it. He had won the seal of his manhood dreams. All his daring had been justified. His gospel had been revealed as truth. He had been taken up on a high mountain of triumph from which he could look down on his kingdom of attainment. But the height was lonely. He wanted some one to share it with him."

"YES," I SAID,
"AND ANY
W O M A N
W H O L O V E S
A M A N
W A N T S H I M
T O L I V E U P
T O T H E B E S T
I N H I M."

Vicky Mallers circled her hands over her knee, flinging back her head with a certain pride as she plunged into the heart of her tale. "Perhaps Fergus thought of me that way before," she said. "I don't know. Anyhow, when he was riding on the top of the world, he asked me to share his saddle. I don't know how I had the courage to refuse him. I fancy it was because I loved him. I knew him so well that I knew just what he had to give the woman he loved. He wasn't giving it to me. Oh, yes, he gave me admiration, and respect, and comradeship—all the sort of thing that's usually supposed to make a happy marriage. I suppose there aren't many women foolish enough to send away the man they love because he isn't giving the white flame of true love. Most of us say that the steady glow of affection is a surer fire for the hearth. Most of us say that if we have but patience, we will win to the inner shrine. Most of us say that love's but a passing notion, but that friendship will last to the end. But we lie if we say these things! Love's the only reason why men and women should marry, love for each other, equally. I won't take half loaves of bread for my soul. I'll starve first. That's why I didn't marry Fergus Vane.

"Queer, wasn't it, that my decision strengthened our friendship? I think now that there might have been in my mind, those first years here, some thought of marrying Fergus. With the thought gone, I could serve him better. In the years that followed we grew into a friendship that has been the great blessing of my life. Sometimes now I think that it was that for him as well.

"There were other things than our friendship growing here then. The town was growing like a magic village. These great buildings were rising where the shacks had been. Railways and trolleys and motor-cars were replacing our horses. The crowd was coming in. The cowboys and the Indians still rode the ranges, the trappers still came down from the Peace River country, but the old spirit of the pioneers was going before the rush of their followers. The little people came at the heels of the Titans.

"I hated them, the more because they flocked to this shop. There was a crowd who liked to think themselves Bohemians. Shady, I called them. Fergus used to laugh at my ragings against them, and warn me that I'd have no business if I treated them so rudely. There were men whom you wouldn't have bowed to at home, and girls who'd shabby little ideas of license that they called the craving for liberty. Heaven only knows where they scraped together their railway fare out here, or the money to keep them for the time they were hanging on the edges. They used to think because I lived out here alone, and had a parrot, and had served a jail sentence for smashing a window in Asquith's house, that I was free and easy. Bah! How I hated them! But I let them come because I couldn't find any way to lose them unless I closed the shop, and I didn't want to do that. Fergus's land of hope was my land.

"Life's awfully comic, isn't it? If I hadn't been keeping this shop just so that I could be near Fergus, he'd never have met Miriam Corth. Miriam Corth was of the tribe. Came from one of the Southern States of America, she said. You know her sort, a cross of gipsy and odalisque, pretty as a Christmas-supplement cover; no energy, but lots of shrewdness; no character, but amazing adaptability. I knew her type



"I SHALL ALWAYS HAVE FOR MY OWN THOSE DAYS WITH FER-
GUS."

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE
606



the moment she came in. I'd seen plenty of Miriams at home, following the Testament by being all things to all men.

"Well, she used to come here to meet young Secor-Bliss first. Used to sit over there in the corner, gazing at him soulfully out of her pansy-brown eyes, pursing up her little red mouth so that she looked like a cunning child who was trying to keep back her tears. Secor-Bliss used to buy all her meals but breakfast, and didn't even know he was her meal-ticket. She lived somewhere out near the school. Said she was an artist who'd been sent up here by some magazine to paint pictures of the Great Dying West. No one ever saw the pictures. But every one

in Edmonton used to see Miriam Corth trailing to tea and dinner with Secor-Bliss."

Vicky Mallers ran her hand rumplingly through her glossy hair. "I say," she exclaimed, "I'm a bit of a cat about her! But, you see, she was typical of all the new life we didn't want here, and then, besides—"

"Well, Secor-Bliss got a cable one day calling him home. His father's in the Cabinet, you know, and I suppose the old chap knew the row that was brewing. That was in June of last year. The boy had just time to pack his kit to catch the steamer. He said good-by to Miriam pretty swiftly and went off with a light heart.

"She came here that afternoon after his train'd gone. I was alone, fixing up the place for a dance. Stephen Hawker—I call him that because he's always shrieking 'Trelawney' since Fergus brought him to me—had been yelling in his cage. I was feeding him sugar when she came in. She dropped in a chair by the door and began to cry. 'I haven't any one in the world,' she told me, 'and I have just sixty cents to my name.'

"Well, that's a mess," I told her, and went over to the table. I was trying to comfort her, and telling her that I'd give her work here, when Fergus came in. I told him about it. He'd *known* Secor-Bliss, and hadn't liked him. He looked pretty solemn for a bit. Then Miriam looked up at him. I've seen women who could look pretty when they cried," Vicky Mallers said, "but I never saw one who could look as exquisitely lovely as Miriam Corth did. I heard Fergus draw in his breath. Then he said: 'You'll let Miss Mallers help you, won't you? And we'll all be friends?'

"Don't you wonder sometimes how it is that high-idealized men, men with fine vision, give their loves to tawdry women? Well, Fergus's adoration of that girl was a demigod's worship of a pinchbeck. It was sudden, swift, inexplicable. I could see it flaming under my eyes that afternoon as he talked with her, and she lifted her eyes to him as she'd been doing in the same place only the day before to Secor-Bliss. Of course I had my consolation." She smiled wryly. "If Miriam Corth had been all that my mind had painted Fergus Vane's beloved, there would have been no place in his life for me. Whatever she did, she didn't displace me from my house of friendship.

"Through the long evenings of last year's summer I came to face the inevitable. I could see how Fergus loved Miriam. He didn't speak of her to me, but his every action told his thralldom. I suppose that it was because I'd cared for him that I could see that Miriam didn't love him. His attentions flattered her, of course. I'd an idea that she'd marry him for his

money and position, and I kept praying that, if she did, Fergus'd never come to know her motive.

"Never in all my life did I see any one as happy as Fergus was on the evening when he told me that Miriam was going to marry him. 'Isn't it a wonderful world?' he asked me—'this West that's given me everything?'

"'Haven't you given the West something in exchange for it?' I countered.

"'Very little,' he laughed. Then he went on to talk of Miriam as if she were some strange goddess condescending to visit this planet, and not a girl who'd made my tea-shop her rendezvous with a rotter like Secor-Bliss. I wished him happiness, and I meant it. I was rather glad, too, that he'd told me, instead of leaving the telling to Miriam.

"WHEN I spoke to her about marrying Fergus, she drew off as if she were afraid of me. I tried to tell her about Fergus's boyhood—I always thought women were interested in every little thing about the men they were to marry—but she veered away from me. I suppose she thought I knew more about Secor-Bliss than I really did. She might have known that, no matter what I knew about her, I'd be the last one to tell Fergus. I think that she must have come to understand that, though, before she brought Pennington up to the shop here.

"Pennington was a bounder. Do you remember that scandal in the Home Guards? Well, he's that Pennington. His people had sent him over here and kept him in money so that he'd never go back. He's the sort to whom the Miriam Cortths always gravitate. Why she risked running around with him while she was engaged to Fergus I can't imagine, unless that it was one of those risky things her type runs to. Miriam's clever, or she wouldn't have dragged Pennington up here while Fergus was at Tatchikon. Establishing an alibi, you see. Even Fergus couldn't think there was any harm in her having tea in my shop with Pennington. Rum, wasn't it? Can you fancy the pleasant little parties while I watched her going deeper and deeper into an infatuation for that cad while Fergus was out riding over his wheat-fields, dreaming of her?

"All through July the comedy ran. Once in a while Fergus'd ride into town, and Pennington'd disappear from the stage. Once, when he came, I told him he'd better marry Miriam soon. 'She doesn't want to be married until October,' he said, 'and I've promised not to force her.'

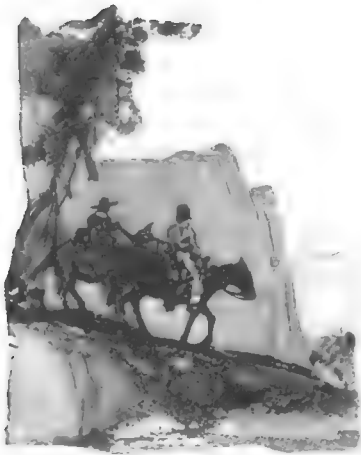
"Fergus was working hard that month. The harvest didn't promise to be what he'd hoped, and there was an undercurrent of disaster through the West. The big boom had burst—luckily, the men said, since its bursting would fling out the camp-followers, but none the less tragically for the weaklings. Then the war came.

"You saw it break in London, didn't you? Heard the news as you came up Downing Street? Oh, great! But somehow I'm glad I was here when the blow fell. If I'd not been—" Vicky Mallers halted her speech to rise and look down in the empty street, glowing now in sunset light. As if from a background teeming with impressions, she picked out the details of the drama. While she spoke, her rich tones rising into almost ecstatic phraseology, she seemed to tower to a greater height.

"Can't you imagine that street down there one surging throng of men, fighting their way to the recruiting-offices? Can't you fancy the thrill of glory when the bands begin to play? Can't you see the regiments going out? Can't you picture the women watching? Can't you feel the tingling excitement of the valley when ten thousand men go forth to war? Oh, I



"I'VE NEVER
BEEN ABLE TO
TALK TO ANY
ONE OUT HERE
ABOUT FER-
GUS."



tell you, I'm proud of the West! Why, that quiet street down there means more to England than her crowded Strand! For it's quiet because the men of the West have gone to the war!"

Vicky Mallers paced up and down before me, flinging out her words sharply, edging her phrases with blades of incisive sharpness. "I fought my way through the crowds on the street," she said, "as soon as I heard the news. I'd been up at the hotel with the Templetons. They were crying when I left them, but I couldn't cry. All I could think of was Fergus. I felt that I must find him, must talk to him, must bid him Godspeed."

"For in the first shock of the news I knew what the war was to mean. It was to be the conflict that England had been facing for centuries, the struggle for the life of the Empire. It wouldn't mean de-

feat only, or victory only. It would mean whether all the places, and institutions, and traditions that our men had fought for through all the centuries should live or die. I kept thinking of a little cairn of stones at Penhallow where Fergus and I had played at guarding when we'd been children. I felt as if a cold hand had caught my heart in its clutch when the fear came that some alien would fling it down. England was to fight for existence. Fighting, she would fling off all the dead wood of peace. From the ashes of her gluttoned riches she would rise a phoenix of justice. And her sons whom she had sent overseas because she'd had no place for them at home, would go back to prove the glory of their manhood. From the ends of the earth they would speed to her, not because she called, but because of that call within their own hearts, that echo of the old lesson of duty she had taught them in their youth!

"That would be the terror and the glory of this war—midnight before sunrise, death before life! But we, thank God, who counted life less than honor, were ready for the summons."

"I was struggling through the crowd when I saw Miriam. She was with Pennington, her face upraised to his, her eyes brimming with tears. All at once I saw the situation as if lightning had flared over the darkness. Pennington couldn't go back. He'd have to stay here. And Miriam didn't want him to go. She loved Pennington as she should have loved Fergus. It was all in her face. But she'd not love any man for long. That's her sort. If Fergus went to war, her infatuation for Pennington would be over before Fergus could return. She'd marry Fergus, of course. He had the things she wanted. If Fergus stayed out here much longer, he'd find out about Pennington. And he'd come back to me. I was sure of that somehow. But his dreams would be dead, and all his world gone to ashes."

"I tried to think it out as I came up here and stood at the window. Stephen Hawker was shouting as if he'd gone mad, but I quieted him after a while. I was praying, I think, when I heard Fergus's step on the stair. He came in slowly, his face grave. 'Isn't it awful?' he said."

"I nodded. I knew what war meant quite as well as did he. We'd been together in Sussex when my brother Eric had been killed in Africa. But I said, 'War isn't the worst thing in the world, my dear.'"

"What is, then?" he asked me.

"Failure," I said, "failure to live up to the creed of your soul."

"'You don't believe,' he said, 'that we should all go to fight for England?' He stood there, staring at me as Miriam Corth came in. She moved close to him, putting her hands on his arm and questioning him with her eyes. 'Vicky's preaching enlistment,' he said.

"Miriam whirled round on me. 'You don't mean,' she cried, 'that you want him to go?' I knew then that she had decided to marry Fergus. But if Fergus stayed, and Pennington stayed——

"'Why should I go?' he asked me over her shoulder. 'What's England done for me that I should suffer for England? Drove me out of my father's house into the wilderness! Gave me nothing, promised me nothing! All that I am, all that I have, I owe to love, and fortune, and friends, and to the West!'

"'It doesn't matter,' I said to him, 'that England gave you nothing at home and that Canada has given you all that England denied. For England gave you the spirit that sent you forth, the courage to come to this West, the fortitude to conquer it. And if Canada has blessed you, don't you owe her something? See, she's sending her own sons. There's Williamson, and MacLeod, and Brant, down there in the street—and they never saw the hills of Sussex! There's Benham and Craig riding on. There's little Trennis going! Oh, Fergus Vane, won't you be true to yourself?'

"'Why do you want him to go?' Miriam asked me.

"'He's of my people,' I said, 'of my country. I've known him ever since he was a little lad. I've always been proud of him; I want to keep on being proud of him.'

"'You want him to go,' she said, 'because you love him.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I love him, and any woman who loves a man wants him to live up to the best in him.'

"He looked at me wonderingly, then let his deep, blue eyes gaze out beyond me. Miriam began to sob. Stephen Hawker started to shriek: 'Trelawney shall not die!' I threw a coat over his cage. Fergus was standing immovable, looking out over the valley, and beyond that, I knew, to where his wheat-fields ran their miles in the sun. You know the wheat-fields? Thousands of miles of harvest rolling to south and north? Millions of acres of land bristling with shimmering spears! Oh, it's stupendous, magnificent! It's the great poem of the universe, the sacrifice of the Earth to her lover, the Sun. Proserpine coming in robes of gold. I saw it as Fergus saw it, his new-found land of promise. I knew his thought.

"'Do you remember,' I asked him, 'how the August poppies of England blaze on the yellowing hillsides? Do you remember the flash of red among the spears of the English wheat? There are no poppies in the wheat-fields of the West. It is well for the harvest that there should be none

—but what of the harvesters? For red poppies grow in the fields where blood has been shed. Don't you remember, Fergus, the stories we told each other back there in the



"SHE LOVED PEN-
NINGTON AS SHE
SHOULD HAVE
LOVED FERGUS"

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sussex hills? Don't you remember how we hunted the places where Arthur had fought, and Harold? Where Saxon met Norman, and Norman met Dane? Don't you remember how we knew the old battlefields by the red poppies? Don't you remember your youth, and your home, and your traditions—and your country?"

"He had lifted his arm as if to shield his eyes from the picture. When I had done he let it fall and looked me squarely in the eyes. There comes to all of us, I fancy, one moment when soul meets soul. Men call it love sometimes. I think it's something beyond love, beyond life. Fergus and I met in that moment borrowed from immortality, and made our pact. 'You're right, Vicky,' he said. 'We must sow red poppies in our wheat before we've won our title to honor.'

" 'And what of me?' Miriam cried.

" 'Fergus is going to marry you to-morrow,' I said.

" 'You'll take care of her?' he asked me.

" 'I'll try,' I said.

"They were married the next day in the chapel over there. Fergus went away a week afterward. I didn't see him after the day he went from here with Miriam. We'd said our farewells in our hand-clasp. Perhaps we said more than farewell, who knows? There must be other lives beyond. God can't mean that such tag-ends as ours are the end of His plan. There's Miriam . . . Miriam cried for a week after he went, then took to meeting Pennington again. I forbade her, and she had to tell him she couldn't see him. She kept urging me to go over to Flanders as a nurse. But I'd taken my job, so I stayed here after every one else had gone. After a while she began to want me, to need me. Little Fergus was born in May."

"But Fergus Vane?"

Vicky Mallers turned away from me. Her hand trembled as she touched the window-frame. "Fergus died," she said, "in the trenches of St. Julien. Miriam blamed me for a time. She said that I sent him to death."

"Where is she now?"

"She went yesterday," she said, "to California. She's to marry Pennington at Christmas. And she has given the boy to me. I'm taking him back to Sussex, to the hills that Fergus knew when he was a boy. England is going to need men like Fergus Vane's son," said Vicky Mallers.

"And you?"

"Oh," she said, "I've found that the individual doesn't count for much in the big scheme of life. Whether we marry or not doesn't make the difference. It's the service we give to the world that counts, and we give it, I fancy, through love. Mine will be for Fergus's boy," she said.

Watching her in the dying light of the valley sunset, I wondered if Vicky Mallers had done right in sending Fergus Vane to war and death. Then from the street arose the note of a bugle, silvery, clear, gloriously thrilling. Listening to it, I knew that it is not men nor yet nations that weigh in the final balance. The spirit of sacrifice is the measure. Not the golden wheat of riches, but the scarlet poppies of blood shed in righteousness will pave the fields of eternity. Visioning that, I could be glad that Fergus Vane had

died in Flanders and that Vicky Mallers had sent him there.

"I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO THE HILLS THAT FERGUS KNEW."



EMPTY PEWS IN THE COUNTRY CHURCH-WHY?

*Washington Gladden,
D.D.*

*Of the First Congrega-
tional Church, Colum-
bus, Ohio.*

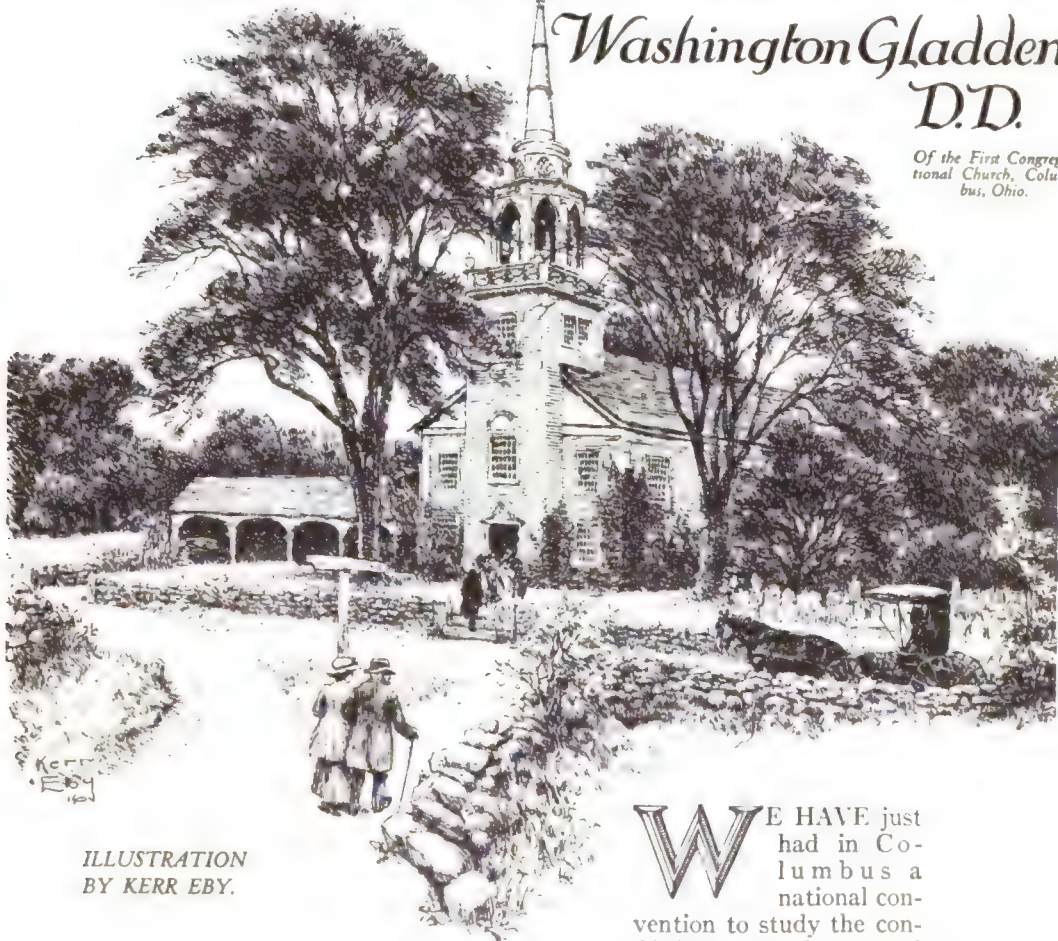


ILLUSTRATION
BY KERR EBY.

WE HAVE just
had in Co-
lumbus a
national con-
vention to study the con-
ditions of the rural

churches. Representatives were here from all the leading denominations and from nearly every state in the Union; the President of the United States was present and made a most intelligent and sympathetic address. The facts which came to light in the various reports and discussions are serious, not to say alarming.

They show that a large percentage of the rural churches in this country are either stationary or decadent in point of membership. The population of many of these rural communities is decreasing, but the church-membership is generally decreasing much faster than the population—in many cases more than twice as fast.

From a thoroughly scientific survey of three counties in Indiana—counties of about 25,000 population each—such facts as these appear: In these three counties there are 232 churches, one church for every 320 of the population.



In the southernmost of these counties, during the last ten years, the population has decreased seven per cent. and the church-membership fourteen per cent.; in the northern county the population has fallen off four per cent. and the church-membership seven per cent.; in the central county the census shows a loss of six per cent. and the churches have gained ten per cent. The growth here is not, however, exuberant; a church of one hundred members adds one member a year.

Of these 232 churches thirty-eight per cent. only are growing; fourteen per cent. are standing still, and forty-eight per cent. are losing ground. The record of one township in the southern county can be duplicated in hundreds of communities; at the beginning of the decade it had seven churches; at the end of it one church had held its own, four were losing, and two were dead.

These statistics of careful surveys in Indiana have been duplicated by surveys substantially similar in Ohio, in Pennsylvania, in New York, in Vermont, in Kentucky, and in Missouri. They have been made by young men and women who have been trained for such work in social service studies and who know how to measure and weigh figures. They are much more accurate than ordinary church statistics.

A survey of the state of Ohio is now being made, with a map, by counties and townships, locating every country church in the state and indicating whether or not the church has a resident pastor; if not, how often it has preaching services; and whether it is increasing or decreasing in membership. Thus a vivid picture of rural church conditions is spread before the eye. It is quite useless to attempt to argue down such an exhibit. People can see for themselves.

The Ohio counties surveyed are representative counties, scattered all over the state; the percentages obtained from them are not likely to be materially changed when the survey is completed. They indicate that 23.6 per cent., almost one-fourth, of the townships in the state are *without resident ministers*. In each of these townships there are on the average four churches, one church to every 286 persons in the population.

Of the churches in the open country about twenty-six per cent. are growing; the remaining seventy-four per cent. are either stationary or decaying. Here, as in Indiana, the shrinkage in church-membership is much more rapid than that of the population. Of the open-country churches about eighty-three per cent. have memberships of less than one hundred. As most of these churches are dwindling rapidly, the condition of these communities within a few years can be imagined.

The statistics thus far taken seem to show that about six per cent. of these open-country churches have individual ministers, and only about a quarter of them have as much as half a minister; twenty-three per cent. have one-third of a minister; twenty-seven per cent. only one-fourth, fourteen per cent. only one-fifth, and five per cent. only one-sixth.

Moreover, it appears to be a rule to which there are but few exceptions, that the more churches there are in a community of, say one thousand persons, *the fewer church-members there are*. If there are two churches in such a community, there are apt to be more church-members than if there are four.

These figures simply demonstrate the fact that the principal cause of the



enfeeblement of the country church is the enormous over-churching of the rural communities. In a community which could be amply served by one church we generally find from three to six or seven churches.

A little district in Pennsylvania contains a population of 632. The schools in that district have been consolidated; there is but one school. But in that territory there are eight churches. A country district in Ohio four miles long by three miles wide holds five churches with a total of 183 members, averaging thirty-seven members each.

What we are looking at is the simple operation of cause and effect. When the body of Christ is hacked to pieces after this fashion and its dismembered fragments are scattered over the face of the earth, just such results are inevitable; a multitude of feeble and petty and uninfluential churches, steadily declining in membership; religion a byword in the community; the spasmodic revivalistic movements which are resorted to from season to season to increase the membership only intensifying the bitter rivalry by which the religious life of the community is perverted and enfeebled. Some detailed reports of the sectarian antipathies and squabbles attending the distribution of the results of these "revivals" are sufficiently painful and disgusting. One minister boasted that one-third of the addition to his church in a revival had come from the other churches. "I tell you," he said, "my denomination is growing in these parts."

This is the kind of character which is the natural product of the sectarian schisms that we are encouraging all over the land. This is the kind of society which we are building up in a great many of our rural districts. No wonder our churches dwindle when such a spirit inspires them. They ought to dwindle. And there is no wonder that the rural communities are in so many cases losing ground. Communities where religion takes on such forms as these, are not communities where intelligent men and women want to stay and bring up families.

I do not think that this is the sole cause of the depopulation of the countryside. There are economic causes which must be studied. But this is one of the most important causes, and the problem will never be solved without giving to this the consideration to which it is entitled.

THE church ought to be in every community the unifying, harmonizing influence. What most of the rural communities most need at the present time is the spirit of cooperation. There are many possible cooperative methods by which they can promote economies and increase production. Another great need is the cultivation of a better intellectual and social life. For all this there must be among them an atmosphere of good-will, a sense of community. It is the prime business of the church to create this atmosphere, to diffuse this spirit.

This is the Kingdom of Heaven, which the church is first to seek. If it were what it was meant to be, it would do more than all other agencies combined to shed abroad the influences which make for harmony and prosperity and happiness in the countryside.

But the naked fact is that in hundreds and thousands of rural neighborhoods the church is one of the chief obstacles to the unity and cooperation on which the economic and the moral welfare of the community depend. This is not true of all rural communities, but it is true of great numbers of



them — of the great majority of them, in my opinion. And the time has come when American Christians must face these facts and deal with them courageously.

As a general rule, one church in a community of a thousand inhabitants would be infinitely better than four, and far better than two. It is inspiring to think of what such a church could do for the economic life, the intellectual life, the social life of the community. It could support one capable minister and have his services all the time. He could be with his people in sickness and in sorrow, he could be a frequent visitor in their homes and a leader in all their social and religious work. The church would be the social center and the rallying-place of the whole community. It would then *become* a community in a sense in which few rural districts in these days are or can be communities.

And the community life would center, as it ought to center, in religion. The people could work together as they never before have done to make it a better community, safer to live in, more interesting and attractive to those who live in it, a place where boys and girls would be willing to stay.

Such a church, putting less emphasis on the matters which divide Christians than on those in which they agree, would speak to the whole community with a more convincing voice than any sectarian church could employ. The very act of three or four churches coming together for such a purpose would do more for religion than any revival the neighborhood had ever known.

It is a great thing for a community, for the young people in it, for its homes and its schools and its morals, to have religion represented in it in a way which commands attention and respect; it is a great misfortune to any community to have the institutions of religion administered in a feeble, petty, narrow, unvital fashion. If any community can settle this vital question in the right way, the strong probabilities are that its boys and girls will grow up with higher ideals, that its homes will be happier, that its population will be more stable, that its farms will be worth more.

This is more than a conjecture. Several communities can be pointed out where the question has been settled the right way; where a single community church has replaced three or four schism shops with great gains to the welfare and pleasantness of the countryside.

This result may be reached in several ways:

It may be sought by a confederation of the churches, each keeping its denominational organization and its affiliation with denominational interests, but all agreeing to worship and work together, having one minister and one Sunday-school. Some of these schemes are working fairly well, but I should not expect them to be permanently successful.

The same end might be secured by merging all the churches in an undenominational community church. This may sometimes be advisable, but it creates practically another denomination, and the church thus constituted has no affiliations, and leads a lonesome life.

As a rule, I believe that it is better to unite on the basis of one of the existing denominations, letting the church in each community which is strongest and best fitted to serve the community survive, and merging the other churches in it. This should be by a sympathetic and friendly cooperation of the denominational leaders, who should arrange equitable exchanges as



far as possible, so that denominational losses in some communities are balanced by gains in others.

Instances of these various combinations might easily be mentioned. In Aurora, Ohio, two weak churches, one of the Congregationalists and one of the Disciples of Christ, have united for work. Each keeps its ecclesiastical organization and contributes to its denominational charities, but the two churches have one minister, one Sunday congregation, one Sunday-school; the people all worship and work together; the church has become a community church, to the great satisfaction of all concerned.

In Hampden, Massachusetts, a similar arrangement has been effected between the Congregational and Baptist churches.

In Benzonia, Michigan, by amicable exchanges, a considerable district is now under the direction of one central church, with several outlying branches, all of which are cooperating harmoniously.

In Dublin, Ohio, a village of three hundred inhabitants, three years ago there were three churches. There had been no resident pastor in the community for thirty years. All the churches were weak, holding infrequent services. Three years ago a providential cyclone removed the roofs of two of these church buildings. The people accepted the intimation and united as one church of another denomination. Within six months this church had more members than the three had before the cyclone; a resident minister was installed, a parsonage was purchased, and the spirit of community was notably strengthened.

IT MUST be well understood, however, that all this means for every denomination large sacrifices of denominational prestige and pride. It is the deadly sin of sectarianism that has plunged us into this pit, in which the rural churches are smothering and devouring one another; it ought to cost us suffering to pull ourselves out of it, and it will. Nothing will avail but heroic surgery, freely and fearlessly applied. That ought not to be questioned when the life of the church is in danger.

As I have intimated, an attempt is being made to deal practically with this great problem in the state of Ohio. Under the auspices of the Federal Council of the Church of America, a careful survey of the state is being made, which will graphically present, by means of maps, the exact condition of the rural churches of every county. A committee on Interchurch Cooperation has also been formed in the state, in which are bishops of the Methodist Episcopal and United Brethren churches and the Home Missionary and Church Extension leaders of all the principal denominations. As soon as the survey is near completion it is the purpose of this committee to grapple with the situation as thus presented, with the purpose of developing practical methods by which needless and obstructive churches may be eliminated, through combinations and exchanges, so that the religious needs of every community may be rationally met, and the calamitous and ruinous competitions now prevailing may be averted.

It is a difficult task, but the men who have it in hand are the responsible leaders of the various denominations, and they seem to be undertaking it with courage and determination. They will need the sympathy and support of good men and women everywhere, and it may be that they can open a way to the renewal and replenishing of the life of the countryside.





MAGGIE'S
GEORGE.



JENNIE.



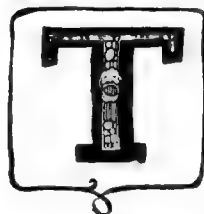
EVELYN.

CLARA.



THE LADY WITH THE COMIC SENSE

by Grace Sartwell Mason.



TOMMY SLADE is one of my most entertaining friends; but I never found him so entertaining as one afternoon when he told me about the homesickness of the great William J. Isham and the meteoric episode of Maggie Spitzmiller. I must explain that Tommy is, and has been for fifteen years, secretary and general safety-valve to one of Broadway's greatest producing managers, and, being a keen and unbiased observer, has all the makings of a William James of the Great White Way. But also he is discreet. I should probably never have heard the inside story of Maggie Spitzmiller had I not stumbled upon Tommy in the moment when he was bubbling over with the deliciousness of Maggie, and full to the brim of the quaint manner in which her destiny had crossed that of the mighty William J. Isham.

I was speeding New Yorkward from Chicago when Tommy boarded my train. The place where our train had hesitated for an instant would have been called in the contemptuous theatrical jargon a "tank-town;" and for that reason I was the more astonished to see Tommy Slade, metropolitan in every detail, walking down the cinder-path beyond the weatherbeaten station. I had come out into the vestibule of my car for a breath of air, and therefore I saw Tommy first. I was about to hail him joyfully when something in his manner stopped me dead. He came to the steps of the adjoining vestibule, gave his bag to the porter, climbed up one step, and turned. I saw him lean out and survey the town. In his face there was a most curious mingling of whimsical humor, sadness, and a sort of sardonic satisfaction. My eyes followed his intent gaze.



MAGGIE.



W. J. ISHAM,
PRODUCER.



TOMMY
SLADE.

As it happened, our two cars had halted in such a way that we, in our vestibules, commanded a fine view of the length of Main Street. It lay before us somnolent under the afternoon sun, on our right a fruit-store, an oyster-parlor, a billiard-room; a business block of new, raw bricks with a pressed-tin cornice; the post-office, and the front of the Grand Central House; and on our left, dry-goods stores, the meat market, the new Masonic Temple of concrete blocks; a vacant lot, with weeds growing up around a fire-blackened foundation, and the usual tailing-off near the railroad tracks of small frame buildings, housing barber-shops and ice-cream parlors and meals-at-all-hours, and close-curtained saloons.

I had seen thousands of Main Streets like this; I had tried many a time to find amusement and sustenance in them, and lugubriously failed; and I could see no reason for Tommy Slade's absorption in this particular thoroughfare. My eyes came back to Tommy's face. I saw a faint, rueful grin come over it. I saw him raise his right hand palm outward, on a level with his hat-brim, in a high gesture, almost solemn. It was a salute, reverent, resigned, humorous, tender, and just tinged with awe. I did not see what he was saluting or why, but I knew he was saying hail and farewell to something big, to something buried deep in the sunny somnolence of that town whose name I did not even know.

At a respectful distance I followed him into the car. And here is the story



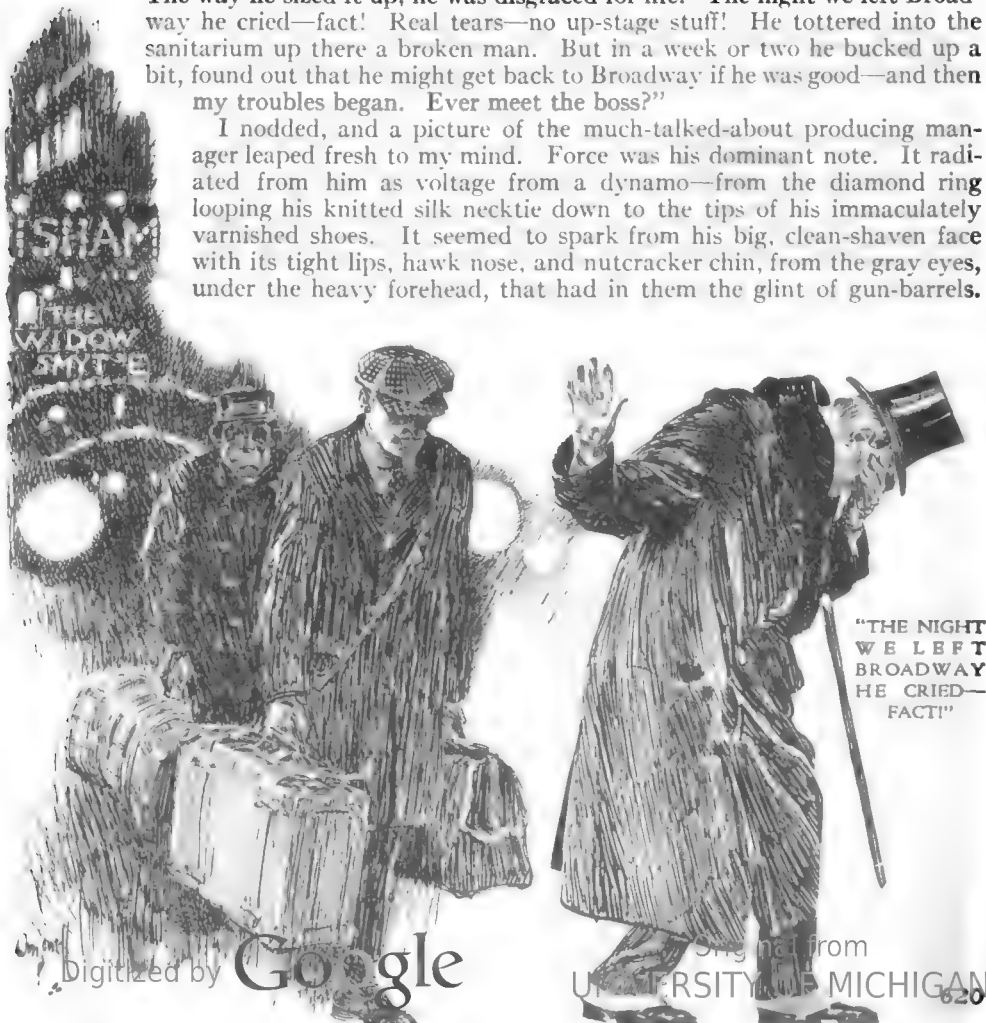
of Maggie Spitzmiller, as he told it to me that afternoon while the train sped through the prosperous green of Michigan in early summer, and hour by hour the Great White Way drew nearer.

"YOU wouldn't think," he said, jerking a thumb back over his shoulder and fixing me with a bright blue eye, "that there's a gold mine buried in that little old tank-town back there, would you? A gold mine! And then some! And I had to come away and leave—say, look here! You're a woman. You write about women, don't you? About the women of little towns? Well, I'll give you Maggie Spitzmiller—and you tell me the answer."

"I never know the answer," I cried hastily. "Only the God that made women does! But go ahead—does Maggie Spitzmiller live back there?"

"She does—right around the corner from the Masonic Temple, God help her! I don't suppose you happened to notice just above the town, on a low hill, a big building like an Atlantic liner run aground? Well, that's Michigan's most famous sanitarium. Spent ten weeks there last autumn. Yes, ten weeks! Them were the happy days! Had to do it, though, for W. J. Isham. You saw in the papers, probably, how he broke down with the first August rehearsals and was ordered by the doctors to quit? Well, he gave it out on Broadway that he was going abroad. Hadn't the nerve to own up that he'd got to take to the woods and eat nuts and alfalfa with the squirrels. The way he sized it up, he was disgraced for life. The night we left Broadway he cried—fact! Real tears—no up-stage stuff! He tottered into the sanitarium up there a broken man. But in a week or two he bucked up a bit, found out that he might get back to Broadway if he was good—and then my troubles began. Ever meet the boss?"

I nodded, and a picture of the much-talked-about producing manager leaped fresh to my mind. Force was his dominant note. It radiated from him as voltage from a dynamo—from the diamond ring looping his knitted silk necktie down to the tips of his immaculately varnished shoes. It seemed to spark from his big, clean-shaven face with its tight lips, hawk nose, and nutcracker chin, from the gray eyes, under the heavy forehead, that had in them the glint of gun-barrels.



Thick-handed, thick-trunked, there was something about William J. Isham Olympian, in spite of his fondness for checked suits, astrachan-collared overcoats, and diamond rings. And with all his flamboyance he had an uncanny, delicate sureness of perception when it came to a matter of the divine fire. He always knew what he wanted, and generally got it.

I could understand how Tommy Slade, who can see under the make-up of humanity more surely than any man I have ever known, had made this maker of stars the Zeus of all his gods.

"Well," said Tommy Slade, "then you can get some idea of what I went through with the old man in that sanitarium back there. He insisted on my having an adjoining room, because the awful stillness of the place at night got on his nerves. Mornings the nurses came round at six-thirty to wake the patients for ice-water baths, and it would curdle your blood to hear Isham's remarks. He never seemed to get over the awful sacrilege of being waked at that hour. Why, for thirty years 6 A.M. had been the middle of the night for W. J. And then when they had once got him awake, and the horrible truth burst upon him that he was 908 miles from Broadway, it was almost enough to soften the heart of a trained nurse to hear him grieve. He would get out of bed and stare out the window, looking out over the rural landscape as mournful as a dying hound.

"To think of it, Tommy," he'd whisper, 'no matter how far away you go there are human habitations.'

"That summed up his attitude in a phrase. You'd think we were marooned somewhere on the shores of Patagonia; and for W. J. that is where we were, for all practical purposes. Of course, I suppose, being an intelligent man, he had always known vaguely that several millions of human beings existed out of sight of Broadway; but he had always put the thought away from him as being too melancholy to contemplate comfortably. Now that he was temporarily one of the unfortunate millions, he could not resign himself or get used to it. I've seen dozens of cases of homesickness, but never one that could touch W. J.'s.

In thirty years he had not been off Broadway except for his annual run across to the Continent after stars and plays. For thirty years, Broadway between Twenty-second and Forty-ninth streets had been his heart, his lungs, and his conscience. It had been his cosmos and his hearth, his workshop and his joy of life.

"Why, literally, in thirty years he had almost never been out of his theatre. He has a big suite of rooms at the top, with a chef and a valet, you know; and a garden on the roof when he wants fresh air; and he's connected by telephone and telegraph with most parts of the world; and he was the most supremely contented man I've ever known—until his stomach went on a strike. Then he had to leave all that and hike out into the tall grass or die. And at that, I didn't know but the old whiskered gent with the scythe would give him the once over—he was so awful homesick.

"Say, you authors write about the homesickness of the country boy for the old farm, or the old red cow, or mother's salt-rising bread, but you could have learned a wrinkle or two from W. J. Isham during his sojourn at the sanitarium. He subscribed to a dozen New York papers, and every morning, as soon as he could escape from the massagists and bathers and the X-ray man, he'd lug those papers to a secluded corner of the sun-room and there he'd soak in the doings of the most provincial city in the world. From the first column on the first page to the last column on the twenty-fourth, he'd lap up the news of Big Noisyville as a starving cat laps up cream. Why,

even a Seventh Avenue cave-in meant more to him than authentic news from the West front would mean to you.

"And after he'd read 'em all, he'd throw the papers on the floor and look out across one of the niftiest autumn stage-settings the Almighty ever designed, and sigh: 'I wonder if they've put up any new electric signs since we left Broadway, Tommy!'

"He was always getting tangled up in his bath, or gymnasium, or doctor's appointments because he would keep his watch set Broadway time. The only moment of the day when the pall of gloom lifted at all was about 8:15 —by his watch. Then he'd sneak off up to his room, and I'd know it was about time for New York to call him. He had buffaloeed the sanitarium folks into letting him have a long-distance connection in his bedroom. Every week-day night they'd call him up from the Broadway Theatre; then they'd put down the receiver, and for three minutes he'd listen to what precious sounds he could catch from the other end. Very faintly he could hear the orchestra tuning up below, the boy calling 'Fifteen minutes!', old Johnson snapping at the scene-shifters, or Maizie Patton taking her first entrance. Then he'd hang up, grin at me sheepishly and defiantly, and the next moment relapse into unmitigated melancholy."

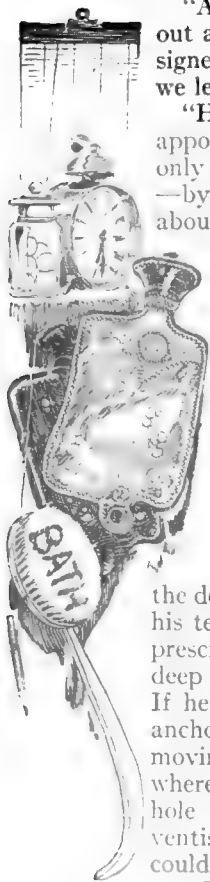
"I don't see where Maggie Spitzmiller comes in," I remarked at this point.

"Am I telling this or are you?" demanded Tommy Slade indignantly. "I've got to make you *feel* his homesickness or you'll miss the delicate, ironical point of what Maggie felt later. As the boss got better, his temper got worse, and at last the doctor, at my earnest solicitation, prescribed a walk every day. I had a vision of country roads and woods deep in crackling autumn leaves, but no country roads for W. J. Isham. If he must walk he'd take a pavement for his; so we confined our melancholy wanderings to the town, and, say, that was about as exciting as a moving picture or a chess-game. We came to know every little side street where the houses trail off into the fields; we got acquainted with every hole in the paving of Main Street, from Jo's oyster-parlor to the Adventist Church. But the funny part about it was that the old man never could get over the fact that people *stayed* there!

"'Why, Tommy,' he'd say to me, as we ambled past the little frame houses, with geraniums and cannas in the front yards, and tomatoes ripening on the back fences, and maybe a bonfire of leaves sending up its smoke through the golden air, or a carpet being whipped, 'why, Tommy, they *live* here!' he'd say, in an awed tone.

"But I never could get him to believe they lived there because they liked it. It was too much for him to swallow. He felt an immense and awful pity for the human beings of that town. I believe it made him almost physically sick to think of their fate. They had never seen a Broadway production; they probably never would! When we would round the corner on to Main Street and pass the 'Opera House,' he'd stop and look at it, just luxuriating in pity. The old man would read and reread the ancient bills advertising turkey shows; and then invariably he'd turn to me and say: 'My Lord, Tommy, what do they *do* in this place?'

"Well, finally one day the bill-boards announced that on Monday night there would be a vaudeville show in the opera-house, for the benefit of Star Hose No. 1. It was a home-talent affair, but I thought it might distract the old man from his devastating homesickness; so when the night came I





"THE NURSES CAME AT SIX - THIRTY TO WAKE THE PATIENTS FOR ICE - WATER BATHS."

persuaded him to leave his well-sterilized bedroom and go down-town with me. Mercifully, we had missed the wand drill and Tosti's 'Good-by, Summer.' As we settled into our seats the curtain was just going up on what, according to the program, was a comedy sketch, called 'Aunt Minerva's Tea-Party.' The curtain wobbled up, and a draft of the old familiar air hit us in the face. I saw W. J. Isham sniff the mingled odors of grease-paint, dirt, ancient dust, and freshly calsomined scenery as a war-horse is said to sniff powder. His limpness stiffened a little, his face brightened a degree or two.

"The rising curtain disclosed five old ladies drinking tea and gossiping. The stuff they had to put over was older than Joe Miller's Jest-Book. Their make-up was farcical and amateurish—except in one case. And this exception was drawn to my attention in less than two minutes. I was feeling bored, wishing I hadn't dragged the old man out, when suddenly he clutched my arm. 'Watch the left-hand end one!' he growled. 'Get on to her make-up!'

"I looked. I saw what appeared to be a plump old lady, very plump, and very old, in a snuffy brown cashmere dress, a little shoulder shawl, and a cap with a lavender ribbon, just slightly askew. On her round face was an expression so smug, so virtuous, so perfectly in character, so naturally comic, that you knew the scandalous thoughts that were going through her old mind. She had not a word to say, but with every dumpy curve of her, with every glance of her shrewd, bright old eyes, she just shed personality over the footlights. I felt W. J. stiffen with attention, and I glanced round

at him, considerably surprised. 'Look at her!' he muttered. 'Oh, *good business*, my dear!'

"I turned back to the stage. And then I witnessed one of the funniest bits of business I have ever seen behind the footlights. That old lady was beginning to have an attack of toothache. Mind you, she hadn't a word to say; but in the midst of the inane lines and the amateurish business of the other characters on the stage she was creating the most perfect illusion I have ever had the privilege of seeing grow out of the genius of an artist. Yes, by Jove! that is what she was—an artist! You saw the first sickly suspicion attack her; you saw her smug face begin to wrinkle under the dread certainty that she was going to have a toothache; you saw her try to forget it with tea and gossip; and then you saw her abandon herself to the first fearful pang. Her hand went up to her cheek, her mouth drooped piteously, she began to rock herself a little, and—honestly, I'm giving it to you straight, one of my teeth began to ache!"

"Oh, come," I interrupted Tommy Slade, "didn't you tell me this was an amateur performance?"

"But the woman was a genius!" Tommy Slade cried. "I tell you half the people in that hall had their hands to their jaws before she had let out her first moan; and from that moment on she had the house. They rocked and roared with her. Always in pantomime, except for an occasional heart-rending moan, she held the center of that stage and two minutes is a long time on the stage. It was the straightest comedy work, and she made it out of nothing. It came out of her personality, her ego, her genius, whatever you want to call it."

"By this time W. J. was standing up. I had to pull him down into his seat. I saw his hand shaking as it always does when he gets excited. He was trying to read his program. 'Who the devil is she?' he whispered wildly."

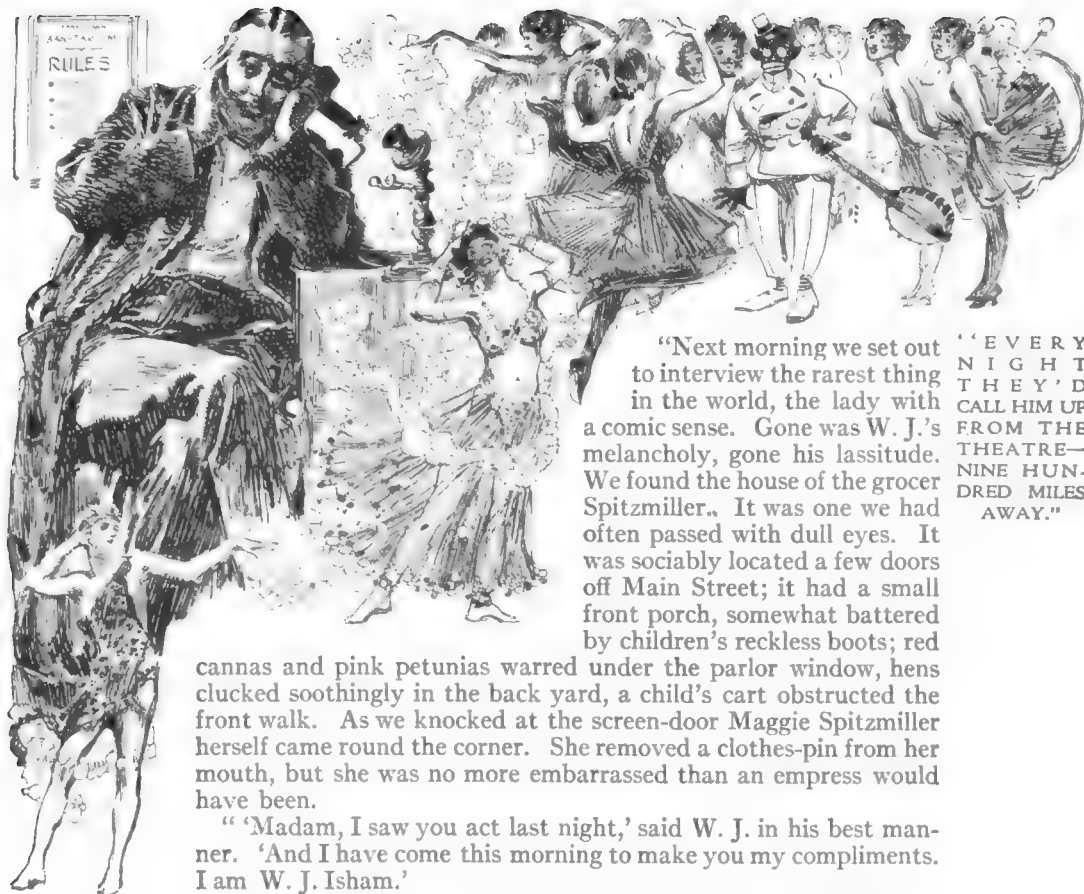
"I held my program up to the light. 'Mrs. Maggie Spitzmiller,' I read."

"The old man watched the stage for one moment. Then he leaned to me and issued an edict: 'Find out about her!'

"Well, I found out the superficial facts about Mrs. Maggie Spitzmiller before we went home that night. She was about thirty, married to a grocer, a favorite in local talent shows, no professional training. Every one in town, it appeared, liked her."

"About two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the old man. He turned on the light, sat down on my bed, and shook a finger in my face. 'What is the rarest thing in the world?' he demanded. I could see he didn't expect me to answer, so I said nothing. 'A woman with the comic sense,' says he. 'What is the rarest thing in the theatre? A woman comedian?' he added. With that he rose up triumphantly and cried: 'And I have found her!' He rushed out of my room and into his own. I could hear him steaming up and down, muttering, for an hour."





"Next morning we set out to interview the rarest thing in the world, the lady with a comic sense. Gone was W. J.'s melancholy, gone his lassitude. We found the house of the grocer Spitzmiller. It was one we had often passed with dull eyes. It was sociably located a few doors off Main Street; it had a small front porch, somewhat battered by children's reckless boots; red

"EVERY NIGHT THEY'D CALL HIM UP FROM THE THEATRE—NINE HUNDRED MILES AWAY."

cannas and pink petunias warred under the parlor window, hens clucked soothingly in the back yard, a child's cart obstructed the front walk. As we knocked at the screen-door Maggie Spitzmiller herself came round the corner. She removed a clothes-pin from her mouth, but she was no more embarrassed than an empress would have been.

"'Madam, I saw you act last night,' said W. J. in his best manner. 'And I have come this morning to make you my compliments. I am W. J. Isham.'

"If you'll believe me, the name had no effect on Maggie Spitzmiller. I doubt if she had ever heard it. She lifted her placid face to us, and, smiling faintly, pushed open the screen-door and invited us in without a flutter. Then she sat composedly facing us on the red-plush sofa in her small parlor, and waited for us to explain ourselves. There was a smell from the kitchen of tomato-ketchup cooking.

"W. J. Isham evidently saw at once that he had to do with a case of astounding ignorance—a human being to whom the names that are blazoned on Broadway mean nothing. Summoning his rare tact and his knowledge of the artistic temperament, he began to talk. Maggie listened, and I looked at Maggie. She was plump and matronly, but young. Her eyes were hazel-brown, shrewd, pleasant eyes, and her mouth I fell in love with at once. It was what you might call a crinkly, curly mouth, not thick, but mobile. Its corners turned up, one corner a little higher than the other, whimsically. It was no slack, Cupid's-bow mouth, such as you see in many fat women's faces, but a mouth with plenty of will-power and common sense along with its whimsical humor. She wore a dark-blue calico wrapper-thing, and her hair was somewhat sketchily caught up in a knob at the crown of her head.

"At first she looked a bit bewildered as W. J. talked, but I very quickly made up my mind that there was no stupidity in her. Her hazel-brown eyes

became very intent and keen as W. J. went on, and when he stopped, her face was a shade rosier. She gave a rich little chuckle.

"'I wish my sisters-in-law could hear you!' was what she unexpectedly said. 'You don't really mean that—what you said about me and M'ree Cahill? I saw her once in Chicago.' She paused and gazed thoughtfully at the carpet. 'I could beat her if I had somebody to tell me a few things.'

"There was no shadow of boasting in her tone. There was a calm certitude. I saw W. J.'s eyes flame. He drew his chair nearer Maggie's.

"'I know you can,' he said; 'I know the real thing when I see it. Would you take a chance if it was offered you, a chance to go on the professional stage, I mean?'

"Maggie fell back. 'Me?' she cried. 'Why, man alive! I've got a husband and two children!'

"'I will give you a hundred and fifty a week to start with, and three hundred if you make good. Besides a training that will make you an artist.'

"Maggie gasped a little; but I knew she was not particularly excited. She merely shook her head and laughed. It dawned upon me that W. J. had not yet found the key to her ambition. For a woman with that mouth and those shrewd eyes must have an ambition, it seemed to me. W. J. himself looked puzzled, but he knew when to leave off and let a proposition sink in. He informed her that to-morrow afternoon we should be back for a further discussion of the affair, and we took ourselves off.

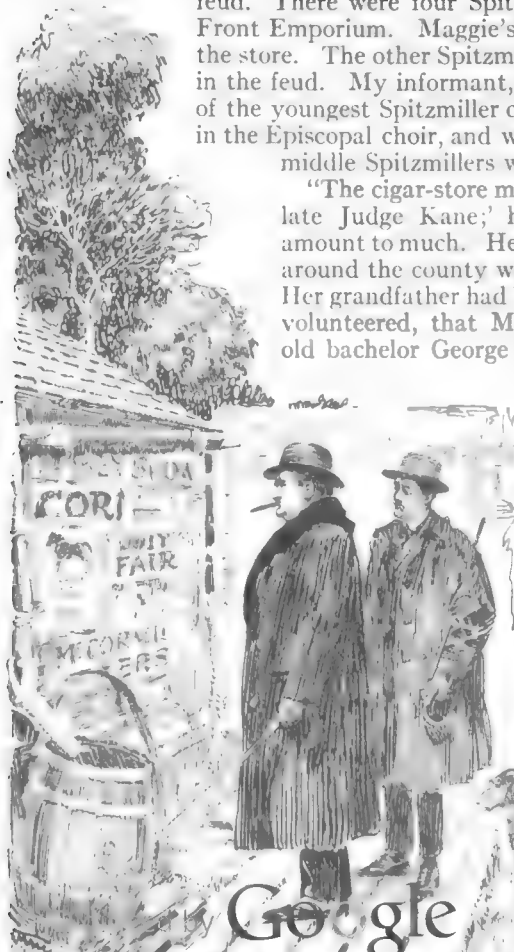
"TOMMY,
WHAT DO
THEY DO IN
THIS PLACE?"

"Between that time and the next afternoon I turned sleuth to get a line on Maggie's psychology. And I unearthed a regular small-town domestic feud. There were four Spitzmiller brothers, joint owners of the Red Front Emporium. Maggie's husband, George, ran the grocery end of the store. The other Spitzmillers were likewise married, and here came in the feud. My informant, the cigar-store man, told me that the wife of the youngest Spitzmiller considered herself one of the élite; she sang in the Episcopal choir, and was a 'tony dresser.' The wives of the two middle Spitzmillers were daughters of the late Judge Kane.

"The cigar-store man had a hush in his voice when he said 'the late Judge Kane;' he also added that Maggie's folks didn't amount to much. Her father was a sewing-machine agent, going around the county with a yellow wagon and a spring-halt horse. Her grandfather had been a tramp preacher. Some folks said, he volunteered, that Maggie's sisters-in-law hadn't approved of old bachelor George marrying Maggie. She was too kind o'

easy-going for her sisters-in-law. But personally, he liked Maggie 'nuff sight better than he did Evelyn, or Jennie, or Clara either, for that matter! Maggie had no airs, he said.

"With this little side-light on Maggie's position in the Spitzmiller clan, I went with W. J. next day to make a second call on Mrs. George. As Maggie ushered us into her parlor, I thought we had stumbled upon a tea-party, or sewing-bee. Three ladies sat with embroidery in their hands and looked up, surprised, as we came in. Maggie introduced us. The three ladies



were her sisters-in-law! W. J. looked annoyed. He would have drawn Maggie into the dining-room, but at that moment the door from the kitchen opened and George Spitzmiller came in. I knew him from his linen coat, and from the way Maggie looked at him affectionately, with just a hint of solicitude in her manner. In fact, there was a veiled excitement in Maggie's eyes. I knew at once that she was springing W. J. Isham without warning on her sisters-in-law, and possibly on George himself.

"‘Mr. Isham is a New York manager,’ she explained casually to her sisters-in-law. ‘He saw me in the Hose Boys show the other night, and he wants me to go on the stage.’

"I saw three needles suspend themselves in air. Young Mrs. Evelyn Spitzmiller recovered herself and giggled incredulously. The two other sisters-in-law gaped in unflattering astonishment.

"‘Yes,’ went on Maggie calmly, ‘he says I’m as good as M’ree Cahill. He offers me—how much did you say, Mr. Isham?’

"W. J. rose to the lead magnificently. He looked at the sisters-in-law, but he addressed himself to George. ‘Your wife, Mr. Spitzmiller, has one of the rarest gifts in the world, a gift for comedy. Very few women have it, and those that have it are making fortunes with it. I don’t say she won’t need training, but I’m prepared to give her that.’

"He then named a list of his stars—women and men whose fortunes he had made, whose fame he had assured, and with each name I saw George’s jaw drop lower, I saw the eyes of the sisters-in-law growing more amazed, more awed. When he had worked them up just right he made an effective pause.

"‘I have offered Mrs. Spitzmiller three hundred a week to start with,’ he said, calmly doubling his original offer without batting an eye. ‘And a Broadway engagement when I have completed her training. Very likely, if she makes good, her salary will double in a very short time.’

"I thought George was going to topple over, and the sisters-in-law went a pale pea-green. I looked at Maggie, and I saw a strange gleam in her intelligent eyes. All of a sudden I understood that I was witnessing a subtle comedy, staged and written and cast by Maggie alone. She had invited her sisters-in-law, she had skilfully got her husband on the scene at the right moment to hear her proclaimed a genius and a potential salary-earner of amazing magnitude. And it was the most delicious moment that had ever come Maggie’s way. I had the cue now. I knew that Maggie was the lowliest member of the clan of Spitzmiller. Her sisters-in-law patronized her, and her husband—well, I made a pretty close guess that George, in private, was very fond of Maggie, but he was inclined to grovel before the stylish Evelyn and the two imposing daughters of the late Judge Kane. Maybe, in moments of domestic stress, he had not forborne to compare Maggie with them to her disadvantage; and Maggie had carried all these things in her heart.

"Now it was her scene, and she was playing to the gallery with subtlety and effect. Guilefully she led W. J. on to still more eloquent prophecy of her future; she got him down to most specific details as to her eventual earning-power; she encouraged him to display the talent he saw in her as a pedler displays his pack before the gaping rustics. Whether W. J. understood the comedy as I did or not, he played up to her splendidly. Moreover, he was in dead earnest. He saw before him the most promising raw material he had ever had to work with, and he meant to get hold of it if eloquence could do it.

"'Well, come now, Mrs. Spitzmiller,' he said at last, 'what do you say? I want you to give me a definite promise that you will put your talent in my hands. I'm offering you a chance you will never have in your life again, to make a name for yourself and a fortune. What do you say?'"

"There was a tense silence in that hideous little parlor. Maggie ceased rocking and stared at the carpet. Then slowly she looked around at George. 'What do you want me to do?' she asked. She lifted her face toward him, and I had a thrill. By Jove! she loved that square, unromantic, solid George! And I knew that all W. J.'s promises—those promises that hundreds of women would have mortgaged their souls for—had absolutely no allure for Maggie. If George said 'No,' the thing was settled, and, for Maggie, settled happily.

"But George was plainly flabbergasted. He moistened his lips. 'Why, I dunno, I dunno, I'm sure,' he kept on muttering. His eyes did not meet Maggie's eyes, grown suddenly wistful, but he looked, instead, cravenly and entreatingly at his sisters-in-law, trying to see where they stood.

"Maggie's face stiffened. She, too, looked at her sisters-in-law, but defiantly. 'What do you think, Clara and Jennie?' she addressed the two daughters of the late Judge Kane.

"The older of them buttoned up her narrow mouth. 'I have always

"I KNEW AT
ONCE THAT
SHE WAS
SPRINGING
W. J. ISHAM
WITHOUT
WARNING
ON HER
SISTERS-IN-
LAW.



felt,' she said with cold terseness, 'that a mother's place is in the home.'

"The stage is so common,' murmured the other. 'I should hardly think a woman could remain a—a *nice* woman and go on the stage!'

"Maggie turned to the youngest Mrs. Spitzmiller. 'What's your opinion, Evelyn?' And I knew by the way she said it that here was her arch enemy. Evelyn bent her modish head over her embroidery frame. 'Why,' she said sweetly, 'you must suit yourself, Maggie. Of course, if it was me, I wouldn't care to act in comedy. And anyway, you never could tell whether you would make a hit or not. No, if I was you, I'd stay home where I belong, for in spite of what the gentleman says, Maggie, I don't believe you'd succeed.'

"I wish you could have seen Maggie's face then. Her curly mouth straightened to a thin line, her kind brown eyes blazed with flecks of the divine fire. She looked from one to the other of those three women's faces—not one of them had uttered a generous word of congratulation—and she looked at her hesitating George. Then she rose up from her rocker and faced W. J.

"I'll accept your offer!' she said crisply. 'Because I have a hunch I'll make good. But—' native shrewdness crept into her eyes—'you'll have to pay my fare to New York, and add to my salary what it will cost to hire a

"YES," WENT
ON MAGGIE
CALMLY, "HE
SAYS I'M AS
GOOD AS
M' R E E
CAHILL."



competent nurse for the children and a housekeeper for George.'

"W. J. leaped to his feet and seized her hands. 'When will you come?' he cried.

" 'As soon as I've finished the mustard pickles!' she returned."

TOMMY SLADE stretched out his legs and chuckled. "Did you happen to see W. J.'s 'Oh, You Susan!' last winter?"

I nodded. Then, as amazed comprehension grew within me, I rounded upon my companion: "You don't mean to say that Jane Arbuckle——"

"In private life her name was Maggie Spitzmiller. Did you like her?"

"Like her! Her *Susan* was the most delicious thing I've seen on Broadway in years. But—I can't believe it! Why, Jane Arbuckle could *act*!"

Tommy Slade nodded solemnly and impressively. "And so could Maggie Spitzmiller. W. J. was right. She had that rarest thing, a feeling for the stage. She couldn't do anything wrong! Do you get me? She couldn't do anything wrong, once she had got the footlights in front of her. Of course she had to be trained, and she worked hard; but the unfailing, magic instinct for the stage was all there. Night after night, when W. J. had watched an audience hanging on that curly smile of hers, when he had seen them rock and roar over some perfect bit of business of hers, when he had seen her hold them quiet a minute and a half while her face, changing slowly from one expression to another, told a complete story, then he'd come up to his office over the balcony, look down at the stage from his little window, and sigh happily: " 'By the Lord Harry, Tommy, where did she get it? Her father a pedler, her grandfather a preacher, her surroundings a rube town west of nowhere—where did she get that gift?"

"The old man never got tired of speculating as to the source of Maggie's gift; but I was more edified by Maggie herself. She and I became fast friends, I think mostly because I was born in a small town, and I understood small-town thoughts and longings. I often had 'em myself, and what was more, I had subscribed for fifteen years to my home paper. That tickled Maggie, for she herself, I believe, read nothing but her paper from home. She'd read it from front page to back—just as W. J. had read his home papers in his exile—every personal, each advertisement, not a word would she miss; and then she'd remark with a sigh and a far-away look in her eyes:

" 'I see by the *Argus* they're painting the Grand Central House. I wonder what color!' Or, 'The paper says the Daughters of Rebecca are going to have a tureen supper in Alpena Hall. Wonder who they'll have to make the coffee! Last year it was just awful!"

"One of the first adjuncts she discovered to a professional career was the clipping bureau; and when she learned about this handy arrangement she had me subscribe to four sets of clippings. They went to



"WOULD YOU TAKE A
HUNDRED DOLLARS
FOR A FEW LESSONS
IN CLOTHES?"

Original **EVERYBODY'S**
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
MAGAZINE
630



Evelyn, Jennie, Clara, and George. It did my soul good to know that every week the clan of Spitzmiller had opportunity to read of the amazing success of their most humble member. And it was unlimited opportunity, for Maggie quickly developed a canny appreciation of the advantages of publicity. She was one of the most-interviewed women in New York. Newspaper men loved her, for she furnished them with stuff so unaffected, so jolly, so human, that it wrote itself. They described in detail her beautiful apartments, her striking gowns, her beaming eyes and curly smile. I understood perfectly her lavish showering of interviews, for did not every line go back to Evelyn and Jennie and Clara?

"EVERY ONE
LIKED MAG-
GIE, EVEN
THE SUP-
PORTING
COMPANY."

"But aside from this little human spice of malice, Maggie's publicity was honestly deserved. Every one liked her, even the supporting company. Her amazing rise never turned her head. She remained the same kindly, unaffected human soul, shrewd and fun-loving, humble under W. J.'s training, and always a little astonished to find herself so absolutely unlike anything she had ever dreamed of. But she was clever! She showed that by one of the first things she did. One day Maggie walks up to the ingénue, and says:

"Say, Miss Leclair, would you take a hundred dollars for a few lessons in clothes? I know I'm a tacky dresser, and I never had a good corset in my life, but I'm willing to pay some one like you to put me next to things—the way to do my hair, and the right manicurist and dressmaker, see? I want to dress right, not so I'll look like the head waitress at the Grand Central House, going to an Elks' picnic. Will you take me?"

"And Miss Leclair did, joyfully, for she liked Maggie Spitzmiller. The result was a splendid transformation of a baggy, hit-or-miss Maggie into the last whisper of superbly corseted modishness. Sometimes when I'd go to take her out for a walk, I'd fall back in pretended awe before her, and she'd look at her plump fashionableness in the mirror and say, with her unforgettable laugh:

"Isn't this suit grand, Mr. Slade? Wouldn't I surprise 'em if I should walk from the depot to the Masonic Temple in this outfit?"

Tommy Slade paused in his narrative, and I slipped in a question. His eyes screwed up meditatively.

"Happy?" he repeated. "Well, Maggie was one of those jolly, frank women that somehow never tell you so very much about themselves. But

I had my doubts of her complete happiness on the days when the *Argus* came. Or a letter from George. I don't think she worried about the children, for she wasn't the clucking-hen kind of mother, and the children had the best nurse money could hire. But sometimes she'd stand at the window of her apartment looking down at the black, endless flowing of human beings and motor-cars, and she'd say forlornly:

"You never know where they're going or why, do you?"

"And once she turned around desperately and asked me if anybody ever really *lived* in this town! I could have laughed out, for her tone was exactly like W. J.'s when he mourned aloud in the streets of Maggie's village; but I didn't tell him, for he wouldn't have understood. To his way of thinking, Maggie was one of the fortunate ones of earth, because he had found her and swung her name in electric bulbs above Broadway.

"Maybe I should have tried earlier to make him understand Maggie. Perhaps, if I had, what happened finally wouldn't have come with such a shock to him. The season drew to a close with Maggie's appearance a sure-fire hit every night, and Maggie's salary climbing, and a new contract ready for her signature for next season. The show was to go on the road for a short run, and then rehearsals were to begin for a summer production of a piece hastily concocted especially for Maggie.

"But one Sunday morning a night letter was delivered at my room. It was from Maggie. The import of it was that she could no longer stand the lonesomeness of New York! Homesickness had conquered her at last. She was going home!

"When the old man read that telegram he was at first absolutely speechless. Then an immense incredulity saved his brain. Then he commanded me to catch the next train and bring Maggie Spitzmiller back."

"HER SISTERS-IN-LAW ARE FORCED TO SHEATH THEIR CLAWS."

TOMMY SLADE turned to look philosophically out of the window at the flying rural landscape.

"How cool and sane it is!" he ruminated. "I don't know that I blame Maggie. This is the third trip I've made up here to try to get her back to the old man's town. But she prefers her own. And that's the little joke I'm getting out of it, all by myself. I have to enjoy it by myself, for I never could make W. J. Isham see that Maggie's homesickness was of the exact quality of his; that her longing for Main Street was his longing for Broadway; her longing



for her house and children and George was his for his work; her zest for the feud with her sisters-in-law was his love for the war he carried on with his theatrical rivals. But could I make him appreciate the parallel between them? Absolutely no! He frothed at the mouth when I tried to tell him that she would rather live in a frame house with a good view of Main Street than in an apartment-house de luxe overlooking Central Park. When I tried to make him see that her soul was sick for all the little human contacts she knew so well in her own town, he groaned and tore his hair.

"That rube town!" he hissed. "That prehistoric pueblo! That myrtle-grown graveyard! That's what it is—a graveyard, and she's burying herself there. She, a born comédienne, rarest thing in the world. Tommy, for my sake, for the sake of the profession, go up there and have one last try at her!"

"WELL, I've had my last try," said Tommy Slade. "And I've said good-by forever to Maggie Spitzmiller. It's no use. Somehow, from some mysterious source, her veins have received a drop of the authentic fire; but does she care anything about using it to make half the world forget their troubles in laughter? Not she! For her it has served its purpose.

"It has lifted her forever above the common run of her neighbors, like a mortal to whom the fairies have whispered. She'll never be anything but unaffected and honest; but she has a touch now of authority. And George will never disparage her again, in thought or word. Likewise, Evelyn, Jennie, and Clara are forced to sheathe their claws, for Maggie is the town's real personage now. Her exploits are the pride of the place. Her clothes furnish the sensation of every function. She told me she had been invited to join the 'bridge' club. She's going to build a house that will command a view of the whole of Main Street."

Tommy Slade turned his mellow grin upon me. "D'you know, I'm almost glad she refused to come back to W. J.'s town! This morning, when I went to see her she was leaning over the back-yard fence, in her old blue wrapper, talking to three neighbors. There was a smell in the air of strawberry jam cooking. In Maggie's yard the sweet-peas were beginning to bloom. Some one was beating a carpet across the street. Maggie kissed her children good-by as they trotted off to school. Sister Evelyn was in the house copying one of Maggie's boudoir robes.

"And Maggie's eyes were—you don't see them too often!—the eyes of an absolutely contented woman."



FIDDLERS FOUR

WHO ARE MAKING A MUSICAL AMERICA

BY VIRGIL JORDAN

MOST of us, when we are not highbrow-beaten by somebody, will confess to a feeling that chamber-music—of which the string quartet furnishes the most common form—is a boresome, over-serious sort of hocus-pocus. This is not our fault, for chamber-music has been sniffed at by musicians like Franz Liszt, who ought to have known better. But Anton Dvořák, who loved chamber-music, and who knew the musical possibilities of America, prophesied that it would one day become universally popular here. This is not true yet, but it has had a greater effect upon the musical life of America than any other form of musical art, and it is becoming every day more widely known and better liked.

Of course, "chamber-music" may mean piano and flute as well as strings; may mean trios as well as quartets, since it is simply music played together by a very few musicians, for a small audience, in a small place. But the string quartet always means simply the same four members of the fiddle family—Brother and Sister violin, Ma viola, and Pa 'cello, singing or quarreling under the hands of four members of the universal family of music-lovers.

The traveling string quartets are the chief means by which the level of musical taste in this country has been raised. They have spread everywhere the knowledge and love of chamber-music, and encouraged its playing.

They reach more of the country than the eminent soloist or orchestra or opera company can. All these either do not care, or can not afford, to go to small places. But for a string quartet no large hall, no elaborate equipment, no high-priced audience are necessary.

The string quartet plays only the highest type of music, which soloists often do not. It represents the most intimate side of the greatest composers. Their other works, as we hear them to-day, have changed with changes in the size and powers of the orchestra. Beethoven's quartets are heard to-day just as he wrote them. In them he let himself go, as he could not in his symphonies and other works. Some of them are surprisingly modern in technique, and difficult to the hearer.

Finally, the string quartet is a more effective inspiration to the obscure amateur than is the virtuoso or the symphony society. It is something he can try. It does not demand too much of his individuality, like solo playing, nor repress it too much, like orchestral playing. It develops confidence, cooperation, and enthusiasm. Like all chamber-music, it is really a domestic, democratic, social kind of art, suited to the temperament of America. That is why you will find the string quartet playing in all nooks and corners of the country, in hotels and summer resorts, schools, colleges, clubs, churches, and towns.

The four quartets on the following pages are the pioneers who blazed this trail of musical taste.



ADOLFO BETTI, 1st violin. ALFRED POCHON, 2nd violin. IWAN D'ARCHAMBEAU, 'cello. UGO ARA, viola.

The Flonzaley Quartet

"FLONZALEY" means a brooklet. It is the name of the estate on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, belonging to Mr. E. J. de Coppet of New York, a wealthy music-lover, who founded the Quartet in 1903. He wished to form a permanent organization which should be able to give all its time to the exacting demands of quartet-playing. After much searching this unique combination of temperaments was obtained. Mr. Betti is from Tuscany, Mr. Ara from Venice, Mr. Pochon from Switzerland, and Mr. d'Archambeau from Belgium. Until 1900 they played privately for Mr. de Coppet and for charity. When they first appeared publicly they created an instant sensation.

They have toured through England and Germany, and many times through the West. They have found the country full of musical surprises. A Texan hamlet, with a barn of an opera-house, will come to a concert of Bach and Reger prepared to the hilt with scores and literature. Sioux Falls goes in for Brahms as well as alimony; and Washington, D. C., so they say, is not prepared to give serious attention to even Schubert and Haydn.

They still play for Mr. de Coppet each winter in New York and each summer in Switzerland, where they work in the open among the trees or in a log cabin which they have all to themselves in the woods, far from interruption. All this is reflected in their playing. Every good quartet is a personality. The Flonzaleys are, like their name, fresh, sunny, sylvan, speaking of running waters and rustling leaves.



FRANZ KNEISEL, 1st violin. WILLEM WILLEKE, 'cello. LOUIS SVECELSKI, viola. HANS LETZ, 2nd violin.

The Kneisel Quartet

THE man who has done most to develop the string quartet in America is beyond all question Franz Kneisel. The Kneisel Quartet was founded in 1885 by Mr. Henry L. Higginson of Boston. Like the Flonzaleys and others, the Kneisels were helped in their early years by a wealthy music-lover. It has taken a long time to gather a chamber-music public, and hardly yet can a quartet hope to maintain itself at first without such aid. The Kneisels plowed the field for all others during that long thirty-one years, and it has brought forth a ripe and ready appreciation everywhere.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, during a recent concert Mr. Kneisel prolonged a rest in a Beethoven quartet for fully two and a half minutes while a political brass band passed up the block and back again. The attention of the audience never wavered. He says this could not have happened ten years ago. The Quartet has toured the continent four times.

Mr. Kneisel had himself the career of a great virtuoso before him. He was born in Rumania and appeared as soloist of the Vienna Philharmonic at the age of seventeen. He has refused two of the greatest conductors' posts in this country—that of the New York Philharmonic and the Philadelphia Orchestra—in order to devote himself to the Quartet. In recognition of his services in the development of music in America the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Music has twice been conferred upon him—by Yale University in 1911, and by Princeton University in 1915.



ANTOINETTE, 1st violin.

AMANDUS, 2nd violin.

JOSEPH, Sr., viola.

JOSEPH, Jr., 'cello.

The Zoellner Quartet

THE Zoellners prove completely that chamber-music is a domestic art. They are the most widely known family quartet in the world. There is, to be sure, a New England family of father, mother, and six children, each of whom plays a different instrument. But this is an orchestra. Quartet-playing *en famille* has many difficulties, but the Zoellners seem to have conquered them all.

Mr. Joseph Zoellner, Senior, began quartet-playing at fourteen in the weekly chamber-music evenings of a German manufacturer in New York. When he married he lost no time organizing, so to speak, a quartet of his own. All three children proved to be prodigies. Their first public appearance was in a church in Brooklyn. Their number came at the end of a miscellaneous program, but it had to be put at the beginning because the second violinist, little Amandus, was falling asleep. Eight o'clock was his bedtime. Since then Amandus and the rest have kept later hours, bringing chamber-music to countless little Western towns off the beaten path.

More than any other organization they have brought chamber-music close to the people by their domestic example, their ingratiating personality, their well-chosen programs, and by their willingness to go everywhere and anywhere. Their playing has won them warm friends everywhere. The Countess of Flanders decorated them with a silver medal; but innumerable lovers of music in all corners of this country have decorated them in their hearts with more than that.

Photo by Alice Boughton.



OLIVE MEAD, 1st violin, LILLIAN LIT TLEHALES, 'cello, GLADYS NORTH, viola, VERA FONAROFF, 2nd violin.

The Olive Mead Quartet

THE best sign that chamber-music is an intimate, social, democratic, and domestic art is in the ladies of the Olive Mead Quartet. No such quartet could exist five beats if there were anything in that old saw about women being unsocial and quarrelsome. And whatever the antis may say, these ladies have placed themselves upon an equal plane with the best male quartets in existence. "The place of women is in the home"—and so is the quartet. Besides raising the musical taste of young America, two of the members are raising successfully three young Americans of musical taste. The quartet is the leading woman string quartet in the world, and it shares fully in the credit for having spread the knowledge and inspiration of chamber-music-playing the country wide.

For thirteen years, with occasional domestic interruptions, they have been doing this. Rockford, Illinois; Aurora, New York; Spartanburg, South Carolina; Ogontz, Pennsylvania; and less chamber-musical places have heard them many times. They remember quite well that San Francisco was hungry for chamber-music even after the earthquake. And they have had incessant convincing proofs that the appetite is a general one. They have never needed to ask special consideration on account of their sex. But the American public is always sensitive to personalities, even in quartets. So it could not be restrained from calling the leader of these "little sisters of the Kneisels" "The Breath of Spring"—and that fully describes the Quartet itself.

ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

A Three-Part Story About a Country Club-ful of Married Problems

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS



THE Indian Point Country Club consists of a half-dozen or so young married couples, with Sammy Slocum as Club bachelor. One winter afternoon Mr. Slocum shows the Club the business circular of Lydia Mott Lovell, Domestic Efficiency Expert, whose profession is to criticize homes. For a hundred dollars she makes a thorough inspection; for ten dollars a more casual study. Mr. Slocum suggests that they draw cuts to see who will try her out for a hundred-dollar opinion, the results to be announced to the Club, together with the results handed out to all who may employ her for the ten-dollar service. There are protests—several of the couples are far from being a hundred per cent. perfect in their home relations; but finally the idea carries.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
MAY
WILSON
PRESTON



The lot falls to Caroline and Philip Gibbons. They are considered the model couple of Indian Point, but as a matter of fact they often quarrel over the monthly check which Caroline accepts from her rich father and spends rather too independently. So far as the Gibbonses can see, Mrs. Lovell's visit discloses nothing wrong in their home; but shortly after, Caroline's parents pretend to lose their money, and the check is withdrawn. At the Frothinghams', in sharp contrast, Mrs. Lovell finds a badly ruffled surface and perfect harmony beneath. Sherman Kimball, who is an author and inclined to be irritable, consults Mrs. Lovell without his wife's knowledge, and the result is that he takes the initiative in adopting two children. Tony Morgan and Tenny Talbot also consult her privately, the van Dervens and Sammy Slocum openly. All reports are to be read February second.

TUESDAY, February second, duly arrived, a cold and desolate day, with a bleak wind whipping the bare trees and shrubs of Indian Point, and ice jerking and jostling in the bay.

Caroline Gibbons, briskly making beds, glanced out of the window into the cold morning, and grimaced at the weather. To-night was the appointed night, at the Club. She had been rather dreading it, dreading Minna's cool interest and Sammy's laughter; but if it must be faced, it must be faced, and Caroline was not the woman to demur. In a day or two her parents were to leave for California; Elsa was already gone. The change had come upon them in good earnest.

But Caroline was concealing an astonishing sense of relief. Elsa had been an autocrat—the house was much pleasanter without her high voice and incessant demands. Caroline, like all good cooks, liked to cook, and she and Amelia and little Martha had already had some pleasant enough times in the kitchen. Natural enough not to regret Elsa. But she was almost relieved to think of mother and dad as absent, too! That was the amazing thing.

Of course they would be happy and well, in California. And Caroline would certainly have a free and quiet winter of readjusting. She had been a much praised and admired woman all her life, but of late there had been a new note in the air. Lucy Talbot had flown to her at the first news of the calamity, so eager, so sympathetic, so affectionate. Amy Kimball had come, too; there must be something she and Kim could do—? Dad had sent her a

receipt for a year's dues at the Club, in Phil's name, and her thanks to dad were the sweetest memory of all.

"You've always been too good to me, dear," Caroline had said. "I never began to appreciate it before! You mustn't spend any more money on us, dad—we've more than most people now! Just take care of yourself and mother, and perhaps some day Philip and I can begin to return all you've done for us!"

And dad's smile, as he kissed her, was something for Caroline to remember. It was wonderful enough to take the last trace of sting from the fact that Edith Morgan had merely shrugged her shoulders and looked bored when Caroline refused to play bridge on a busy afternoon, and that Minna had answered very coldly Caroline's eager little note explaining why she could not go on the board of directors of the Guild Auxiliary this year.

But Betty, of whom Caroline had not seen very much of late years, came dancing in nearly every day, or Caroline, having Martha and Kenneth to amuse in any case, walked down to Amy's or over to Betty's in the afternoons, with her sewing in a silk bag, and her children's confidences pouring upon her in a steady stream.

She would go to the Club to-night, she thought, and face the music bravely. But that would be the end of the Club for a while. She was apt to be a little too tired at night, now, to care for anything but her own fireside. She and Philip were trying very hard to establish the custom of reading aloud; they had always meant to go through several books a winter, but somehow had never seemed to have time.

Caroline had for a while hoped that the appointment to-night had been forgotten generally; but only an hour ago Betty had closed a telephone-call with a cheerful "See you to-night!" and later, Amy Kimball had asked the Gibbonses to dinner—"I want you to have a look at Pam's gums, Caroline, before we go to the Club!"

So Caroline was in for it. She took Mrs. Lovell's neatly typewritten pages from her desk, just before dinner, and went over them again. Not very bad—not as bad as they might have been! And, curiously enough, some of the very suggestions Mrs. Lovell made here had been accidentally brought about by dad's losses. Elsa was gone—the Expert had said that Elsa was an extravagance. Martha was more in her mother's company. Philip was to play no more poker, or only in small games. Caroline was to expend less effort upon inessential details, and be more in the open air. The Expert would respectfully suggest that, in domestic matters, no outsider, even the nearest and dearest, should be quoted as criticizing.

The rest was praise. Caroline was surprised to find herself gratified by the woman's praise. The atmosphere of the house, the children's speech and appearance, the domestic budget, all these were one hundred per cent. good. The family average per cent. was high—eighty-two. Caroline, dressed for dinner, and waiting for Philip to come down-stairs, determined in her secret soul that, poverty or no poverty, the percentage should be higher next year!

MEANWHILE the van Dervens, forgetful of the occasion, had bidden the Morgans to dine, and Edith Morgan had gone into her mother's room to say that Tony was almost ready, and the car at the door.

Mrs. Prentice, fastening on rings and pins before her mirror, turned a rather pale face toward her daughter as she came in. The older woman looked

suddenly aged and troubled under her elaborate coils of gray hair, and despite her rich gown.

"Sit down, Edie," she said, indicating one of the big, heavy chairs that furnished the handsome, old-fashioned bedroom. "I—I'm awfully distressed about—all this."

Edith shrugged, raised quizzical eyebrows. "I don't see why, mother," she said impatiently.

"Why?" the other woman echoed, with some heat. "Well, you *ought* to see why—that's all I can say!" Breathing fast, she went on with her dressing. Edith smiled lazily. "Sometimes I don't understand you, Edith!" said her mother.

"I don't see why you can't regard the whole matter as a joke—which it is," drawled Edith presently. "Why, you remember how we were all joking when we began it! I never would have gotten into it if I had dreamed that you or any one else would have taken it so seriously—or that that woman would have dared be so bold! I didn't ask Anthony to consult Mrs. Lovell; he did it of his own accord. I happened to see her letter before he did——"

"And opened it!" her mother supplied.

"Well, he never minds, and—I never dreamed what was in it!" Edith agreed indifferently. "One of the men at the Club brought it to me and asked me to give it to Mr. Morgan. I opened it, later on, as a matter of course. And that's all there is to it!"

"That's not all there is to it," her mother contradicted her promptly. "Do you ever intend to tell Tony?"

"Never!"

"And what will he suppose, when he doesn't hear from Mrs. Lovell?"

"I don't know. I sent her a ten-dollar bill, with his card. I'll look out for her receipt. Tony isn't the sort that worries; he'll think she simply has nothing to say—or forgot! Let well enough alone, mother."

"Your father," Mrs. Prentice said gravely, "was the soul of honor! I don't know what to make of you!"

"My honor isn't involved," Edith said airily.

"Your husband's is! This woman—this creature!—implies that Tony has been—that—But it's too preposterous! I won't believe it! He has always been the best and most devoted—And, more than that, he has always said that he was glad there wasn't a family——"

"If Anthony really wants something that he doesn't get in his home life," Edith said carelessly, "if he wants



WITH HER
SEWING IN A
SILK BAG
AND HER
CHILDREN'S
CONFIDENCES
POURING
UPON HER
IN A STEADY
STREAM.





"PUSH YOUR COMB IN, MOTHER," SAID EDITH PLACIDLY, "AND COME ALONG!"

a little, domestic, adoring fool to——"

"Edith! You don't believe it!"

"No, certainly I don't!"

"But then—my child!—why don't you ask him frankly? Ask him if he really stays in town for his directors' meetings——"

"I tell you I won't, mother!"

"But *why*?"

"Because I believe in letting well enough alone, I tell you!"

"Well enough!" echoed the old lady, in a deep, tragic voice.

"Well, it is well enough," Edith asserted. "Why, think a minute, mother," she added, in a more aroused tone. "Do *you* want Tony and me to stop living with you? Do *you* want not to see us for months? Do *you* want me to take the risk of having a baby?—a thing Doctor Yates said I positively could not safely do!—or do you want me to blaze up about this possible affair to Tony, and perhaps be driven into a divorce?"

She ended triumphantly, for the old lady was whimpering.

"But where is your pride, Edith? Haven't you any pride?" the mother presently demanded.

"No, I don't suppose I have! I've got life pretty much to suit me, and I'm not going to tear it up by the roots now!" Edith rose, and began to finger her long white gloves. "Push your comb in, mother," said she placidly, "and come along! That's the horn honking; Tony must have gone down."

And an hour or two later, when they were having coffee by the fire, she said regretfully to Minna van Derven apropos of the Domestic Efficiency Expert: "We didn't consult her, did we, Tony?"

"Well, I did, in a way, on the side," Tony confessed. "But she hasn't responded. I guess we weren't interesting!"

"Come on, now," said Jonas van Derven, "what did she say?"

"No, honest, Jonas," Anthony protested. "Never a peep out of her! And I'm not sorry. It makes you feel like thirty cents' worth of dog-meat to have her ripping you up the back! Preserve the sanctity of the home, I say—eh, what, mother?"

"S-s-surely, dear," Mrs. Prentice said mildly.

"Well, now listen to what *we* got!" said Mrs. van Derven, on what was a note of great vivacity, for her. "This is the richest ever! I tell Jonas that it's well worth ten dollars—to laugh at anything as I have laughed at this. It didn't make me *one bit mad*!"

Minna laughed a little unnaturally, and Jonas said heavily: "She didn't make *me* mad, because a woman like that couldn't have any effect on me, one way or the other! But I think it's ridiculous for her to go about the country insulting people!"

"Insulting?" Mrs. Prentice asked quickly. "She *didn't*!"

"Well—" Minna shrugged her shoulders. "Read it!" she commanded.

Jonas obediently took from his pocket the heavy double sheet of cloudy-white, deckle-edged, rough paper, monogrammed heavily with Lydia Lovell's initials, with which two members at least of the group were already familiar.

"'Jonas and Minna van Derven,'" he read. "'The percentage of this case is forty-one——'"

"*Forty-one!*" said Edith, widening her eyes.

"Listen!" Minna commanded.

"'The percentage of this case is forty-one,'" Jonas repeated with relish, "'out of a possible one hundred points for marriage, parenthood, and citizenship. The extreme lowness of this figure is explained by the fact that both husband and wife have inherited fortunes, thus removing them from the sphere of those who must work, in greater or lesser degree, for a living, and are consequently to be classed, in a national sense, as parasites, drawing heavily upon the commonwealth, and contributing nothing to its——'"

"I don't believe it!" said Tony.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Minna said eagerly. "Go on, Jonas!"

"'—contributing nothing to its welfare,'" Jonas read on. "'They are among the small minority of Americans who, consciously or unconsciously, are betraying the fundamental principles of our democracy by attempting to establish a feudal authority over their domestic employees, and thus insert the opening wedge for class distinctions in this country; and they possess a conviction of natural superiority over their fellow men——'"

"You—with your great-grandfather a president, betraying the country!" said Mrs. Prentice. "That's *too* good!"

"'—a conviction of natural superiority over their fellow men,'" Jonas continued, "'so deeply rooted in rather undeveloped minds that it is unlikely ever to be disturbed. Parenthood came reluctantly to both husband and wife, being undertaken from a strict sense of duty toward their large fortune, and their child is being educated in a manner calculated to make him an even less useful citizen than his parents."

"'The condition of employees in the van Derven-Rappelye mills is almost as bad as conditions can be: fire laws, working-hour laws, and sanitation laws being equally ignored——'"

"As if Jonas had anything to do with the mills!" interrupted Minna.

"I never even saw them—so she doesn't score *there!*" Jonas smiled.

"However, she did find something good in us," Minna added with elaborate gratitude. "It comes in now, doesn't it, Jonas?"

"'This husband and wife, however,'" Jonas read, "'rank high in mutual consideration and esteem, are fond of their home, and ambitious, in so far as their perception permits, to be fair to their servants, their child, and their social duty toward society. They are, in all probability, the victims of an imperfect system, and less to be blamed than pitied for the limited scope of a life that might be unusually powerful, influential, and interesting."

"'Suggestions: The only possible cure for this family would be an entire change, affecting their mode of life even less radically than their point of view. They should interest themselves in the problems—and especially the wage and labor problems—of those less rich than themselves; they should, if



"JONAS
AND MINNA
VAN
DERVEN,"
HEREAD.
"THE PER-
CENTAGE
OF THIS
CASE IS
FORTY-
ONE."

possible, raise a large family; and they should study and absorb the high ideals that have made our democracy possible."

Jonas stopped on a note of almost exultant amusement, and the stunned silence of the listening circle was immediately broken by a burst of general laughter.

"And she gets ten dollars for *that*!" Jonas said, with a scornful laugh. "Well—I don't want the thing!" And after a consenting nod from Minna, he crumpled the thick sheet in his hands, and tossed it into the fire.

"Well, what do you *make* of it?" Edith Morgan asked. "She surely didn't write it just to be nasty!"

"Why, Jonas and I figure it out this way," said Minna. "We think she simply couldn't find anything—anything serious, that is—to, you know what I mean—to say was wrong, don't you know?"

"To criticize," supplied Anthony.

"Exactly! Thank you. And so we think she just cast about in her mind, and—and you all know as well as I do that there are lots of people who are jealous of the upper classes, and like to—to, you know, to say rude things about them! Why, we have it all the time at the mills. I remember, when I was quite a little girl, there was a fire, and—I don't remember exactly, but I know my father was threatened, and we had detectives down. Mother and I went away the next day, to Europe, I think.

Anyway, I know there was something—Anyway, it's always been so, and it always will be so, and she's welcome to her ten dollars, if it gives her any satisfaction!"

And Minna, having made, for her, a very long speech, and with a little unusual color in her face, looked about the circle with a satisfied nod.

"I'm dying to hear what she said to Caroline!" Edith said. "Nothing else on earth could get me away from this gorgeous fire on such a vile night!"

"I think it's a shame to have to go," Minna agreed. "We could have a game of bridge—cut in. It's horrible out!"

"Well, I can tell you about Caroline," Mrs. Prentice supplied. "It wasn't interesting at all. In the first place, of course, the Gibbonses have had terrible reverses, so everything's changed anyway. I don't know—It was just what one might have expected—that their cook was too expensive——"

"Funny that Doctor Messenger's failure should have come along just now, to save Caroline's face," Edith mused.

"OH, TRUST Caroline for that sort of luck! Any changes she makes now will be laid to that, and not the Expert!" Minna said. "Well, what about it? Shall we cut out the Club? There won't be much doing, anyway. Betty may go, and I suppose of course Caroline and Amy—but I don't believe Sammy's home."

"Sammy got it hard and heavy," Edith smiled. "Mrs. Lovell made him give up his butler that he's had for years, because he was making love to the maid—a married man! And she made Sammy hunt up Kate Slocum's children, and do dear-knows-what for them, and she told him he spent too much money, and ate too much, and drank too much, and was too idle——"

"More fool Sammy to listen to her!" observed Minna.

"Oh, my dear, do you know I really fancy Sammy's hard hit!" Edith said seriously. "Tony thinks so, too! He's been to Boston three or four times—Mrs. Lovell lives in Boston—and he's so changed!"

"Everything's changed, darn it!" observed Tony discontentedly. "I wish we'd never had the woman down! The Kimballs going nutty over a pair of kids; the Gibbonses——"

"Ah, you can't hold her responsible for that!" said Mrs. Prentice. "Neither Kim nor the Talbots had her!"

Jonas had rung for a servant, and now a card-table was silently brought in.

"You others can do as you like," said Jonas, "but I'm for some bridge!"

DINNER at the Kimballs', if far less magnificent, was much more hilarious. Kim was in his wildest spirits, Betty all giggle and dimple, Caroline and Philip their most brilliant selves, and Amy and Billy perfectly happy in their customary rôle of audience. The four young Frothinghams and the two young Gibbonses were safely asleep at home, and the two Kimball babies, delicious in pink and blue nighties, had been passed about as a sort of appetizer before dinner, and had retired under the admiring eyes of their new mother, the enslaved Ellen, and the two women guests. And as Caroline turned down crib-blankets with a practised hand, and Betty buttoned up small sleeping-garments, Amy, with the baby in her lap and the firelight dancing softly over the nursery, felt that she could die of joy. Her home, her husband with his guests down-stairs, her friends here in maternal consultation, her children—warm, responsive flesh and blood—beside her! Small wonder that Amy came down to dinner as radiant as a rose.

"I wish we could get out of that party at the Club to-night," Philip said frankly, after dinner.

"We might as well go through with it," Caroline added, with a sigh.

"I don't see what *you* have to be afraid of, Caroline!" Amy said vivaciously. "If it were me, I would feel horribly self-conscious; but even if we ever did need her, we don't need her now. I'm glad we didn't consult her!"

"We've got our work laid out for the next ten years," Sherman Kimball, stretched lazily out in a deep chair, his pipe in his mouth, and his eyes on the fire, said contentedly. "I have my business; Amy hers—that's all. We've had the kids ten days, but nobody on the place is willing to admit that they weren't born and brought up here. Amy and I left them with Ellen a night or two ago, and spent the night in town. Well, I couldn't eat my breakfast before I got Ellen by telephone, to ask about 'em! Amy was as calm as a clock, but Lord, that boy has certainly got my number!"

Caroline glanced at Amy, but Peter's mother did not speak. She was sitting beside her husband, and now they linked hands, quite unashamed, and smiled a little uncertainly at each other.

"Well," said the unsentimental Betty briskly, "we're ninety-three! I assure you, Billy and I nearly fell off our feet when we got Mrs. Lovell's note. Yes, we are, ninety-three per cent.! It seems children count very high in this thing, because, as she said, we are all presumably building for the next



"AS IF JONAS
HAD ANY-
THING TO
DO WITH
THE MILLS!"
INTERRUPT-
ED MINNA.

generation, and the children are the only ones who will be here to reap! Persons like—well, without children—live at the expense of posterity. That was what she said, wasn't it, Billy? Really I think her theory is that poor people should have two, people with one servant four, with two servants six, and so on——"

"The Duchess of Sudsberry has four hundred servants——" Kim said, in a dreamy aside.

"Anyway," Betty went on, "she suggested that the Club was an extravagance; I said it was Uncle Sam's treat. Then she said that I tried a little too hard for elaborate meals. She said that I was in a business, the business of motherhood, and that I ought to cut out of my life everything that made it hard. She said that the strain ought to be eased all round: nourishing, simple meals, lots of fruit and sunshine and fresh air, simple clothes for the girls, and so on! She said to save frills and fussing until they were older, able to take care of their things. I loved her!"

"**B**ETTY and I," added Billy, with his slow, sweet smile, "from being a good deal rushed and fussed and worried, have settled down to be the smuggest pair you ever saw! We think we're wonders! Betty's making Paul dark-blue rompers——"

"The first baby I ever put into anything but white!" said Betty parenthetically.

"I know!" Amy Kimball said, in a low, sympathetic aside. "But they do *go through* their white so!"

"And the children only get one thing for luncheon," said Betty. "Hasty pudding with raisins, or chocolate and cornbread, or baked potatoes and bread and jam. I used to think it had to be just a little meat, and a little scraped vegetable, and a little rice—I think that's all nonsense. Children don't need meat every day; they need food. Yesterday they had onion soup and baked apples. It's all so easy. Anyway, Cherry begins to look fat, for the first time in her life."

"Oh, dear—wouldn't it be nice if we could all sit about the fire and talk, and have Caroline sing, and Kim play 'Butterfly'!" Amy exclaimed suddenly.

"Oh, I'd much rather!" said Betty fervently. "But I know the van Dervens are going, and Sammy——"

"Sammy's in Boston," Billy corrected her.

"I wish we could," Caroline said slowly. "It all started like a joke, of course. But it's not a joke. Marriage is a mighty serious thing, and any one who can classify marriages, or improve the general status of marriage, is doing the world a big service. Other businesses have been weeded and corrected and standardized, year after year; this one ought to be. If there is waste and unhappiness in our households, we ought to be held responsible. The person to blame ought to be held to blame. I've learned that——"

"I said I'd go to the Club to-night, and I will," she resumed, after a silence, during which all these young people stared thoughtfully at the fire. "But it seems a sacrilege, somehow, and I'm sorry to do it!"

"Now—wait!" said Kim, rising with sudden inspiration. "I'm going to telephone, and see how many of the crowd reached the Club."

In a hopeful silence, his wife and his guests awaited his return to the room. He came in smiling. "Barrows was in a great state of nerves," he announced gaily. "Nobody there at all. A large fire, lights all burning, and nobody there! Jonas van Derven telephoned, about ten minutes ago,



"I'M DYING TO HEAR WHAT SHE
SAID TO CAROLINE. NOTHING ELSE
ON EARTH COULD GET ME AWAY
FROM THIS GORGEOUS FIRE ON
SUCH A VILE NIGHT!"

ONE HUNDRED
PER CENT.
647

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and asked him to let them know when anybody came, so I told him the same thing! Sammy wired late this afternoon from town that he would come if possible. And meanwhile——”

“Meanwhile—we’ll all be happy!” Amy sighed, in great satisfaction. “Make Caroline sing, Kim. Turn that light up, by the piano. Put some wood on, will you, Phil, like a dear?”

“Oh, horror, what’s that?” said three or four voices, a moment later. Kim, at the piano, turned about scowling. Caroline, turning over music, stood with tipped head and arrested hand. The group in the firelight sat erect and apprehensive. Somebody was hammering on the knocker.

But it was only Lucy and Tenny Talbot, who came in out of the cold, rosy, evidently in high spirits.

“You quitters!” said Lucy, flinging off her wraps and coming to the blaze. “We went to the Club, and peeped in—not a soul there! I knew you’d none of you come!”

“You’re a nice lot!” Tenny added in rich scorn.

“We were going, if anybody else came!” said the guilty chorus, and Betty added: “You needn’t talk, Lucy—you wouldn’t even have Mrs. Lovell come near you!”

“I don’t need her!” Lucy said gaily. “Tenny—Tenny——” she paused.

“Tenny’s reformed,” said Tenny himself. “Early hours—new flannels—on the wagon! I’ve got religion—or change of heart, or something. Anyway, I’m going to get well, if I can. I’m going to make up to Lucy——”

He had gotten so far, when Lucy interrupted him. She turned quickly, and put an arresting little hand on his shoulder as he stood beside her. “Ah, no, Tenny—don’t! You make yourself too bad, and me too good. It makes me too sad!”

“Well,” he looked down at her. “Well, the summary of it is,” Tenison Talbot said, smiling rather shamefacedly, “that I am a lucky man to have a little woman who doesn’t want to do anything else but get me well, and fuss over me, and put up with me——”

“And we’re going to California on Monday!” Lucy finished, in an exultant burst. “We’re sending the car, and Tenny is to sleep out-of-doors, and run a little ranch, and we’re going to have chickens and horses and cows and a garden; and Dr. Rogers says—that——” Lucy choked. “I—I don’t know why I’m crying,” she said, laughing through her tears, “because—because I’m so happy about it!”

Everybody laughed, a trifle uncertainly.

“Well, we’ve all been playing with fire, we husbands and wives,” Sherman Kimball said, smiling. “I tell you it’s a pretty serious thing, marriage and monkeying with married people! You didn’t consult Mrs. Lovell, of course—yet I think we all began to act like kids when the teacher comes in!”

“She didn’t monkey with us!” Lucy said proudly.

“She didn’t have half as much to do with our affairs as dear old daddy’s horrible money troubles did!” added Caroline.



AND BETTY
BUTTONED
UP SMALL
SLEEPING-
GARMENTS.



"She paid no attention whatever to *me!*" Amy Kimball said.

"And she threw nothing but cut blossoms at Billy and me!" Betty finished contentedly. "I wonder if we're all better than we think we are?"

"Minna got a horrible rap," Caroline said. "But she took it as a joke."

"And the Morgans didn't consult her," Philip summarized. "So there we all are! And, as I say, we got off very easily."

"But—" Caroline Gibbons looked seriously about the circle. "Let's never have her again! I feel as if a Zeppelin had passed innocuously by. If any one ever uses the word 'efficiency' to me again, I shall fall in a swoon."

"Thank goodness it's over!" Tenny Talbot said piously.

Lucy widened her eyes at him. "Why, what difference did it make to *you*, Ten?"

"None at all, dear—except as it agitated Indian Point. And so I say, 'Never again!'"

"Never again!" they all echoed fervently.

"And is any one going to the Club?" asked Philip. "No?— Well, then, have this chair, Lucy, where you can warm your little slippers. Go on with your music, you two!— We can't get fairly talking until you begin!"

THUS it happened that Mr. Slocum arrived at a deserted Club, at nine o'clock. A bright fire was blazing, and there was a ring of chairs about the deserted hearth. Sammy rang for the old steward.

"Indeed, one after the other, they telephoned me they weren't coming," said Barrows aggrievedly, arranging the already well-arranged chairs. "They don't come to the Club as they did, sir, indeed they do not!"

"Queer!" mused Sammy.

"It's very queer, sir. And, if you'll excuse me, it all seems to date from the day that lady came, sir," said Barrows daringly.

"That lady?"

"Yes, sir. Mrs. Lovell, sir."

"Oh-h-h!" Sammy raised his brows before taking another sip of something hot and comforting. "Why do you think that?"

"Well, sir," the old man said eagerly, "young Mrs. Frothingham was trying to explain some of it to me, sir. 'Barrows,' said she, 'were you ever married?' I told her my wife had died before ever I came to this country, twenty-seven years ago. 'Well,' says she, 'was yours a marriage forty per



AMY, WITH
THE BABY IN
HER LAP
AND THE
FIRELIGHT
DANCING
SOFTLY
OVER THE
NURSERY,
FELT THAT
SHE COULD
DIE OF JOY.

cent., or ninety per cent.?" Barrows fixed a mildly patient eye upon Mr. Slocum, and added quietly: "I was always a great admirer of Miss Betty's. She always had the cheerful way with her. Not a week later," he added, "Mrs. Gibbons came in to tell me that her father was going away, penniless in his old age, sir. And then Mr. Kimball adopted two children—that might be anybody's, for all he knows, and took them home like his own. And it's not a good thing for a club, sir, it is not indeed! Now I hear that Mr. Talbot, that was always here, making so merry—and no harm in it, of a Saturday night, when we had the little dances!—is going away. And I need hardly tell you, sir," finished Barrows, with a cautious look about him, "that Mr. Morgan and Mr. van Derven are not the sort that—that take the initiative in little club affairs, d'ye see?"

"I see," said Sammy. "Well, do you know that it seems to me the trouble is that all these people are too much married!" he suggested brilliantly, after thought.

The steward looked up hopefully. "That's exactly my own opinion, sir," he agreed firmly.

"The only thing for me to do," Sammy continued musingly, "is to get married myself. The darling——!"

He said the last two words under his breath, at a sudden vision the thought evoked. Barrows coughed discreetly, and stirred the fire, with the pained half-smile of one who hears a joke without catching the point.

"It all depends upon my percentage," Sammy said, dreamily. "I was forty-two per cent., but that was a month ago. She as much as admitted that I have risen to seventy-two, since. How long should you suppose it would take me to gain twenty-eight points?"

"I don't follow you, sir," Barrows said respectfully.

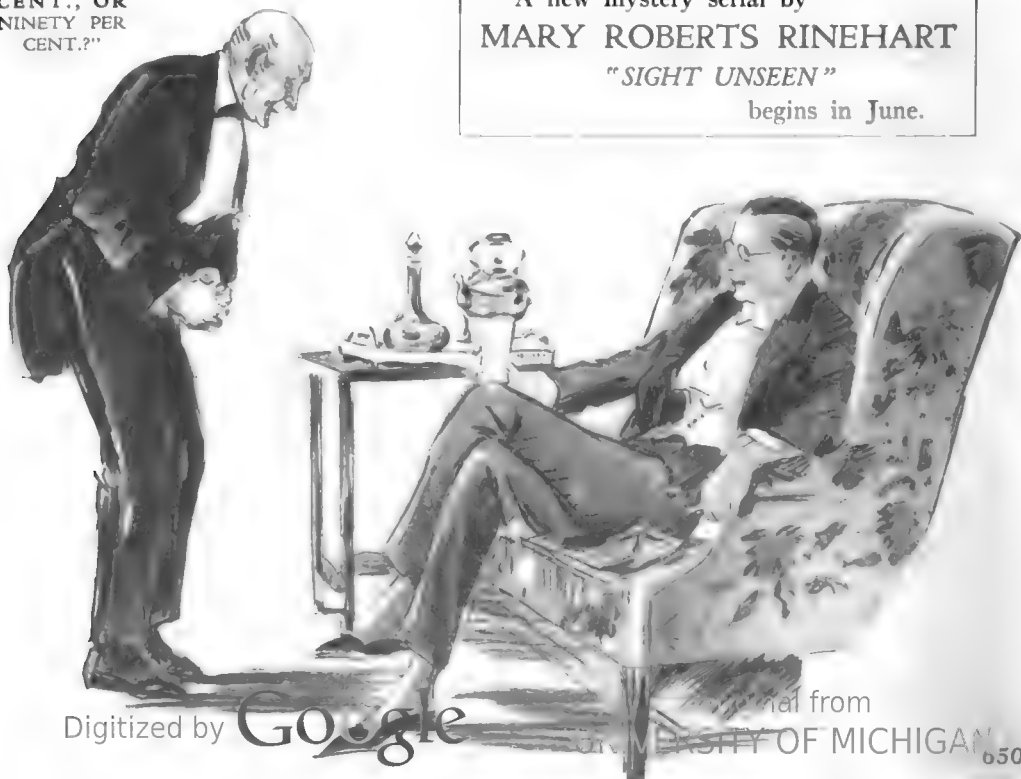
But Sammy did not hear him. "Too much married!" he said, half to himself and half to the vision. "Yes, there's no help for it! I shall have to get married!"

"WELL," SAYS SHE, "WAS YOUR MARRIAGE FORTY PER CENT., OR NINETY PER CENT.?"

A new mystery serial by
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

"SIGHT UNSEEN"

begins in June.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

SKETCHES BY H. L. DRUCKLIEB.

The Reverend Sol Broils was preaching what he considered his best sermon, but, for some unaccountable reason, it failed to arouse sufficient interest.

He decided to try his audience on another theme. "Bretheren," he shouted, "in dat Glory Land dar ain't gwine ter be no mo' scufflin' fer de good things to eat! Everything gwine ter be fotch to yo'—sassage, spare-rib, chitlin's, 'possum! Think uv dat!"

Old Uncle Bill Franklin, who had been sound asleep, woke up at this point and yelled out fervidly: "Parson, say dem greasy wuhds agin!"

Grandma was making her first visit to the city. She loved music and was enjoying the popular musical play of the season. Watching the graceful couple in the "Merry Widow" waltz, she whispered to her hostess: "That'll be a match all right."



After one of the late Booker T. Washington's lectures in the South, a Southern gentleman, carried away by his oratory, rushed up to him, seized his hand, and exclaimed: "Washington, you're the greatest man living!"

"Oh, no," modestly replied Washington. "There's Mr. Roosevelt."

"Aw," responded the Southerner, in disgust, "I never did have any use for him after he invited you to dine with him."

"Now, children," said the teacher, "I have been talking to you about the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition, and I will now tell you a little story of two dogs. Henry had a nice little dog, gentle as a lamb. He would not bark at the passers-by or at strange dogs, and would never bite. William's dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, or flying at the hens and cats in the neighborhood; and several times he seized a cow by the nostrils and threw her. He barked at strangers, and would bite them unless some one interfered. Now, boys, which dog would you like to own—Henry's or William's?"

The answer came instantly, in one eager shout:

"William's!"

Two washerwomen were one day telling of the progress made by their boys in their chosen work.

"Tell me, Mrs. Casey," asked Mrs. Clancy, "what's your son John doing now?"

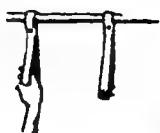
"John's on the stage—he's a light comedian," answered Mrs. Casey.

"Ye don't tell me!" exclaimed Mrs. Clancy. "An' would ye moind tellin' me what a light comedian is?"

"Well," explained Mrs. Casey, "in me son's case it's this: he plays a silent part behind a black curtain, with his mouth to a hole, and in front is a candle, and when Alkali Al shoots at the candle, John blows it out."



EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.



"That's the Goddess of Liberty," explained the New Yorker. "Fine attitude, eh?"

"Yes, and typically American," replied the Western visitor. "Hanging to a strap."

A woman from the city was spending the summer in a small town, and one day, while doing her marketing, she asked the butcher how he happened to choose his business.

He hesitated a moment, and then: "Well, I don't know," he answered, "but I always *was* fond of animals."



Judge Henry Howland told the story of an embarrassed but generous-hearted young man who felt called upon to relieve the sudden cessation of conversation which often overtakes even the most brilliant social circle. With the blushes mounting his cheeks, he timidly turned to the daughter of the hostess, who was not present in the room, and inquired:

"Ho-how is yo-your mo-mother? N-not th-that I gi-give a damn, bu-but it ma-makes ta-talk."

"Not guilty, sir," replied the prisoner.

"Where did you find the prisoner, constable?" asked the magistrate.

"In Trafalgar Square, sir," was the reply.

"And what made you think he was intoxicated?"

"Well, sir, he was throwing his walking-stick into the basin of one of the fountains, and trying to entice one of the stone lions to go and fetch it out again."



"The varra best music I effer heard whateffer was down at Jamie MacLaughlan's," said a piper. "There wass fifteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlour, all playin' different chunes. I thocht I was floatin' in Heevin."

A Congressman from Maryland, in the course of a debate, called an Indiana Representative an ass. This was, of course, unparliamentary, and had to be withdrawn.

The Marylander said: "I withdraw the language, Mr. Speaker, but I insist that the gentleman from Indiana is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the Westerner.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you," retorted the Marylander.



A Teutonic resident of Brooklyn was talking with a friend about his daughter's wedding.

"Dose Irish make me sick," he said, "always talking about vat greadt fighders dey are. Vhy, at Hilda's vedding der odder nighd, dot drunken Tim O'Toole butted in, und me und mein bruder and mein Uncle Hans and mein frient, Fritz Kuhl—vhy, ve pretty near kicked him oudt of der house."

In a certain coast city many strangers take furnished houses for the winter, and a young woman there is fond of keeping tabs on them, and discussing their affairs. Of one family in particular she spoke in detail—their wealth, their children, and, alas, the obvious aloofness of the rest of the winter colony.

"I don't know nothing about 'em," she declared one day. "But this I will say: my husband, who collects garbage, says that they have perfectly swell swill!"



Everybody's Magazine

✦ PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY ✦

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, PRESIDENT
GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY & TREAS.

HOWARD WHEELER, MNG. EDITOR
RUTHERFORD BOYD, ART DIRECTOR

✦ SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS, NEW YORK CITY ✦



HEADING
AND CAR-
TOONS BY
GEORGE M.
RICHARDS.

WOMEN WHO ARE SICK OF PACIFISM

THE sentiment for "preparedness" is now at "full steam ahead" among women.

The American Commission for Relief in Belgium had a "Woman's Section." It played a great part in that Commission's great work. It learned something, too, about what war can mean to the women of a defenseless country. It had a directorate, of women, headed by Mrs. Lindon Bates. That directorate has now transformed itself, bodily, into a "Woman's Section" for "The Movement for National Preparedness" in the United States.

As a further indication of feminine opinion in this matter, there is the weighty fact that the work of the "Woman's Section" for "Preparedness" is receiving the approval and the assistance of the presidents of the following women's organizations: The National Council of Women, The National Congress of Mothers, The Daughters of the Revolution, The Daughters of the War of 1812, The Daughters of the Confederacy, and The Ladies of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The women members of the "patriotic" societies (such as the Grand Army of the Republic) belong to families which have known the sorrows of war. They are willing to face those sorrows again if the United States says so.

There are many other groups of women definitely organized for "preparedness." Some of these groups, containing scores of thousands of members, are "auxiliary" to men's groups like The Navy League and The American Defense Society. Others are independent and are paying special attention to the possibilities of special duties for women in war-time. Here should be mentioned particularly The Women's National Special Aid Society. It pledges its members to stand ready to offer their time or their skill or their property in certain specified ways to the United States Government when needed. This comes to "industrial enlistment"—an idea already in actual operation in England.

Each member of The Women's National Special Aid Society signs a card

AMERICAN WOMEN
"ENLIST"



KEEP
POSTED

Digitized by

Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on which there is a list of possible offerings. She may check off "7," which is stenography, or "12c," which is the cutting out of garments, or "28," which is medical service, or "34," which is special dietetic cooking for the sick, or "50c," which signifies willingness to donate the use of a motor-car. There is certainly no reason why such "industrial enlistment" should not be practicable for several million American women citizens.

The women of America are realizing that safety and honor—and especially female safety and female honor—are secured only by might.

Forward to South America! Argentina, in the last year of record, imported cotton goods to the value of more than \$27,000,000. Great Britain supplied more than \$15,000,000 of this. The United States supplied only \$349,470. Our share was only 1.2 per cent. of the total.

CONSCRIPTION FOR NITROGEN! OR NO WAR!

TO ABOLISH modern war, make it criminal for anybody to have any "fixed" nitrogen in his possession. "No explosive substance has ever been used which did not depend for its activity on nitrogen." So says Dr. Cushman of the Washington Institute of Industrial Research.

Accordingly the United States Government is now on its way to the erecting of machinery by which large quantities of nitrogen can be taken out of the air and "fixed" and then locked up in quiet, secluded places against the day of need. The point is the "fixing." Nitrogen is a two-faced double-natured element. When "free," in the air, un-"fixed" to other elements, and existing only as pure molecules of itself, it is one of the most inert, one of the most sluggish, one of the most pacifist of created things. Nothing annoys it. It is the David Starr Jordan of elements. Chemists define it, not by its resentments and reactions, but by its failures to resent and to react.

Nevertheless, this same nitrogen, if once you link it in certain ways to certain other elements—notably oxygen and hydrogen and carbon—becomes supremely fretful and irritable. Then, on the slightest contact with opposition, it bursts into violent anger and destructiveness. It is to nitrogen, it is to the "unstable" character of "fixed" nitrogen, that we owe the activity and effectiveness of dynamite and guncotton and picric acid and melinite and lyddite and cordite and all the other explosive substances now deciding the future of Europe.

Why is it that so pacifist an element is so murderous? Precisely because of its pacifism. It detests its association with war materials. It is constantly endeavoring to detach itself from the criminal elements to which it has been "fixed." A blow from a physical object or from a chemical detonator gives it a shock which sets fire to its determination. It wrenches itself loose from the oxygen and hydrogen and carbon which have been its low companions. That wrenching is the explosion. It is the return of nitrogen, once more "free," once more pure, to its home in the skies.

TO BRING it back again to the field of battle is a task demanding great recruiting skill. Pure blue-sky nitrogen lives tenaciously in molecules which contain, each of them, two atoms; and these atoms are linked together with a triple bond which is exceedingly hard to break. The oldest method of breaking it—a method invented in the United States and



BUSINESS OF
RECRUITING
BLUE-SKY
NITROGEN.

permitted in the United States to perish—is to take an electric current of prodigious power and to make it jump from one point to another point across a gap of open air. In that gap the nitrogen-molecules are pounded, smashed, split; and the emerging atoms combine with oxygen to make nitric acid—which in turn leads on to explosives and also to fertilizers.

THE latest method—and the greatest—was invented a few years ago in Germany under the auspices of the Badische Anilin- und Soda-Fabrik, a company prominent in what we Americans rather roughly call “The German Coal-Tar Dyes Trust.” This method “fixes” nitrogen to hydrogen to make ammonia as the first step toward the explosives (and fertilizers) desired. There are chemists who believe that the present war was postponed till the Badische Company was fully “prepared.”

If the Germans were not able to “fix” atmospheric nitrogen, they would have to depend on nitrogen already “fixed” by nature itself. There are just two important supplies of such natural “fixed” nitrogen for military use. One is coal. It is inadequate. The amount of “fixed” nitrogen in coal is too small. The other supply is the sodium-nitrate mines of Chile. Germany used to import several hundred thousand tons of Chilean sodium nitrate annually. Now the British fleet objects. Germany always knew that it would. To answer the sailors of Britain, it turned to the chemists of the Badische.

VOLTAIRE, in the days when German philosophy was at its mistiest, used to say: “England rules the sea, France the land, Germany the air.” He could not foresee that German mastery of a certain part of the air would one day be a mighty weapon to prevent the English and the French from marching unimpeded to Berlin across a denitrated, inexplosive, and defenseless Fatherland.

Hostile war-ships could stand between Chile and New Orleans, just as they are standing now between Chile and Hamburg. The proposed governmental nitrogen-fixation plant is therefore without question the most basic of all our “preparedness” arrangements. It will ensure us against the one military calamity which would be absolutely fatal—nitrogen-starvation.

Another chance in South America! Brazil consumed nearly \$6,000,000 of foreign “industrial machinery” in one year. Nearly \$2,000,000 of it came from Germany. Less than \$250,000 of it came from the United States. Our share of the total was just about 4 per cent.

LATEST SCORE IN THE SEAMEN’S-LAW FIGHT

AT LAST, now, we know the worst about the La Follette Seamen’s Law. The Chamber of Commerce of the United States, after a special study, has said it. What is it?

The law has twenty sections. So far as actual “discrimination” against American shipping is concerned, only three sections are charged with being guilty!

One of these is clearly innocent. Namely—Section Four. It enables seamen in American ports to desert from *foreign* ships. But they are already entitled in American ports to desert from *American* ships. Section Four, accordingly, if it hurts anybody, hurts our rivals.

The other two sections—Thirteen and Fourteen—are guilty, without



HE NEEDN'T
LOOK AMERI-
CAN; BUT HE
MUST UN-
DERSTAND
IT.

doubt. But they are guilty in a manner which most Americans have never thought of.

These sections are the "safety" sections. They call for a "language test," and for "able seamen," and for life-boats and for men to man the life-boats.

It is not claimed by the Chamber that these sections go too far toward safety. It is tacitly admitted that, for safety purposes, these sections are reasonable and necessary.

Further, it is not denied by the Chamber that the law attempts to apply these sections to all ships, foreign as well as American, leaving our ports. If the law does not succeed in doing this, it can soon be made to succeed in doing it, easily, by a short amendment.

So then, being applied to all ships leaving our ports, these sections could not possibly "discriminate" against American ships; and no one claims that they could—except in one particular. That is the "language test."

THE "language test" provides that seventy-five per cent. of the crew in each department of a ship shall be able to understand the orders of its officers. This, it is sometimes claimed, will prevent American ships with American officers from ever hiring cheap Chinese crews.

But the Department of Commerce, in enforcing this provision, does not require the Chinese sailor to understand his American officer when that officer is reciting Shakespeare. It merely requires him to understand him when he is using words like "rope" and "life-boat" and "oar." Does any one seriously contend that a ship should be allowed to put to sea with a crew which can not understand what its officers are saying when they use such words?

Or, for that matter, does any one seriously contend that a real world-wandering Chinese sailor can not learn enough pidgin-English to understand such words?

No, the actual "discrimination" in Sections Thirteen and Fourteen is somewhere else altogether.

It can be illustrated thus:

A ship puts out from New York to Buenos Ayres with *American* steel rails. It is obliged to go to the expense, whatever that expense may be, of complying with Sections Thirteen and Fourteen. On that same day, from Liverpool, another ship puts out to Buenos Ayres with *English* steel rails. Not being subject to Sections Thirteen and Fourteen of the American Seamen's Law, it is not obliged to go to the expense of complying with their provisions.

The freight-rate between New York and Buenos Ayres is charged with Sections Thirteen and Fourteen. The freight-rate from Liverpool to Buenos Ayres is not.

THIS "discrimination" is real. It is not a "discrimination" between American ships and English ships. It is a discrimination between the port of New York and the port of Liverpool, between American steel rails and English steel rails, between the export trade of the United States and the export trade of England—presumably to the disadvantage of the United States.

But how much of a "discrimination" is it? The Chamber gives no figures. It may be large. It may be small. The ships of all important nationalities have "safety" standards. What is the extra cost of our standards?

It may be serious. It may be negligible. The Chamber does not say. We have not heard any one say.

That is where the discussion stands now.

Again a South American opportunity ! Peru seems to need some \$3,600,000 of cotton goods annually. The United States got only \$139,000 of that trade at last reports. Great Britain got more than \$2,000,000. It must be very tiring to cotton to go from Galveston to Peru via an English cotton-mill.

WARREN SANFORD STONE—RAILWAY MAGNATE

MR. STONE is one of the most powerful men in the United States. He has more power than any one railway president. His determinations have a nation-wide influence on the cost of transportation. He is Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

It is a very stable organization. Mr. Arthur became its Grand Chief in 1874. Mr. Arthur's successor died in office after serving only a few days. Then came Stone. It is fair therefore to say that during the last forty-two years the Brotherhood has really had only two Grand Chiefs. The locomotive engineers are not given to internal revolutions; and this fact illustrates and to some degree explains the solidity and continuity of the policies of their Brotherhood.

It is also a very rich organization. For instance, besides the large funds in its bank-accounts, it owns the title to a \$1,000,000 office-building in Cleveland, where it has its headquarters, and it will completely own the whole building, absolutely free of debt, by 1918.

The manager of such an organization might be expected to differ a bit in character from an I. W. W. strike-and-go-on-to-the-next-town cruising agitator. Persons with bank-accounts and office-buildings do become "conservative." A certain labor leader, convicted of crime, approached Stone lately in a New York hotel. He complained about his conviction. Stone's one question was: "Did you do it?" "Not the way the court convicted me," said the man. "Did you do it?" said Stone. "It was an unfair and unjust conviction," said the man. "I said," said Stone, "did you do it?" "Well," said the man, "I suppose, in a way, I did." "That's all I wanted to know," said Stone; and the conversation stopped, and the man departed.

STONE was born in Iowa in 1860. He went to Washington Academy for schooling. At nineteen he became a fireman. At twenty-four he became an engineer. He was soon interested in Brotherhood affairs. He was elected secretary of his "local." He was elected "chairman" of the Brotherhood's whole Rock Island division, entrusted with the task of conducting all its negotiations with the officials of the Rock Island Railway. He at once showed a great love for studying the details of the cost of transportation and for marshaling those details into arguments. With him, then as now, the struggle between Labor and Capital is a struggle in the discovery and interpretation of facts. At that time Arthur predicted that Stone would one day be Grand Chief.

This prophecy was fulfilled in 1903, when Stone received a temporary appointment as Grand Chief to fill the vacancy caused by the sudden death of Arthur's successor. In the convention of the following year Stone



THE GRAND CHIEF OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS HAS SOME JOB.

was still a relatively unknown man. It is doubtless a proof of the strength of his personality, as well as a proof of the Brotherhood's aversion to unnecessary changes, that he was at once promoted from being a temporary to being a regular elected Grand Chief.

He is six-feet-two, with gray hair, a gray mustache, and steel-gray eyes. His manner is gray-cool. He enjoys business administration, and was greatly delighted when, after several years of doubt and reluctance, the Brotherhood allowed him to take it into the office-building business in Cleveland. He is not known to have any time-consuming recreations except books. He goes from his work to his library, and then he returns from his library to his statistical studies of the cost of transportation and of the net profits of American railways.

It is characteristic of such a man that he should labor mightily against the Demon Rum. There is no statistical justification for rum—especially when in the stomachs and heads of men who are running locomotives. Stone is zealous against it. Cold water and cold facts are the diet he recommends to railway employees in their dealings with railways.

Stone typifies an era in which the management of certain sections of the labor movement has become an almost highbrow profession.

Why not take this small bit of South American trade now? Venezuela buys bottles numerously—up to \$140,000 worth of them a year. Ninety-three per cent. of them have been coming from Germany and only three-tenths of one per cent. from the United States.

WAR, BESIDES OTHER GRIEFS, BRINGS MORE BOYS

EVEN in peace there are more boys born than girls. This excess is needed. The boys die off faster than the girls in infancy, and then, in maturity, they take to the sea or to drink or to other occupations, such as railroading and mining, in which fatal accidents are oftener encountered than in sewing and cooking. In war, however, a still greater excess is needed. Nature endeavors, rather faint-heartedly, to supply it.

In England, during the year 1914, for every 1000 girls born, the number of boys was 1035. Then the war began to have its effect on parents. They suffered privations—or anxieties—or something. Anyway, in 1915, during the second quarter of the year, for every 1000 girls born, the number of boys had risen to 1043. In the succeeding quarter—the third quarter—it rose still farther—to 1055. This was an astonishingly great and an astonishingly sudden increase. Did the war do it?

Most of the mathematical analyzers of birth-rates will steadfastly refuse to say "Yes." They agree with Simon Newcomb. He was a mathematician, undeniably. We ourselves once read the whole of the title of one of his most popular works. It was: "Development of the Perturbative Function and Its Derivatives in Sines and Cosines of Multiples of the Eccentric Anomaly and in Powers of the Eccentricities and Inclinations." Birth-rates were light exercise for Simon Newcomb. He took them up one evening, when the really perturbative functions of the day were over, and he came to the conclusion that it was impossible to demonstrate any sure mathematical affinity between wars and boy-births.

Very well. Let war be exonerated. Yet the mysteries of the boy-rate compared with the girl-rate will remain and will grow. In certain

IF SO, WHY SO?



EVERYBODY'S
MAGAZINE

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN 658

countries, for instance, the boy-rate is always "unduly" high. Among those countries are Rumania and Greece. In Rumania, in the period from 1865 to 1890, for every 1000 girls born, the number of boys was 1108. In Greece it was actually 1138. These were enormous excesses. They take place, we may observe, in countries which are relatively primitive and turbulent, relatively unmodernized.

France and England, on the other hand, are countries in which the process of modernization began to work out its consequences a long time ago. One of these consequences is a great decline in the general birth-rate of boys and girls put together. Another consequence, apparently, is a great decline in the boy-rate compared with the girl-rate. In France, from 1840 to 1845, for every 1000 girls born, the number of boys was 1059. By the end of the century it had dropped to 1042. In England, from 1840 to 1845, for every 1000 girls born, the number of boys was 1052. By the end of the century it had dropped to 1035.

What about Germany? Germany stands between the two extremes. Most parts of Germany have begun to be modernized only recently. Their general birth-rate (of boys and girls together) has come to be lower than that of the primitive East, but it remains higher than that of the long-since modernized West. Mysteriously, their boy-rate is also an in-between rate. In Bavaria, for instance, at the end of the last century, it was 1057—lower than that of Rumania or Greece—higher than that of France or England.

What makes these differences? What drove the boy-rate in England downward continuously through many decades of quiet? What raised it again sharply in a moment of primitive stress and strain? We would be perfectly safe in offering a prize of a million dollars for the answer.

Another good little South American plum that looks ripe! Bolivia has depended on Germany during recent years for about \$5,000,000 of "manufactured articles." It has taken only about \$1,000,000 of such articles from us.

HOW "SOCIALIST" EUROPE PLUNDERS AMERICA

A GERMAN potash firm once tried to sell potash to an American customer at a very low price. The German Government notified that firm that it must break its contract. Potash was a German natural resource. The German Government was not willing that German natural resources should be handed over to foreigners at prices unprofitable to Germany as a whole.

In the United States there are great deposits of phosphate. Phosphate, like potash, is a fertilizer. We sell large quantities of phosphate to Europe. We sell it at any price we can get. The American producers of phosphate do not stand together. The German producers of potash not only stand together but are actually compelled to stand together by the policy of their Government.

Mr. Hurley, of our Federal Trade Commission, calls attention to these facts and then also says that the Europeans, who have learned to do their selling through combinations, have equally learned to do their buying through combinations. They buy our copper. How do they do it? They do it by means of a "ring" which has its headquarters in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Two-thirds of the world's supply of copper is produced in the United States. The world's price for copper is fixed in Frankfurt.

FROM GROUP-BUYING
TO GROUP-SELLING—
AND ON TO SOCIALISM!



This European habit is causing us large losses every year. We sell coal to foreign ships in our own harbor of Newport News. This coal is bought at a price which is fixed by a ring of British brokers. They act as a unit. The American coal-sellers act as individuals. This year, in the face of rising costs of production, the price of coal for use in the furnaces of foreign ships at Newport News has been depressed from \$3.30 a ton to \$3.10.

The only way out is to stop acting as individuals. To combat group-buying we must adopt group-selling. What then? What will happen when the producers of all nations are selling as groups?

The hemp-producers of Mexico are selling as a group now. The result is that they have raised the price of their hemp to us by thirty per cent.—from five and a half cents a pound to more than seven. The result is that the Kansas penitentiary, which sold hemp-twine last year to the American ultimate consumer at six and three-quarter cents, will sell it this year at more than nine. The result is that the farmers of the United States, all put together, will pay three million dollars more in 1916 than in 1915 for their twine for harvesting.

This sort of thing is certain to lead to international diplomatic struggles. Behind the Mexican hemp-selling group stands the Mexican Government, officially, just as behind the German potash-selling group stands the German Government, officially. The countries which are buyers of hemp and of potash will have to buy through "rings" and "combinations" of hemp-users and of potash-users. There will have to be buying-groups in every country to drive effective bargains with the selling-groups of all other countries. But when the selling-groups have governmental backing, the buying-groups will have to have governmental backing, too. Diplomacy will be at work at both ends.

It is already at work at both ends. Our own government, for instance, is taking an intense interest in Mexican hemp.

The bargains, then, between selling-groups and buying-groups will more and more take on the color of bargains between countries, between governments. This is a seven-league stride toward capitalistic State Socialism. The Socialist Party is doing little to promote Socialism, compared with the capitalists who are developing the world's international trade.

Why did we think that people do not wear wool in Chile? Chile's imports of woolen goods, \$7,000,000. From Great Britain, \$3,200,000. From Germany, \$2,400,000. From the United States: \$8,000. Our share was just about one-tenth of one per cent. We could perhaps double it without seeming grasping.

CONAN DOYLE

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has an exclusive contract with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for a series of articles on the British fighting in France. His first story—a vivid account of the landing in France and the Battle of Mons—will appear in the June number.

You will find the Publisher's Department on Page 6 of the Advertising Section in this number.